919·8
Hal/Lif
60417

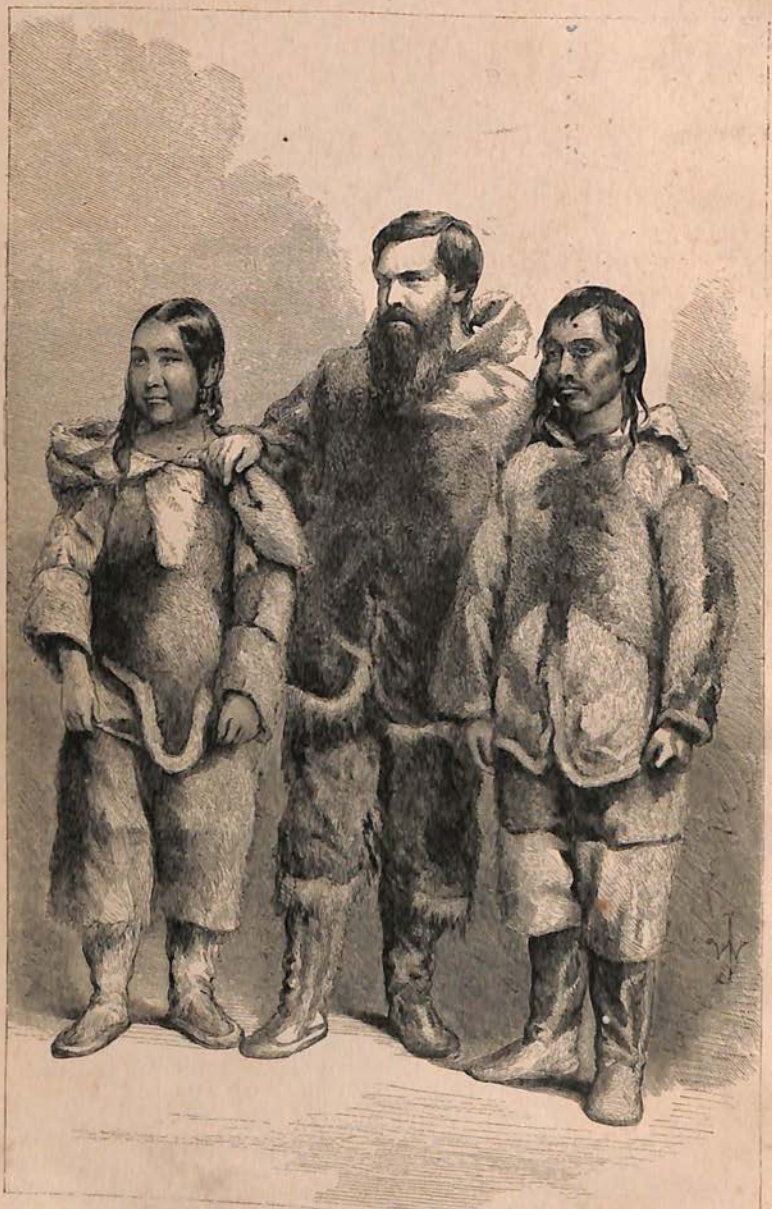


THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018

LIFE WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.





TOOKOOLITO, C. F. HALL, AND EBIERBING.

LIFE WITH THE ESQUIMAUX:

THE NARRATIVE

OF

CAPTAIN CHARLES FRANCIS HALL,

OF THE WHALING BARQUE "GEORGE HENRY,"

FROM THE 29TH MAY, 1860, TO THE 13TH SEPTEMBER, 1862.

WITH THE

RESULTS OF A LONG INTERCOURSE WITH THE INNUITS, AND FULL DESCRIPTION OF THEIR MODE OF LIFE,

THE DISCOVERY OF

ACTUAL RELICS OF THE EXPEDITION OF MARTIN FROBISHER OF THREE CENTURIES AGO, AND DEDUCTIONS IN FAVOUR OF YET DISCOVERING SOME OF THE SURVIVORS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

With Maps and One Hundred Illustrations.

60417
a c.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

VOL. I.

RX-C 17.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,
14, LUDGATE HILL.
1864.


00060417

PREFACE.

BEFORE these volumes pass from the writer's hands into those of the reader, the author will be once more among the ice of the arctic regions. Though the last page of manuscript was written on the morning of his embarkation, the work itself has been no hasty one. He returned nearly two years ago from the expedition which he has endeavoured to describe. Almost every hour since then, which could be spared from the arrangements for his second expedition, has been devoted to the preparation of these volumes from his voluminous journal and notes taken on the spot.

Before dismissing the work, however, from his hands, he wishes to say a few words by way of explanation of certain matters connected with his explorations. The reader will perhaps wonder why so much importance was given to the discovery of the Frobisher relics. He answers, partly because of the interest which attached itself to the remains of men so long ago left in that waste land; but partly, too, because the discovery of these remains, and the tracing of their history among the Esquimaux, confirmed, in a remarkable manner, his belief that these people retain among them, with great positiveness, the memory of important and strange incidents; and as their traditions of Frobisher, when the author was able to get at them, were so clear, he is persuaded that among them may be sought, by one competent, with every chance of complete success, the sad history of Sir John Franklin's men.

To make himself competent for this more interesting and important research, the author patiently acquired the language and familiarized himself with the habits of the Esquimaux, and he now returns to their country able to speak with them, to live among them, and to support his life in the same manner that they do theirs; to migrate with them from place to place, and to traverse and patiently explore all the region in which it is reasonable to suppose Franklin's crew travelled and perished. The two intelligent Esquimaux, Ebierbing and Tookoolito, who accompanied the author on his return home, after remaining with him for two years, go back with him on this second voyage.

The author enters upon this undertaking with lively hopes of success; he will not, like most previous explorers, set his foot on shore for a few days or weeks, or, like others, journey among men whose language is unintelligible: but he will again live for two or three years among the Esquimaux, and gain their confidence, with the advantage of understanding the language, and of making all his wishes known to them.

The author cannot close without offering his thanks to the Artists for the beautiful and accurate drawings made by them, under his own eye, from his rough sketches; and to the Engravers and Printers for their constant forbearance in the trouble he gave them, unaccustomed as he was to literary labours, yet anxious to obtain the utmost exactness in his narrative.

C. F. H.

June 30, 1864, *on board bark Monticello,*
bound for the Arctic Regions.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION . . . . . Page 1

CHAPTER I.

Departure—"Rescue" Schooner—Names of Crew—Outfit—Sea-sickness—First Sight of Whales—William Sterry—Banks of Newfoundland—Storm at Sea—"Sulphur Bottoms"—The first Iceberg—The Danish Brig "Mariane"—Death and Burial of Kudlago—Halibut and Codfish—First Meeting with Esquimaux—Native Pilots—Ephraim's Pants—Midnight Sun—Arrival at Holsteinborg 15

CHAPTER II.

Land and Visit the Governor—Brief History of Greenland—The Holsteinborg District—Esquimaux and European Population—Protection and Care of the Natives by the Danish Crown—Plagues of Greenland—Dinner at the Governor's—M'Clintock's Work—The Priest's Wife—Visit the Government Buildings—Arrival of the "Rescue"—Lars's Care for his Family—Dance on Shore—A Mountain Excursion—Action of Freezing Water in Crevices—Esquimaux Amusements—Schools and Printing 39

CHAPTER III.

Visit of Governor Elberg to the Ship—Adam Beck—Another Mountain Ascent—The "Woman's Hood"—A grand Scene—Ball on board Ship—Sun's Eclipse—Danger to Ship and Boat in a Gale—Curious Esquimaux Feats—Mishap to the "George Henry's" Windlass—A stirring Picture—Letters Home—Leave-taking 65

CHAPTER IV.

Crossing Davis's Straits—Changing Appearance and Movements of Icebergs—Beautiful Sunsets and Morning Skies—Refraction—Mountains "hanging on a Thread"—God's living Arches—Approach to Land—Fogs—Another Gale—Desperate Party of runaway Seamen—Horrible Tale of Starvation and Cannibalism—Anchor in Kowtukjua Harbour . . . . . Page 79

CHAPTER V.

Visited by the Natives—Brief Account of some of them—A very aged Woman—Oo-lci-jox-y Ni-noo—Ugarng and his thirteen Wives—Ebierbing and Tookoolito—Kudlago's Widow, Kok-er-jab-in—"Blind George"—Excursion on Shore—Anecdote of the Greenland Dogs—Beautiful Scenery—An Alabaster Cave—Arctic Food—First Taste of Bear-meat—A Blind Man threading a Needle and mending Clothes—Astonishment created by a Magnet—Author's narrow Escape from Death—Geological Character of the Rocks—Departure for and Arrival at Field Bay—A Cruise in the "Rescue"—Arrival in new Waters 97

CHAPTER VI.

First Visit to Frobisher Bay—"Meta Incognita"—Fossils—Koo-jesse and his Family—Old Artarkparu—The beautiful Kok-er-zhun—Skinning Ducks—Esquimaux Food—Native Mode of Sleeping—Innuit Head-ornaments—White Man's Grave—Esquimaux Grave—Innuit Skill in Geography—Aurora Borealis—Visited by Numbers of the Natives—Skill of the Women at Work—Trial of the Expedition Boat—Ancient Dwellings of the Innuits—A Mountain Pass—Whale captured—Great Feast for the Natives—Author's first Trial at raw Whale-meat—Discovery of a Frobisher Relic . . . 118

CHAPTER VII.

Boat Incident—Life hanging on a Shoe-string—Courage of Esquimaux Boys—Arrival of the "Georgiana"—Author's Sickness and Recovery—Attention of the Natives—A fearful Gale—The "Rescue" and the Expedition Boat wrecked—The "Georgiana" on Shore—The "George Henry" in great Danger 136

CHAPTER VIII.

Splendid Displays of the Aurora—Arrival of Captain Parker in the "Truelove"—Visit to his Ship—Nikujar the Pilot—First Interview with the Innuits Ebierbing and Tookoolito—Their previous Visit to England and Presentation to Royalty—Snow-storm—A natural Causeway—Fluctuations of the Compass Needle—Tookoolito at Work—She tries to Educate her People—Her Power to do Good—Advantages of a Mission Colony—"Carl Petersen," M'Clintock's Interpreter—Tookoolito rebuking Swearers . . . . Page 151

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to Esquimaux Village—First Specimen of domestic Life among the Innuits—Female Tongues good Cleaners—The Angeko's Power—Mysteries of Innuit Worship—Choice of Wives—Curious Guide Poles to Travellers—Charley's Independence of Angeko—Ship beset in the Ice—Sudden Movements of the Ice—Frozen in—A Bear-hunt—Visit the Tupic of Ebierbing—Scarcity of Innuit Food and Fuel—The Esquimaux Lamp—Patience and Perseverance of an Innuit Hunter—An Igloo 170

CHAPTER X.

Remarkable Echo—Visit of "Sampson"—Innuit mode of Washing the Face—"Bridge of Sighs"—Mothers nursing their Children—Serviceable Hoods—Tails of Innuit Dresses—Extraordinarily mild Weather—Kelp used for Food—Christmas and New Year's Day—Sick Nukertou—Cruel Abandonment—Innuit Superstitions—Author's lonely Watch—Kooperarchu's Death—Innuit Idea of a Future State 185

CHAPTER XI.

Rough Travelling overland—High Cliffs—Descent of the Sledge on to the frozen Sea—Camp on the Ice—First Night in an Igloo—Dangerous Travelling—Second Night on the Ice—An icy Beard—Hair-cutting—Fearful Peril—Deep Snow—Treacherous Footing—Arrive at Rogers's Island—Great Thirst—Innuit Welcome—A Cup of Water—Night's Rest—Disappearance of the Ice—Remarkable Preservation—Frostbites—A serviceable pocket Mirror—Whale-skin eaten as food—Innuit Seal-hunting—Starving Condition of the Party . 205

CHAPTER XII.

Writing under Difficulties — No Fire or Lamp — Only two Inches of Black Skin for Food—Ravenous Hunger of the Dogs—Ebierbing's Return—A Seal captured—Supplies from the Ship—Great Consumption of Food at a time——Old Ookijoxy Ninoo's Dream — Tobacco-juice useful — Watching for the Seal—Innuit Endurance of Cold—Mode of cooking and partaking of Innuit Food—Burning the Fingers with cold Brass—First Reindeer seen—Author visits Kowtukjua, Clark's Harbour, and Ookoolear, Allen's Island—Tookoolito's Sadness—Quick Journey—Plaintive Look of a Seal—Arrive at the "George Henry" . . . . . Page 219

CHAPTER XIII.

Irksome Change from a Snow House to the Ship's Cabin—Native Village on the Ice—Scurvy on Board—Best Cure for it—A Reindeer Hunt—Dogs in Chase—A Venison Feast for the Ship's Crew—Some of the sick Crew sent to live with the Natives—The Innuit King-wat-che-ung—His Kindness to White Men—One of the Sailors missing—The missing Man's Tracks; his erratic Movements; he gets confused and goes Seaward; has a Rest in the Snow; moves on again, and proceeds Miles from the Ship; his Scramble round an Iceberg—Author and his Companion exhausted—Temptation to lie down and sleep—Sledge arrives from the Ship—Search continued—Tracks lead to the Shore—Signs of a fearful Struggle—Discovery of the Body, frozen stiff—Ground too hard to dig a Grave—Cover the Corpse with Ice and Snow—Return to the Ship 234

CHAPTER XIV.

Visited by more Innuits—Perils on the Ice—Innuits carried out to Sea—Starvation—Dogs eaten—Three months away from Land—Return of the Party, mere Skeletons—Thrilling Incidents—An Innuit carried down by a Whale and afterwards saved—A Man's Leg snapped off—Suzhi's Husband killed by an Avalanche—Incidents of White Men's Perils and Escapes—Heavy Snowstorm—Danger to Mate Rogers and his Innuit Guide—Dog Barbckark saves them—Commencement of Spring—Author's Occupations—Makes some Instruments for his Use in exploring—Plans—Strange Information gathered from the Natives—Tradition concerning White Men—Frobisher's Expedition . . 262

CHAPTER XV.

First Excursion in Frobisher Bay—Travelling on the Ice—A Tradition concerning White Men masting a Ship—The Innuit Village—Twer-puk-ju-a—Sterry living with the Natives—"Charming" a Seal—Kokerjabin's Birthplace—Kingaite—Karmowong—Author adopts Innuit Life—Trip along the Coast—The "Ice-foot"—Summer Resting-places of the Innuits—Sundry Articles belonging to a wrecked Ship—Grandeur of Kingaite Mountains—The Grinnell Glacier—A Seal Hunt—Feasting—The Seal's Eyes given to youngest Child—Knowledge coming to an Inquirer—Tide entering the Igloos at Night—Author becomes an Angeko—Return Journey—Laughable Incident—A tight Fit—Curious Mountain Mark—Abundance of Animal Life—Arrival at Twerpukjua and at Annawa's—An animated Sunday Picture . Page 277

CHAPTER XVI.

Snow-blindness—Month of May—Ship released from her Ice-fetters—A spirited Scene—Sledge-dogs at full Speed—Terrific Encounter with a Bear—A Toss in the Air—A powerful Innuit—The aged Woman, Ookijoxy Ninoo—Tookoolito Interpreter—Important Information—Traditions relating to White Men very many Years ago—Ships with many People had arrived—Two Innuit Women taken away—Five Innuits killed by White Men—Five White Men among the Innuits—Written History confirmed by Oral Tradition—Barrow's History of Arctic Discovery—Relics of the White Men to be found—Wood, Coal, Brick, Iron—Innuits must possess the Truth concerning Franklin's Expedition—The Dreaded Land—Preparations for Summer Work—Ice—Pools of Water formed—Arrive on Land—Extensive View—A beautiful Grassy Plain—Comparison with Greenland—Lands behind the Coast, at this part, very fertile 296

CHAPTER XVII.

A successful Deer-hunt—Se-ko-se-lar Innuits—The Land Pass—Magnificent Scenery—Countess of Warwick Sound—Important Discovery—Relic of Frobisher's Expedition—Sledge-drive in a Snow-storm—Value of a Compass—Safe Arrival on Board—State of the Ice—The Whale Dépôt—Stranger Innuits arrive—Two boats of White Men land on the Coast—After-knowledge of the Truth—Loss of the English Store-ship "Kitty"—The Locality of Sekoselar—Tradition of Parry's Voyage—Old Innuits remember visiting him—Sekoselar Innuits dislike civilization Food—"Barbarous Stuff"—Physical Superiority of the Sekoselar Men 312

A LIST OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. I.

Drawn by CHARLES PARSONS, W. S. L. JEWETT, H. L. STEPHENS, GRANVILLE PERKINS, *and* S. EYTINGE, *after Sketches by the* AUTHOR, *Photographs, and from Implements and Clothing collected among the Esquimaux.*

1. Chart, showing Author's Track and Discoveries . *At End of Volume.*
2. Tookoolito, C. F. Hall, and Ebierbing . . . . . *Frontispiece.*
3. Ascent of an Iceberg . . . . . *Page* 24
4. Portrait of Kudlago 28
5. Burial of Kudlago 30
6. Kudlago's Monument 31
7. Greenland Currency 45
8. Greenland Woman and Child 53
9. Festival on the Birthday of the King of Denmark 60
10. Dance on Board the *George Henry* 70
11. Boat-Summerset—Esquimaux Feat 73
12. Belted Iceberg 81
13. Gothic Iceberg 82
14. Distorted Moon 84
15. Last Sight of the Runaways 90
16. Iceberg and Kia 96
17. Pipe-Sketch—Clark's Harbour 108
18. Sterry's Tower 114
19. Frobisher Bay and Grinnell Glacier 119
20. Esquimaux Chart, drawn by Koojesse 127
21. Wreck of the *Rescue* and of the Expedition Boat 147
22. Aurora, November 23, 1860 152
23. Aurora, December 17, 1860 153

		Page.
24.	Nikujar, the Boat-steerer and Pilot	159
25.	Bone Sledge-runner	169
26.	Bear Hunt—Tapping the Jugular	181
27.	Esquimaux Stone Lamp and Fire	183
28.	Ekkeluyun—Salmon-bait	184
29.	The *George Henry* in Winter Quarters	186
30.	The Dying Esquimaux—Nukertou	200
31.	Storm-bound—Encamped on a Floe	209
32.	Head and Antlers of Arctic Reindeer	218
33.	Sealing in the Winter	223
34.	Barbekark Killing Reindeer	238
35.	The Lost Found—Frozen Dead	256
36.	Parhelia, or Mock Suns	261
37.	Esquimaux and Seal Dog	263
38.	Blind George and his Daughter	281
39.	Igloos, or Snow Village, at Oopungnewing	291
40.	Oodloo, or Woman's Knife	295
41.	Ookijoxy Ninoo Narrating Traditions	301

LIFE WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.

INTRODUCTION.

As this book is to be a work of narrative and adventure, and not one of argument and discussion, I shall touch but very lightly upon those subjects which might lead to the latter, while I endeavour to give as much variety and as much fulness of detail as possible to the former.

That argument and discussion may arise from portions of what I advance is very probable; but, if so, it will be better to enter upon such in another form than this. Readers very naturally expect to be entertained, as well as, perchance, instructed in what a voyager or traveller puts before them. Long, prosy dissertations are seldom wanted. All that most people require is a truthful report of personal doings in strange lands, and a faithful record of incidents, discoveries, and interesting events connected with them.

Such, then, is the task I have taken in hand, with the hope that a ready excuse will be granted for all those imperfections necessarily consequent upon the mode and manner of my carrying on the work in which I was engaged. I pledge myself as to the literal accuracy of what I state, and my readers will be able to see, as they move onward with me through my narrative, how difficult it was—alone, and with no other pair of hands, no other mind, no other thought, sense, or perception but my own—to record, day by day, the occurrences that came under my eye.

In addition to this, I had to make all the observations—scientific, geographical, and otherwise—by myself, and this,

too, with a knowledge self-acquired, and with nstruments so few, and most of them so imperfect, till rectified by myself, that my labours were increased many fold. Thus, in the following pages, let truth, variety of incident, and a faithful report of discovery and adventure be alone expected. Elegance of style and diction must not be sought for.

As it will be well to avoid, as much as possible, breaking in upon the thread of my narrative elsewhere, I here give some particulars as to the cause of my embarking on a voyage to the Arctic Seas.

It is well known that, for many years past, the whole civilized world has had its interest much attracted toward the polar regions in consequence of the lamentable fate of the Franklin Expedition. The labours of Great Britain to discover what had become of her lost children, and the sums of money devoted to that purpose (no less than 2,000,000*l.* sterling), stand unparalleled in past history. Nor was America behindhand in the generous and humane work. That the missing navigators belonged not to our own beloved land made no difference. The one general feeling was the same with reference to a desire for participating in the search after those who, having perilled themselves in devotion to science and the good of mankind, had become as brothers to us all. Hence the banner of Columbia—the glorious stars and stripes —floated to the breeze of an Arctic clime, side by side with England's proud flag, in the noble errand of humanity, for which a goodly fleet of some twenty vessels had been sent forth! Of the many bright names already chronicled for their generous deeds in connexion with those arctic explorations, need I say that none stand more conspicuous than that of Henry Grinnell? What he and others have done is so familiar to all men who know anything of this matter, that I need not recapitulate what has been so often told; but I cannot let pass the mention of that one name here without expressing the warm emotions of my own heart. Henry Grinnell has been to me, as he has shown himself to all who were at work in the Franklin search, a true and noble friend.

To him I feel more than ordinarily indebted. He not only helped me in my undertaking, but he has cheered me on, and spoken words of comfort and bright hope when my soul was often nearly overwhelmed. The memory of his generous kindness frequently sustained and helped to invigorate me anew, when wearied and exhausted in the wild regions I have lately been exploring. May every blessing, therefore, attend him and his, is my earnest and grateful prayer.

As to the search for Franklin and his brave comrades, who has not heard of its fruitless result? Money and means expended without success! Large ships and small ships, in magnificent expeditions, sent out vainly as to the recovery of those lost! True, some discoveries were made, and certain relics and information brought to England by Dr. Rae in 1854, which gave a clue as to where the missing navigators could have been found; but not until Captain M'Clintock, of the British Navy, in the spring of 1859, visited Boothia and King William's Land, was anything for certain known. Then, at last, we were positively assured of the locality where these martyrs to science had been, when, as a discovered document proved, the ships were abandoned, and the majority of the crews had taken to the shore. This occurred in April, 1848, and 105 men, as we are told, under command of Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, landed at a given spot, with a view of making their escape, if possible, toward their native home. What became of them, except two skeletons found in a boat, and one other near the beach, has not yet been known. Supposition alone has induced the world to believe them all dead; and, despite proof upon proof, from facts, experience, and sound legical reasoning to the contrary, the Government of England, and British naval officials, with some eminent exceptions, have discarded all idea of farther search, though the truth could now so easily be obtained, and the ground to explore so small and comparatively so easy of access!

I will not trouble the reader now with my reasons for making these statements, based, as they are, upon some years of careful study and examination of all that has been said

and written upon the subject. Let me here briefly mention why I myself, with no previous experience, and no past history of my own to help me, took it up as I have done.

In one word, then, it seemed to me as if I had been *called*, if I may so speak, to try and do the work. My heart felt sore at the thought of so great a mystery in connexion with any of our fellow-creatures,—especially akin to ourselves,—yet remaining unsolved. Why could not their true fate be ascertained? Why should not attempts be made, again and again, until the whole facts were properly known? Captain (now Sir F. L.) M'Clintock, in 1857–9, had gone forth once more to seek for some elucidation of this mystery, but still I felt that something more might yet be attempted toward co-operating with that brave officer. It was already known that his vessel, the *Fox*, had been caught in the ice and delayed a whole year. It was possible that she might still not be able to get through to her destination, and therefore I fancied the work could be more effectually done by an independent expedition proceeding in some other direction, afterward to join with M'Clintock, if need be, in his task. Accordingly, I conceived an idea that perhaps the British Government would lend, for a new American expedition, the arctic ship *Resolute*, which, having been abandoned in the ice, had drifted out, and was picked up in 1855 by Captain James Budington, of New London, who brought her to the States, where she was completely refitted at our national expense, and returned as a generous gift, in amity and good will, to England.[1] I had heard that she was afterward dismantled, and laid up as a hulk in the River Medway, and I thought it possible she might now be loaned to us for another attempt to be made under the American flag. A printed petition to the British authorities was gotten up and signed by S. P. Chase (then Governor of Ohio), U. S. Senator George Pugh, and Mayor Bishop, of Cincinnati; but, before other names were attached to send it to England, M'Clintock returned with news of what he had discovered. What this was the civilized world is well acquainted with. He had obtained a few facts, but still left

the matter very mysterious! That it could have been otherwise was almost impossible by such a hurried and cursory examination of the ground as he made in spring, when the land is clothed in its winter's dress. Nor could he obtain much knowledge of the truth by a few casual interviews with detached parties of Esquimaux, through an interpreter who he himself says, "did not well understand them." No; neither M'Clintock nor any other civilized person has yet been able to ascertain the facts. But, though no *civilized* persons knew the truth, it was clear to me that the Esquimaux were aware of it, only it required peculiar tact and much time to induce them to make it known. Moreover, I felt convinced that survivors might yet be found; and again I said to myself, Since England has abandoned the field (I did not then know there were any fresh efforts in that country to renew the search), let *me*, an humble citizen of the United States, try to give to the Stars and Stripes the glory of still continuing it, and perchance succeed in accomplishing the work. Accordingly, after mature consideration, I determined to make the effort. But how? what were my means? what the facilities for reaching the coveted goal of my ambition? Cincinnati, where I then resided, was in a highly *civilized* part of the world, where ready transit from one place to another could be obtained; King William's Land, where I wanted to go, was in the *uncivilized* and distant regions of the frozen North! What was I to do? give it up? Perhaps many would say, as some did say, "Yes, what have *you* to do with it? why does it concern you? Away with the idea!" But not so; my convictions were strong, and I could not resist the desire upon me. I determined, therefore, to try; and, first of all, get what means were in my power, then find a way. Many before me had accomplished much in the world upon as slight a foundation as that of mine. What, then, was to hinder my making the attempt? Courage and resolution were all that I needed; and though some persons might not concur in the wisdom or prudence of my effort, still, as my mind was upon it, try it I would, and try it I did.

I need not enter upon all the many difficulties I encountered. These fall to the lot of every man who essays to try his hand at something new, and especially so if he starts on a path trodden without success before him. But difficulties sharpen the wit and strengthen the mind. The experience of my native land was before me in proof of what man could accomplish; and I can now safely say that, though the obstacles in my way were many and great, I finally succeeded in overcoming them. How I surmounted those difficulties and started upon my voyage cannot be told at any length here. Suffice it that I began in Cincinnati by mentioning my hopes and wishes, and laying my plans before several of the leading men and other persons well known in that city. I also wrote a letter to Mr. George Peabody, of London, stating that, in the event of my not succeeding in any other way to reach the arctic regions, I would attempt it overland by the great Fish River. This, however, was only an idea formed in case I could not get a ship of my own, or a conveyance in one by the sea route.

On the 8th of February, 1860, I issued a circular (*vide* Appendix), to which were attached upward of thirty signatures, and among them were the names of W. Dennison, Governor of Ohio; of the mayor, R. M. Bishop; of Miles Greenwood; Senator Chase; several other persons of note; and Thomas Hickey, who was with Kane on the second Grinnell expedition. Mr. Hickey sent me a letter which, from its value as the opinion of one competent to judge, deserves notice. I here give an extract from it bearing upon my own ideas. He says:—

"During the residence of our party in the arctic regions, we experienced many severe trials; but, I must say, the major part of them emanated from our mode of living. When we lived as Esquimaux, we immediately recovered and enjoyed our usual health. If Providence had so ordered it that we should not find our way back to civilization, but should cast our lot with Esquimaux, I have no doubt we would have lived perhaps quite as long, and in quite as good health, as in

the United States or England. Had we lost our commander, I confidently believe not one of our expedition would have returned. Our countrymen might have come to us, but we could not have gone to them. *White men can live where Esquimaux can,* and frequently *where* and *when* they cannot This I know by experience. . . . .

"Little did I think, on returning to the United States with my companions and beloved commander, that I would ever again go to the north; but believing, on my soul, from a practical life in the arctic regions, that you are right in entertaining the opinion *that some of Sir John Franklin's men are yet to be found living with the Esquimaux, and that they should be rescued and restored to their country and friends,* I hereby cheerfully offer my services, and volunteer as a member of the expedition you propose to organize.

"For direct evidence of me, and my devotedness to this cause, I would refer you to the written works of him whose memory and name I almost worship—Dr. Kane."

This confirmation of my views was exceedingly gratifying, but I had one sent to me which still more stamped upon my mind the truth of what I had surmised in respect to the Franklin Expedition. It was from Henry Grinnell, Esq., of New York, and will be introduced farther on.

After laying my plans before friends at Cincinnati, I at once started for the Eastern States, with a view of consulting men of experience in the arctic whale fishery, and also calling upon other persons to whom I had letters of introduction.

I stopped one day at Philadelphia, and visited Dr. Hayes, Mr. Robert Kane, Mr. George Childs, and a few more; then proceeded on to New York, where I was hospitably welcomed by Mr. Grinnell, who entered warmly into my views.

On the 14th of February I went to New London, where I had an opportunity of meeting many experienced whaling captains, among whom was Captain S. A. Brown, who was very warm and kind in reference to my plans. Captain Christopher Chappel, who had passed a winter in Northumberland Inlet, likewise gave me great hope and encourage-

ment. So did Mr. Thomas W. Perkins, who allowed me access to the logs of various voyages made in the arctic regions by vessels belonging to the late firm of Perkins and Smith. But to Messrs. Williams and Haven, upon whom I called when at New London, I am especially indebted. In every possible way they tried to help me as to my plans; and they most liberally tendered me the well-known schooner *Rescue* (formerly of the first Grinnel Expedition) for $2,000.

I am also under great obligation to Mr. R. H. Chapell, of the same place, who then displayed—and has so ever since—an earnestness in every thing connected with arctic research that commands my respect and esteem.

Other persons that I called upon in New London were Captains Sisson, Tyson, Quayle, and S. O. Budington, with whom I afterward embarked on my voyage. Captain Budington had brought to this country an intelligent Esquimaux, named Kudlago, whom I afterward fortunately secured to accompany me as an interpreter.

At Groton I called upon an individual named W. R. Sterry. He had been four voyages to the arctic regions, and spent three winters in Northumberland Inlet. I asked him, how long, at any one time, he had remained with the Esquimaux? His reply was, two months in the spring of 1855, thirty miles from the vessel, and with three families, consisting of about twenty individuals, living in three or four huts.

Sterry was able to give me a great deal of useful information, which all tended the more to confirm my views upon the subject of arctic exploration.

From New London I returned to New York, where the great kindness of Mr. Grinnell, and the friendly attention of several other well-known names, much encouraged me. Promises of assistance were made, and donations tendered toward my expedition. Here, by invitation, on March 8th, 1860, I attended an informal meeting of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, to explain my views and intentions. At the meeting I gave a brief statement of my ideas on the subject of Franklin's Expedition, and argued

upon the great probability of some survivors yet being found. Soon after this, Messrs. Henry Grinnell, Miles Greenwood, and R. M. Bishop kindly became treasurers of the fund raising for my voyage, and it was now determined to adopt the following plan, which, I may here state, was the one I acted upon, so far as I could, throughout my whole undertaking. I give that plan as promulgated by me at the time. I said, "My object is to acquire personal knowledge of the language and life of the Esquimaux, with a view thereafter to visit the Lands of King William, Boothia, and Victoria; then endeavour, by personal investigation, to determine more satisfactorily the fate of the 105 companions of Sir John Franklin now known to have been living on the 25th day of April, 1848.

"I take with me an Esquimaux interpreter, and during my sojourn in the arctic regions shall employ a crew of natives for the boat accompanying me. With these natives I purpose starting from Northumberland Inlet, and proceeding up an arm of it that runs westward toward a lake not far from its extremity. This lake will be reached by crossing a small *portage*. I then shall traverse the lake to its western outlet, which, by Esquimaux report, is a navigable river emptying into Fox Channel. On arriving at 'Fox's farthest' (lat. 66° 50′ N., long. 77° 50′ W.), I shall, if practicable, turn to the northward, proceeding on the east side of said channel to the Straits of 'Fury and Hecla,' thus uniting the discoveries of Fox in 1631 and Parry in 1821—3.

"On completing this work I shall cross the strait to Igloolik (lat. 59° 20′ N., long. 81° 53′ W.), and try to establish friendly relations with the community of Esquimaux known to congregate at that point. I will there and then decide, by the circumstances, whether to winter at Igloolik, return to Northumberland Inlet, or proceed southward on the east coast of Melville Peninsula to Winter Island, or to push my way directly westward across the Gulf to Boothia to Victoria Harbour.

"During the winter and early spring, sledge-journeys will

be undertaken with a view of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the country.

"When at Northumberland Inlet and other places, I shall carefully examine into the facilities for travelling, so as to decide upon the most practicable course to pursue in my efforts to satisfactorily and truthfully determine the history of the Franklin Expedition.

"To extend this undertaking to a favourable conclusion will require the assistance of my fellow-countrymen.

"This voyage is one I am about to make for the cause of humanity and science—for geographical discovery, and *with the sole view of accomplishing good to mankind.*".

Such was the statement I made of my views and intentions. Happily, I had strong confirmation of my opinions concerning the Franklin Expedition from Mr. Henry Grinnell, who gave me the following letter :—

"New York, March 14, 1860.

"Mr. C. F. Hall,—

"DEAR SIR,—Probably no one in this country is more desirous of arriving at the truth relative to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party than myself. The fate of Franklin and some of his officers and men is known by the record found on King William's Land by Captain (now Sir F. L.) M'Clintock; but the fate of 105 members of Franklin's Expedition, living on the 25th day of April, 1848, and many other matters important to the history of that expedition, has yet to be determined.

"I believe some of the 105 may yet be found habitants among the Esquimaux of Boothia, of Victoria, or Prince Albert Lands. I farther believe that the graves of Franklin and some of his officers and men, known to be dead, as well as the records of the expedition and many important relics, will be found on King William's Land, if search be made there in the months of July, August and September.

"The course you propose to pursue is entirely a new and important one, and I see not why, with the exercise of your best judgment, you may not ultimately accomplish all that

could be desired in satisfactorily determining many of the unsettled questions indicated above, as well as increasing our geographical knowledge of that portion of the arctic regions over which you propose to pass.

"You have my earnest wishes for the accomplishment of the noble object you have in view, and I will cheerfully contribute toward the requisite funds to carry it out.

"With great regard, I am your friend,

"HENRY GRINNELL."

Shortly afterwards, Messrs. Williams and Haven, of New London, sent me the following most kind and generous proposal:

"As a testimony of our personal regard, and the interest we feel in the proposed expedition, we will convey it and its required outfits, boats, sledges, provisions, etc. *free of charge*, in the barque *George Henry*, to Northumberland Inlet, and whenever desired, we will give the same free passage home in any of our ships."

This generous offer relieved my mind of a great difficulty, and most gratefully I accepted their kind proposition.

Having thus far succeeded in opening the way, I now gave directions for a suitable boat to be built.

Mr. G. W. Rogers, of New London, who had built the boats for the expeditions under De Haven, Cane, and Hartstene, was commissioned to build mine. Its dimensions were as follows: length, 28 feet; beam, 7 feet; depth, 29½ inches; and thickness of her planking, which was of cedar, seven-eighths of an inch. In form she was similar to a whale-boat, drawing only eight inches of water when loaded with stores and a crew of six persons. She had one mast, on which a jib and main-sail could be carried; a heavy awning to shelter the crew at night or when at rest; and the lockers for stores at each end were sufficiently large that a man could, if need be, comfortably sleep in either of them. Five oars, and all other essentials, formed a portion of her equipment. The sledge I took was

made under my own eye in Cincinnati, as also a stock of pemmican.

I now returned to the West for the purpose of settling my affairs and preparing for departure.

The press gave a friendly notice of my intentions; and a circular was issued by Mayor Bishop and Miles Greenwood, inviting my fellow-citizens to meet me at the Burnet House. This meeting took place on the 26th of April, and I was much gratified with its auspicious character.

Soon after this (on May 10th), I bade adieu to my home and friends—to all of human ties that I held dearest to my heart, and departed for New York. Here I devoted the remaining time to various matters connected with my departure, constantly receiving advice and assistance from Mr. Grinnell. Finally, on Saturday evening, May 26th, I left for New London to join the *George Henry.* The funds for my expedition were, however, so low, that I found myself sadly deficient in many things that were almost absolutely necessary. But, at the last moment, when this was known to Mr. Grinnell, he unhesitatingly supplied the deficiency.

On arriving at New London, I received many kind invitations from numerous friends I encountered there. Among others, I cannot forbear alluding to a dinner given the day before my final departure by Mr. Haven (of the house of Williams and Haven), who, with his amiable family, extended every hospitality toward me. On the occasion to which I refer, the viands were plentiful and good; but Mrs. Haven uttered some graceful remark, wishing there had been longer time to have made a more abundant and richer display to welcome me; whereupon one of her youngest sons, a little lad, very intelligently said, "He guessed that where I was going to I *might* see the day when I should be glad to get as good!" Since then, how often and often have I called to mind that entertainment and young Master Haven's words, especially when obliged to eat scraps of raw walrus' hide, whale-skin, the contents of walrus and reindeer paunches, etc. and sometimes not able to get even that much to try and

satisfy my craving hunger! Frequently have I sat down and thought of my dinner at Mr. Haven's, vainly wishing that I could get if it were only the very poorest fragments of that Monday's feast.

On the 29th of May, accompanied by Mr. Grinnell and several citizens of New London, among whom was Mayor Harris, I stepped from the wharf, amid a crowd of friendly spectators, and entered the boat that was to convey me on board. A few strokes of the oars, however, had only been made, when we returned at the voice of Mr. Haven hailing us. It was to give me a present, in the shape of a little book called "The Daily Food," which, though small in size, was great in its real value, and which proved my solace and good companion in many a solitary and weary hour.

Once more bidding adieu to all on shore, the boat swiftly carried me to the ship, where preparation was being made for departure. In a few moments more the steam-tug was alongside, and we were towed out to sea. Then came the final moment of parting. The last farewell had to be uttered —the one word that was to sever me for many months, perhaps years, from my country, my home, my friends! Never shall I forget the emotions I experienced when the noble Grinnell came to take my hand and say, "Good-bye! God bless you!" Hardly could I respond to his kind and earnest expressions toward me and on my behalf. With warm but trembling utterance, this truly great and good man spoke of the brave old navigators, and those of our own times, who had often dared the perils of unknown seas, relying on their own stout hearts, it is true, but depending more on the aid and support of a SUPREME POWER. He bade me ever do the same; and, commending me to that MIGHTY BEING, he once more, with moistened eye, said, "Farewell!" and hastily embarked on the tug that was to convey the visitors on shore.

The last link binding me to my own dear native land was now severed. The steamer cast off as we were passing Montauk Point, and then there arose one deafening shout from those on board, when three loud cheers were given for

the name of Henry Grinnell; and, as the echoes floated on the air, our good ship, now under sail, bore me rapidly away. Thus I left my country to try and accomplish that object upon which I had set my heart—namely, the solving of the yet unsettled mystery connected with the LOST FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

I may as well say here that, throughout my narrative, all references to the Appendix will be noted by small numerals, indicating the explanatory notes.



CHAPTER I.

Departure—"Rescue" Schooner—Names of Crew—Outfit—Sea-sickness—First Sight of Whales—William Sterry—Banks of Newfoundland—Storm at Sea—"Sulphur Bottoms"—The first Iceberg—The Danish Brig "Mariane"—Death and Burial of Kudlago—Halibut and Codfish—First Meeting with Esquimaux—Native Pilots—Ephraim's Pants—Midnight Sun—Arrival at Holsteinborg.

It was on Tuesday, May 29th, 1860, that I departed from New London, Conn., on my voyage in the barque *George Henry*. We were accompanied by a tender, the *Amaret* schooner, formerly the far-famed "*Rescue*" of arctic celebrity—a name that I intend to retain in speaking of her throughout my narrative.

The officers and crews of these two vessels numbered in all twenty-nine persons; my expedition consisted of Kudlago and myself, thus making a total of thirty-one souls leaving New London.

As I shall have frequent occasion to mention some of the ship's company by name, I here give a list of them and their rating on board.

List of Officers and Crew.

S. O. Budington	Captain.	J. B. Neil	Seaman.
Frank Rogers	1st Officer.	J. Buckley	,,
A. J. Gardiner	2d ,,	S. Willson	,,
Reuben Lamb	3d ,,	W. B. Russell	,,
Robert Smith	4th ,,	J. Gray	,,
C. Keeney	Boat-steerer.	W. Stokes	,,
E. W. Morgan	,,	W. Conley	,,
A. Bailey	,,	W. Ellard	,,
W. F. Roberts	,,	M. Silva	,,
W. R. Sterry	Blacksmith and Cooper.	W. Johnson	,,
J. R. Hudson	Steward.	J. Bruce	,,
Geo. Beckwith	Seaman.	J. Antonio	,,
R. A. Comstock	,,	F. Silva	,,
H. Smith	,,	J. Brown	,,
A. S. Bradley	,,		

My outfit for this voyage,* and for the whole of my expedition, consisted of—

The boat, already described; 1 sledge; ½ ton of pemmican; 200 lbs. Borden's meat biscuit; 20 lbs. "Cincinnati cracklings"—*pork scraps;* 1 lb. preserved quince; 1 lb. preserved peaches; 250 lbs. powder; a quantity of ball, shot, and percussion caps; 1 rifle; 6 double-barrelled guns, covers, and extra fittings, one Colt's revolver complete; glass beads, a quantity of needles, etc. for presents to the natives; 2 dozen pocket-knives and choppers; some tin-ware, 1 axe, 2 picks, files, etc.; a good supply of tobacco and pipes; wearing apparel for self, and red shirts for presents; a supply of stationery and journal books, etc.; 1 common watch; 1 opera-glass; 1 spy-glass; 1 common sextant and 1 pocket sextant; 1 artificial horizon, with extra glass and mercury; 1 azimuth compass; 1 common compass; 2 pocket compasses; 3 ordinary thermometers and two self-registering ones. Some navigation books and several arctic works, with my Bible and a few other volumes, formed my library.

This list, with a few sundries, constituted all the means and material I had to carry out the great undertaking my mind had led me to embark in. How far I accomplished aught commensurate with the ideas I had formed, let the sequel show; but, even had I wholly failed, assuredly it would have been excusable under such circumstances.

With regard to myself personally, now that the excitement of preparation was over, and I had time to think more and more of my task, a reaction took place, which produced that depression of mind always to be found in similar cases. This was soon increased by the horrible sensation of sea-sickness which I experienced for several days after our departure. What my feelings were may be judged by the following extracts from an irregular diary, the only work I could at that time perform. Writing on the fifth day out, I find myself saying,

"More miserable days than these past few have been to me it would be difficult to imagine. And why? Because of sickness—sea sickness. And what *is* sea-sickness? Can any one tell unless they have experienced it? I imagine not; nor, perhaps, can many describe it who have come under its infliction. I know that *I* can not well do so. I have felt myself swung, tumbled, jammed, knocked, struck, rocked,

* For particulars, see Appendix, No. 2.

turned, skewed, slewed, warped, pitched forward and backward, tossed up and down, down and up, this way and that way, round and round, crossways and kit-a-cornered, in every possible manner. On the ocean, fresh from civilized life, this may be called *sea-sickness*, but elsewhere I should term it next to a torturous death! No more terrible experience can a man have of life upon the broad waters than his first few days at sea when thus attacked."

Again, at a later date I find, "A miserable time I have had of it—ill nearly since we left; and now, as I write, my head is like a mountain of solid rock. Sea-sickness is really too bad, especially after eating, or trying to eat, a good dinner."

An ancient philosopher, on reviewing his work at the end of each day, and finding no special good acquired or accomplished, used to write down in his diary, "*Perdidi diem*"—I have lost a day. Alas for me, I had to repeat that in *my* journal for twelve days! It is true that several times I recorded the temperature of the air and sea, the state of the barometer, and made various other observations whenever the weather would permit, but, nevertheless, so powerless did I feel for mental or bodily work, that at the end of each day I felt compelled to enter down as a sad but truthful fact, "*Perdidi diem.*" At length I quite recovered, and on the 9th of June, for the first time since leaving port, I felt as a man should feel, once more strong and capable of any exertion. I soon began to classify my labours, devoting so many hours to reading, to study, to writing, exercise, reflection, and sleep. As my buoyancy of spirits arose, and I watched the good ship bounding on her way over the sparkling waters, everything seemed full of life and animation. The Giver of all good was supreme upon the blue ocean as He was upon the shore. Even the "Mother Carey's chickens"—the little stormy petrels—sportively played about, no doubt happy in their way, as they danced up and down, slightly dipping the tips of their wings in the uneven waves, and then hieing away to absent mates, that they might be brought to greet the passing ship.

About a week after our departure, the cry was raised, "There she blows! there she blows!" and, hurrying on deck, I for the first time saw at a distance the blowing of whales. What this "blowing" was like may be described by asking if the reader has ever seen the smoke produced by the firing of an old-fashioned flint lock? If so, then he may understand the appearance of the *blow* of a whale—a flash in the pan, and all is over. I watched with eager interest this school of "fin-backs," numbering some twenty-five or thirty whales—a rare sight to see so many together. But they are not generally attacked, as they are difficult to capture, and yield but little oil.

A day or two after this, a cry of "Porpoises!" brought all hands on deck; and here a circumstance occurred, which, though trivial in itself, well serves to illustrate the unartificial character of one of the ship's company, the William Sterry previously mentioned. It is related in my journal as follows:—

"Directly the porpoises were seen, Sterry, who has a genial heart and strong arm, took his position by the martingale, or, as a Dane would call it, 'Dolphin Striker,' which is under the bowsprit. Harpoon in hand, there stood Sterry, prepared for a whale or aught else, ready for his blow. Now *Sterry* was *Sterry*—Sterry the cooper—Sterry the ship's carpenter—Sterry the ship's blacksmith—Sterry the millwright—Sterry the genius—the *immortal* Sterry, who could eat more pork and beans, and drink more whiskey out of a two-quart pantry pitcher, without distinguishing its smell and taste from that of pure cold water, than any other *gentleman* hailing from his native place of Groton. *There* indeed was Sterry, seemingly hanging between the heavens and the sea, his feet dangling on a tow line, and his hands grasping the martingale back-rope. While I stood watching him, his eyes appeared to roll in fire as they pierced the blue deep, especially so when he struck his head against the 'bobstay-chains' in turning to look for the contrast between the porpoises beneath him and the jibboom above. And here I may add that Sterry was a great philosopher on 'contrasts,' *pros* and *cons*; *positives* and *negatives*

were with him the only 'hanimals that have souls worth saving.' Well, there stood Sterry preparing to 'pucker,' and *pucker* he did. A strange sound, which arrested my attention, stole out of his mouth. Startled, I listened attentively, and found him actually *whistling for the porpoises!* But no porpoise seemed to listen to his charm. Often did he poise his harpoon as his intended victim glided swiftly through the waters beneath him, but as often did he have to drop it again. At length the porpoises retired, and Sterry had to give up his game.

"When the attempt was over, I asked Captain B—— if Sterry's whistling really did any good, and the reply was, as I expected, 'No, none whatever.' Sterry at the time was within hearing, and immediately said, 'I guess-it-didn't-do-much-of-any-harm-any-how-captain;' and then, turning to me, added, 'Captain Hall' (so he always called me), 'I tell you what it is, Before you have been up North a great while, you'll find you've got to whistle as many whistles as there are species of *h*animals, birds, and fishes, or you can never get along up there; you can never capture such things unless you do whistle.'

"'But,' said I, 'please to tell me, Mr. Sterry, what do you do when you see a *whale?*' 'Oh, then we always *holler,*' was his quaint reply."

I have mentioned this anecdote as characteristic of the man. He was frequently the life and soul of our party, and often I shall have occasion to allude to him.

On the 12th of June we passed through a fleet of codfishing schooners on the Banks of Newfoundland. Hundreds of boats were out, with a man in each, rapidly appearing and disappearing to our view as the fog, which was very thick, lifted, or as we neared them.

The next day preparation was made, and a close look-out kept for icebergs, the thermometer having fallen rapidly; but none were seen. Two whales, however, caused some interest in our vessel, and especially to myself. They were moving leisurely along in the same direction as the ship, and nearly

under the bows. Every thirty seconds or so they came up to blow, and then sank beneath the water, leaving only a few feet above their backs. I saw them distinctly for several minutes, without cessation, thus propelling their vast bulk through the great deep. It was a most novel sight to me to see these two whales simultaneously gliding side by side, and even with the ship. Had they been a pair of naiads harnessed to the car of Neptune, they could not have been more uniform in their movements. They came up together, "blowed" together, and descended together.

Meantime two boats were lowered, with a chosen crew, to give chase. Swiftly they shot toward their prey; but the whales immediately altered their course, the boats following after them. For an hour was the chase continued; but, in spite of all efforts, the whales escaped, and our disappointed comrades returned.

For several days after this, nothing of note occurred worth narrating. A delicate snowbird lighted on the rigging, and, according to nautical ideas, was the augury of good luck. Other marine birds and porpoises were seen, but there was little to relieve the monotony of our life except when the winds increased to a gale. Then, indeed, I found a change that in one respect I could admire. To myself, who had never before been upon the vast ocean, it was truly magnificent to behold the mighty workings of the great deep! On one occasion, which I well remember, the sea appeared in "white caps," the bounding billows playing with us all day in fantastic gambols, while the ship plunged fearfully down into a deep abyss; then, like a thing of life, would she leap skyward, as a mad wave struck the bow in all its fury, burying it beneath the sheet of spray, which flew far and wide in its impotent wrath. But the *George Henry* heeded it not. Like a lion shaking the dews of heaven from his mane, so did our good ship appear, bathed in crystal drops, but still driving on and on majestically. Rarely did I enjoy myself more than when those storms encountered us. It seemed to me as if no one could, to the fullest extent, appreciate the beauty, the

grandeur, the greatness of God's creation but in experiencing a storm at sea. Watching it as I did, firmly wedged against the mast, with my arm encircling a cluster of ropes, I could keep my place, notwithstanding the vessel now and then would be on her beam-ends, or some fearful wave, overleaping the bulwarks, seek to take me away. And as I stood there, I could study Nature and Nature's God. As far as the eye could carry me, say for seven miles in every direction, making an area of over one hundred and fifty square miles, the ocean was dancing as if wild with joy. One moment it would seem as if a universal effort was being made by the waters to kiss the clouds; in the next, diving low, low down, as if to hide their laugh over the daring deed; then, as if to signify their unwillingness of my being so cool a spectator, the ship would be borne high up in their snowy arms, and all at once plunged quickly down into the bosom of the sea, covering myself and the decks with tons of briny water.

On the 19th of June we were in lat. 51° 18′ N. long. 49° 12′ W. and here I give a few extracts from my diary to show my ideas and feelings at the time.

"This day saw several of the largest-sized whales, *Balæna Physalis*, called 'sulphur bottoms' by the whalers. It is indeed the *king of fishes*, though this term applies to the whale family in general; but, being a very difficult kind to capture, whalers seldom venture in their chase. Less quiet and tranquil in its movements than the *Mysticetus*, or Greenland whale, it becomes furious when wounded, and renders an approach to it dangerous. Its flight, when struck by the harpoon, is exceedingly rapid, and is so long sustained that it is very difficult—generally impossible—to tire it out. The game is not worth the cost and risk, for the blubber and bone of the *Physalis* are indifferent in quality and quantity. I had a fine view of these monsters of the deep, as they came within pistol-shot of the vessel. It was a grand sight to me to see a fish (is a whale a fish?) 100 feet long propelling itself quietly forward through the water as though it were but an humble mountain trout.

"*June 20th*, lat. 53° 9′, long. 51° 16′.—A good run, with a fair breeze since yesterday. Approaching the north axis of the earth! Ay, nearing the goal of my fondest wishes. Every thing relating to the arctic zone is deeply interesting to me. I love the snows, the ices, icebergs, the fauna, and the flora of the North! I love the circling sun, the long day, *the arctic night, when the soul can commune with God in silent and reverential awe!* I am on a mission of love. I feel to be in the performance of a duty I owe to mankind—myself—God! Thus feeling, I am strong at heart, full of faith, ready to do or die in the cause I have espoused.

"This evening the sun set about ten minutes to nine o'clock, but it was quite light at ten o'clock.

"*Thursday, June 21st.*—This morning, a few minutes after eight o'clock, I went upon deck to take my usual exercise. I noticed or felt a perceptible change in the temperature of the air. I looked at the thermometer and saw that it was falling. I tried the sea-water, and found that much colder also, being only two degrees above freezing point. I immediately concluded that we were near icebergs, and mentioned it to Captain B——, also to Sterry; but, though the latter had been on several voyages to the arctic regions, and had spent four winters there, he doubted my ideas about it, especially when I ventured to predict we should see them within three hours. He said 'we should not,' and even laid a wager upon it; but at twelve o'clock the icebergs were really seen, and many of the old salts on board at once set me down as well up in arctic knowledge.

"Directly the announcement was made I went on deck, and there, far away to the west, had my first view of an iceberg. By the aid of a good glass, presented by M'Allister and Brothers, of Philadelphia, the grandeur of this icy mountain of the deep was brought before me. Brief, however, was the glance I had. The motion of the vessel was such that I could not at first keep the iceberg within the field of the glass. But perhaps it was well I did not see all its splendor and magnificence at once. For years I had longed to see an iceberg, and,

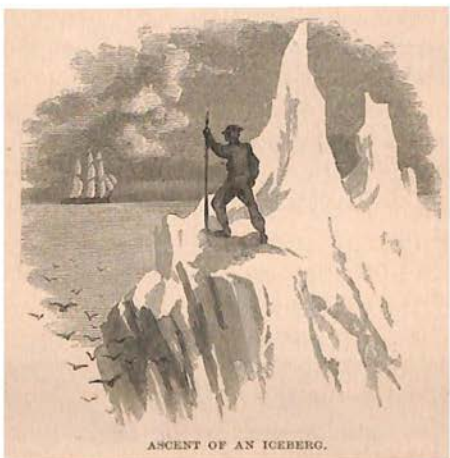
even in the distant view I then had, all my conceptions of its grandeur were more than realized. When first seen it was perhaps ten miles off, and appeared about 130 feet high, judging from a calculation made. As, toward evening, we approached, it appeared a mountain of alabaster resting calmly upon the bosom of the dark blue sea. Behind it was the setting sun just dipping its nether limb in the waters, while its upper reached some thick, heavy clouds extending half around the horizon, bathing them in a flood of crimson! Close by, and peering out from a break in the sky, were Venus and the new moon, making a scene of sublimity and beauty fit for a poet's pen or the pencil of an artist. Not before ten o'clock P.M. were we alongside this magnificent pile of ice, and then, as it were, I had an opportunity of shaking hands with the first iceberg I had ever seen. It is said that lovers like darkness better than light, and the hour named would seem to indicate that darkness was upon the face of the deep when I and my 'idol' met. But not so; light abounded: not that of noonday, but that of early eve, when the sun had withdrawn his glowing face. Then it was we met. Iceberg was silent; I too was silent. I stood in the presence of God's work! Its fashioning was that of the Great Architect! He who hath builded *such* monuments, and cast them forth upon the waters of the sea, *is God*, and there can be none other!"

After this, numerous icebergs were seen, one of which we passed within a stone's throw. At a distance it had appeared of a pyramidal form, but on coming close its outline wholly changed. This I find to be a characteristic of almost all views —of none more strikingly so than that of an iceberg. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," so goes the old saw, and, to a certain extent, this is true.

But, on another occasion, I had a more minute inspection of one of these icy monsters of the deep. A large solitary berg at one time was not far from us, and, as the weather permitted, a boat was sent in charge of the mate that I might have the opportunity of examining it.

On arriving near, it was found of irregular form at the base,

with several "tongues" or spreading pieces below the water. With some difficulty I got on to it at a sloping part, and began to mount toward the summit. Several pinnacles, ravines, gorges, and deep cavities were displayed as I ascended; but decay was already making rapid progress, and evidently not long would elapse before the whole mass must fall to pieces. I succeeded, however, in reaching the top without danger, using a boat-hook as a sort of alpenstock to aid me.



ASCENT OF AN ICEBERG.

Here resting awhile, and drinking in the ocean scene around, with our ship on the blue waters awaiting us, I then descended.

On the way down I unfortunately trod on the rusty part of the boat-hook, and having my boots off for surer footing, received a rather bad wound, which confined me to a couch for some days.

Our progress towards Greenland was so tantalizingly slow, owing to calms and head winds, that a fourth Sunday passed over us while still at a considerable distance from Holsteinborg, Greenland, the port of rendezvous of the *George Henry* and *Rescue*.

Of these Sundays at sea it gives me pleasure to speak in

favourable terms as to their observance on board. The crew exhibited most excellent demeanour; and as the *George Henry* had a small but carefully-selected library in the cabin, furnished by the house of Williams and Haven (owners of the vessel), good books were occasionally distributed by the captain among officers and men, much to their satisfaction, and, no doubt, advantage.

Again referring to my Journal:

"June 26th, at midnight, I witnessed a scene never to be forgotten. I found the whole north illuminated—not by the aurora borealis—but by reflection of the sun's rays. The northern sky presented the appearance of a sunset perhaps twenty minutes over. I could hardly believe my eyes and my position as to the points of the compass for some time. It did not seem that the morning sun could thus early be approaching in the east, nor did it seem that the brightening before me was either *east or west.* But I soon found the cause that so attracted my attention was the *northern sun!* I was indeed delighted; for, though familiar with the theory of our planetary system, yet I had little thought of the beauty and variety of sun scenes presented to the view of man between the latitudes of Cincinnati and that of 58½°, where we then were.

"Early in the morning, the captain came to my berth, and called me, saying that a sail was in sight, and that he was holding up for her. I was on deck in an instant with spy-glass in hand. All the men were on the alert, and every eye strained to discover what vessel it was. Our own colours were soon run up, and they were answered by the unknown showing the Danish flag. This immediately enlightened us, and we at once knew that the stranger was one of the government vessels of Denmark annually visiting Greenland. We laid-to for her, and, when she came near, ascertained her name to be the *Mariane,* from Copenhagen, bound to Disco. Our captain then sang out, 'What's your longitude?' Whereupon the lusty old Dane hung over the brig's side a ponderous ebony board, upon which was chalked in white '49° 20".'

Thus holding it a moment, we saw him turn his head broadside to us, and encircle his massive ear by his trumpet-shaped hand, as if to say, 'Now let us have yours.' In stentorian voice, the answer was '53° 30'.' If a forty-pounder had been shot from the *George Henry*, the old Scandinavian commander could not have jumped higher than on this announcement. Then giving our ship to the glorious breeze that was dancing to do us service, away she bounded on her course. As long as we could see the *Mariane* of Copenhagen—a vessel bearing the royal F. R., wreathed by laurel branches, and crested by the imperial crown—she was still following in our wake."

It may be as well here to mention that this *Mariane* was the identical vessel in which Dr. Kane and his party, after their memorable escape on the second Grinnell Expedition, took passage from Upernavik, intending to proceed home in her *vid* England. But, on touching at Goodhavn, Captain Hartstene, in the Relief Squadron, arrived in time to receive them, and thus prevented a longer voyage in the Danish brig.

"*Friday, June 29th.* During the night a smart breeze sprung up from the N.N.W. which now continues, doing us much service in putting us to the north. There is rain, and it is chilly; but what of this to a determined soul? Oh, to be strong from the circumstances; to be excited by the powers of the mind; to be inspired, as it were, by the Divine Spirit, that I may continue to the end of life in my studies of Nature and her laws! May I be strong in the day of battle; may I not forget that I am a child of Deity—a humble instrument created for work!

"*Saturday, June 30th.*—In a conversation with Captain B—— and his first officer, Mr. Rogers, this morning, I learned their views of the scurvy. They both understand the cause, the nature of it, and its cure. The former said he had gained his knowledge from dearly acquired experience. This is truly a fact, for in 1855, while in command of the *Georgiana*, on a whaling voyage, he lost thirteen of his men by scurvy. But, said he, 'I am not afraid of losing any more men by scurvy while I have command over them. Whenever there

are appearances of it aboard, I will have every pork and beef barrel—salt provision of every kind—headed up at once, and every man shall live upon bread and *fresh* provision, such as whale, walrus, seal, deer, bear, ptarmigan, duck, &c. &c."

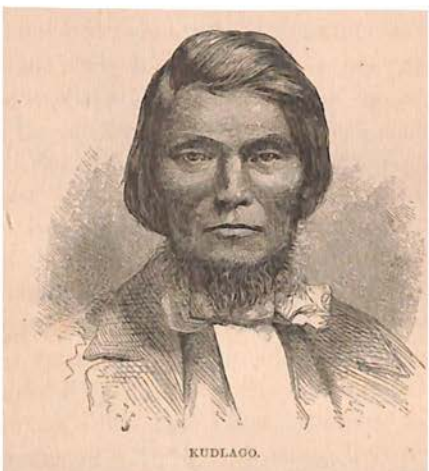
Mr. Rogers stated that in 1856 he went on a whaling voyage to the South Sea, and that during the year scurvy broke out among the crew. Nine were seriously affected, and one died of it, all from eating salt provisions. Said he, "Those who had it seemed *determined to die*, for, against all reasoning and advice, they would have salt pork in preference to fresh game, such as ducks, eggs, &c. which they had in abundance."

It may be here stated as a fact that the person who has the scurvy desires just that kind of food which he should not have, and, as a general rule, the same person affected will go almost any length to obtain it, notwithstanding he is well aware that death must follow in this contumacious course.

I now approach a subject that, even at this present time, in dwelling upon it, affects me greatly. I allude to the death of Kudlago, which occurred on Sunday morning, the 1st of July. Hitherto I have said but little concerning him, owing to an intention of confining my remarks to what I should have to narrate here.

I have mentioned in the Introduction that he had been brought to the United States in the previous fall, and when I first saw him he appeared to be, what I always found him, a remarkably modest and unassuming man. From what I was then informed, he was quick to learn, and always endeavoured to do as other people did. He never expressed surprise at anything. He looked upon the works of civilization with interest, but never with wonder. The first time he saw a locomotive no words escaped his lips, nor did he exhibit any signs but what were consistent with the idea of his having seen the same a thousand times before. One day, while riding in the cars toward New York, a boy passed through distributing circulars, giving one to Kudlago. He took it, looking attentively to see what others might do, and then, as

they did, so, to all appearance, did he! Others held the circulars up before them and read. Kudlago held his up before his eyes and *appeared to read.* Though he could not read a word, yet he looked learned. Solomon may have been wiser, but surely not *sharper* than Kudlago.



KUDLAGO.

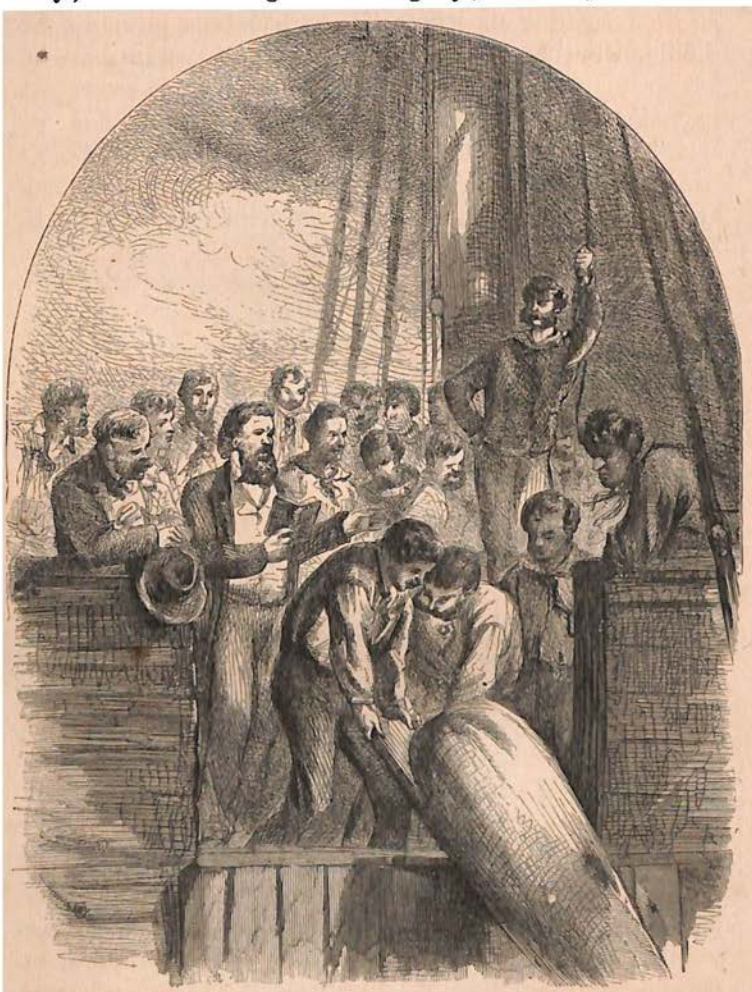
On securing his services as my interpreter, I was in hopes that he would long remain with me; but, though apparently in good health on leaving New London, the fogs we encountered when crossing the Banks of Newfoundland gave him a severe cold, and, though every attention was paid to him, he was evidently failing very fast. One day we shot an eider-duck, and lowered a boat to get it, purposely that Kudlago might have a generous meal in his accustomed way. The bird was skinned and carried to the poor sick Esquimaux, who dissected it at once, eating only the heart and liver, *both raw.* He seemed to relish it greatly, but could eat no more. As he expressed a desire to be on deck, a tent was erected there, that he might enjoy the sunshine and the air. But nothing availed to save him. The following day he was again taken below, and never again left his berth alive. He died about half-past four on Sunday morning. His last words were, "*Teik-ko se-ko? teik-ko se-ko?*"—Do you see ice? do

you see ice? His prayer was that he might arrive home, and once more look upon his native land—it mountains, its snows, its ice—and upon his wife and his little ones; he would then ask no more of earth. We had sighted the Labrador coast on our way, and after that we sailed several days without seeing ice. Kudlago kept incessantly asking if we saw the ice, thinking, if so, we must be near to his home; but, poor fellow, he was still far away when his final moments came. He died in lat. 63° N. when near the coast of Greenland, and about 300 miles from his native place.

Suitable preparations were soon made for his burial in the sea, and as I had always thought a "burial at sea" must be a scene of great interest, the one I now witnessed for the first time most strongly impressed itself upon me. Never did I participate more devoutly in what then seemed to me the most solemn scene of my life. There before us was the "sheeted dead," lying amidships on the gangway board, all in readiness for burial. The whole ship's company, save a solitary man at the wheel, had assembled in sorrowful silence around our departed friend, to pay the last respect we could to him. By the request of Captain B——, who was bound by strong ties of friendship to Kudlago, I had consented to take an active part in the services. I therefore proceeded to make such remarks as were deemed proper for the occasion. These were succeeded by my reading portions of appropriate exhortations from the "Masonic Manual," after which I read a prayer from the same excellent work. In this all seemed deeply, solemnly interested.

During these services the breezes of heaven were wafting us on—silently, yet speedily to the north. At a given signal from the captain, who was standing on my right, the man at the helm luffed the ship into the wind and deadened her headway. William Sterry and Robert Smith now stepped to the gangway, and holding firmly the plank on which was the shrouded dead—a short pause, and down sank the mortal part of Kudlago, the noble Esquimaux, into the deep grave—the abyss of the ocean! Oh what a scene! How solemn in its grandeur

and its surroundings! The Sabbath morning; a cloudless sky; the sun shining in all its glory; the cold, dark blue

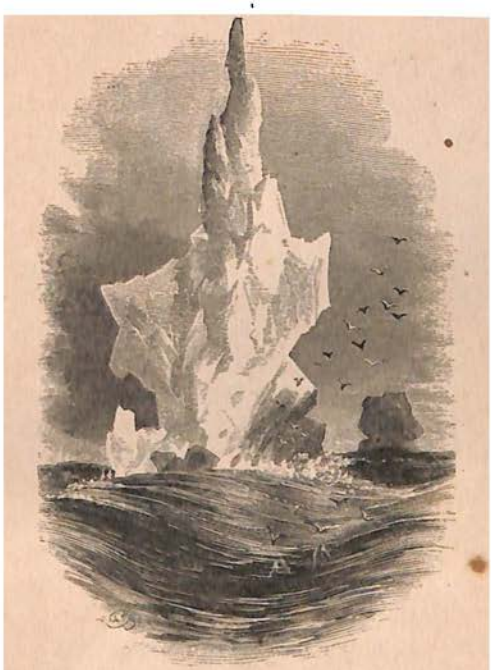


BURIAL OF KUDLAGO.

ocean, its heaving bosom whitened over, here and there, with high pinnacled bergs; the lofty peaks of "Greenland's icy mountains" peering down from a distance in the east—these

were some of the impressive features in the scene attending the burial of Kudlago at sea.

An hour after the *George Henry* had been given to the leading wind, I turned my eyes back to the ocean grave of



KUDLAGO'S MONUMENT.

Kudlago—a snow-white monument of mountain size, and *of God's own fashioning, was over it!*

The next event of any importance to record was the celebration of our glorious FOURTH OF JULY. At that time we were in Davis's Straits, near a place called *Sukkertoppen,* in Greenland, under all sail for Holsteinborg, and we had been in great hopes to have arrived during the day, but contrary winds and calms prevented us. As it was, we did the best we could, and tried to prove ourselves, as we knew all of us to be, true sons of our country.

The day, commencing at the turn of the midnight hour, was ushered in by cheers and firing of guns. Pistols, guns, blunderbusses, were in readiness for the word that should make the mountains of old Greenland echo back our thunderings for FREEDOM AND OUR NATIVE LAND!

As the hour approached, several of us were stationed at various places, ready to discharge the weapons in our hands at command. Twelve o'clock came, and the Fourth of July, 1860, was upon us. "One! two!! three!!! Fire!!!!" was the signal; and never did the *George Henry* quiver more under the peal of deep-throated guns, in a noble cause, than on that occasion. After this the jubilee was continued by firing, and cheers on cheers. The national colours were run up (for it was now broad daylight) and saluted. At noon another salute was given, and again twelve hours afterward, when the next midnight proclaimed that another anniversary of our glorious American freedom had again departed.

But we had other causes of rejoicing on this especial day. At five in the evening we had arrived at a point on the coast of Greenland which was very much like the neighbourhood of Holsteinborg. The bold mountain peaks were so thickly enveloped in clouds that it was impossible to determine the exact locality. The sea also was covered with fog; hence it was wisely determined to run off the land for the night and lie-to. This was done, and as we were upon good codfish banks, lines were put over to catch some. We were very successful. Before twelve o'clock three lines had drawn in full 800 lbs. of hālibut and codfish, the latter largely predominating. I myself caught four cod weighing in all 100 lbs. One halibut weighed no less than 125 lbs. and two others fifty pounds each! I was astonished at the sight of every cod drawn in. Such gormandizers had they been—preying upon the smaller ones of their kind—that their stomachs were distended to the utmost limit of expansion.

The next day, July 5th, we once more stood in toward the land, but it still continued foggy, and we were unable to get near till about 4 P.M. having just before again sighted the

Mariane. At that time two Esquimaux were seen coming at full speed toward us. In a few moments more they were alongside, and hoisted—kyacks and all—into the ship. Their names were "Sampson" and "Ephraim," each 5 feet 6½ inches in height, with small hands, small feet, and pleasing features, except that both had some of their front teeth gone. These men had brought an abundance of salmon, caplins, sea-birds, &c. and eagerly began to trade with us. Speedily we were on the most friendly terms, and, as they were retained to pilot us in, merry-making was the order of the day. On entering the cabin to supper their conduct was most orderly, and when it was over they said, in good American, "Thank you."

That night I had not long retired to rest before the captain came and told me it was calm, and a good opportunity for halibut and codfish. I was quickly dressed and on deck with line in hand. Two or three minutes more, and a halibut weighing about 225 lbs. was fast to my line, fifty fathoms deep, and in another two minutes I had the fish up in the sun's rays with harpoon stuck through him. In one hour a ton weight of codfish and halibut was taken by the use of only three lines. Sometimes, as I was informed, halibut have been caught weighing 500 lbs. each, and measuring eight feet in length. The Esquimaux in Greenland use the transparent membrane of the stomach of this fish instead of plates of glass.

During the night our two faithful Esquimaux kept on deck, watching the almost obscured mountains, that they might guide us aright. Their clothing was quite wet from exposure to the high seas that prevailed when they came to us, but they sat themselves down on deck, and there watched, coughed, and quivered. I thought, at the time, it were better if they could be prevailed upon to adopt the custom of our seamen—always on the move when out in the open air; but I understood they look upon our walking to and fro as foolishness—a great amount of hard work, with much expenditure of tanned skins (shoe-leather) and muscle all for naught!

For about an hour, one of the Esquimaux made his way up

into a whale-boat and went to sleep. On waking, he seemed quite thankful for the luxury of sleeping, though in the open air, his bed, for several days past, having been on the soft side of a boat, on the rocks of an island forty miles distant from Holsteinborg. He and his companion had been there engaged in hunting ducks, &c. when they discovered the *George Henry*. They were very ragged, and Captain B—— presented each with some new garments, which made them truly thankful. Some of the articles were new pants, and each man immediately put on a pair. Sampson's was a fair fit—that is to say, they were tight as a drum upon him; but Ephraim's! the waist would not meet within six inches. This, however, was all the same to him. He drew a long—very long breath; so long, indeed, that I could not but think him like a whale, breathing once in ten minutes, or, if occasion required it, once in an hour! Then, following this, Ephraim ceased for a moment to breathe at all, while he nimbly plied his fingers, and rapidly filled each button-hole with its respective button. Pants were now on and completely adjusted—*buttoned!* but as every living thing must have air or die, and as whales, when coming up to breathe, make the regions round about ring with the force with which they respire and inspire, so even an Esquimaux has to take in fresh draughts of oxygen, or he ceases to exist. Now Ephraim had, in buttoning his pants, suspended respiration for some longer time than nature was capable of sustaining. Accordingly, Nature resumed her functions, and, in the act of giving a full respiration, Ephraim's pants burst, the buttons flying all over the deck! Civilization buttons and New London-made pants could not stand against the sudden distention of an Esquimaux's bowels after being once so unnaturally contracted. Here the saying of old Horace would be useful: *Naturam expelles furca tamen usque recurret*—You may turn Nature out of doors with violence, but she will return; and he might have continued—though the violence be an Esquimaux's bowels much contracted by a pair of New London-made pants of the nineteenth century!

I will now again quote from my Journal:

"*Saturday, July 7th.*—After dancing around the harbour of Holsteinborg for many hours, we have at length made anchor within it.

"During the last two or three days a fog of remarkable character has troubled us in making harbour. All at once the whole heavens would be clear and bright; in five minutes a thick fog would encircle us all around, closing from our view sunlight, the long ridge of Greenland mountains, the well-defined sea horizon, islands, and icebergs.

"Before coming to the North, I thought I was prepared to give a fair statement of the true theory of fogs. I now am satisfied that no one can give a satisfactory reason for the appearance and sudden disappearance—their reappearance and final dispersion, as I have witnessed them during the last four days.

"At five o'clock this morning a Danish pilot came on board, who understood fully his business, which is more than I can say of the two Esquimaux, Sampson and Ephraim. Though they have shown great faithfulness, far beyond that of white men (as a general statement), yet I cannot award them great praise in navigating large ships in their own and neighbouring waters.

"Last night was a happy night for me. No sunset. The slow descending sun, just dipping its edge in the Northern Sea, then hesitating in its course, then slowly mounting again into high heaven, gladdening my whole soul near to uncontrollable joy!

"The incidents connected are worthy to be recorded. The evening (at least after ten o'clock) was fine; sky as clear as a bell; the air cool and invigorating.

"I found, by a hasty calculation, that we had made the northing, which would allow us to see the sun continually when clear weather; that the sun would gladden our sight day after day without setting. I announced to all hands that the sun would not go down that night; that on such a moment it would commence to return—to rise again. This was a novelty to many of the ship's crew. I then made my calcu-

lations carefully as to time—the hour, minute, and second when the sun would arrive at its lowest meridian. This was necessary, that I might determine, as well as the circumstances would admit, the variation of the needle.

"Twelve o'clock, low meridian, midnight—I use this in distinction of high meridian, midday — was approaching. Every man, captain, and the ship's officers and crew, save the portion of watch off duty below and asleep, stood around me awaiting the anxious moment when the sun would cease its downward and commence its upward course.

"The *George Henry* was sweeping gently along, beating up northerly and easterly against the wind. From the larboard side we peered out upon the glorious scene. With my azimuth compass resting upon the bulwarks, my eye every other moment on it and the watch (the latter had just been placed in correspondence with the ship's chronometer below), I at length announced the wished-for moment—12 o'clock. Cheer—cheer upon cheer followed from the ship's company. Time passed on; the sun was slowly on its upward track. At first its motion was imperceptible; nevertheless, it was rising.

"I continued to watch the upward and onward progress of the sun. Its northern declination is now growing less and less, therefore the sun's presence here is less and less prolonged. Soon the arctic night will take the place of the arctic day, which is now fast clothing the mountains in green and flowers.

"Before we finally entered Holsteinborg Harbour, the *George Henry* beat up against the wind by tacking ship four or five times. At last the hour came when the position of the ship was pronounced by the Danish Esquimaux pilot—*Lars Kleijt* by name—to be good—very good. The morning was all that a high-bounding spirit could wish. I had turned in about two o'clock A.M. and was now greatly refreshed from a short sleep. When I arose the vessel was bending her beak toward the long-wished-for haven. Every one was on tiptoe with the joyousness of the present. An inquiry had passed back and forth why the natives did not come to meet us, as

they were wont to meet American and English vessels. While yet far off, some one exclaimed, 'There they come!' Every eye was quickly turned that way. I saw them at a distance coming swiftly in their kyacks. Their number seemed legion. On they came. They meet us, and greet with smiles. The *George Henry* kept her course; the kyacks followed in our wake. We looked forward; others and others were coming, as if to welcome us to their bay and homes.

"As we neared the land, how eagerly I sought to catch every view that was within sight. My eyes wandered far back to the most distant mountain; then I brought them quickly to those which seemed about to shake hands with me, piercing into their nooks and their time-worn rocks—now up their pinnacles, now down to their broad massive bases. I was happy.

"We saw the little Danish flag on the hill that stands as sentinel to the rock-ribbed bay. We passed on; the western ridge, that runs far out into the sea, stole away the winds which were so gracefully carrying us to our chosen port, yet enough favoured us to go slowly. Soon Holsteinborg, in all its imperial greatness, met our eye. 'Tis true, Holsteinborg was not gaudily attired, as some kings' palaces are; but there she was and *is*, sparkling in diamonds of pure water, radiating rainbows in continual sunlight. There she was and *is*, surrounded by walls more ancient than Jerusalem, or Thebes, or Babel's Tower—of God's creation—mountains that seem to prop up this arctic sky—mountains whose southern sides are now clothed in green and laughing flowers, and whose northern slopes rest beneath a bed of white.

"As we entered the harbour, our national colours, streamer, and ship's flag were raised, and the Governor of Holsteinborg responded by hoisting the Danish ensign. Then, at 10 A.M. of this day, the 7th of July, 1860, and the fortieth day from the port of New London, United States, we came to an anchor. Had it not been for head winds and calms, we might have made the passage in twenty-five to thirty days. Captain B—— has made it in thirty-four; he says it generally takes

about thirty. As it is, we have reason to thank God for His care and protection over us in this voyage. Oh, may He continue His blessing; may He be near unto me while in the prosecution of the great work before me! With Thee, O God, I can accomplish much; without Thee, what am I?—nothing! nothing!!"

The *Rescue* schooner—our consort and tender—had not arrived. Her orders were to keep with us if possible; but on the night of Thursday, 31st, the third day out, during the prevailing fogs and wind, we lost her. The rendezvous, however, was at this place, and we daily expected to see her.

CHAPTER II.

Land and Visit the Governor—Brief History of Greenland—The Holsteinborg District—Esquimaux and European Population—Protection and Care of the Natives by the Danish Crown—Plagues of Greenland—Dinner at the Governor's—M'Clintock's Work—The Priest's Wife—Visit the Government Buildings—Arrival of the "Rescue"—Lars's Care for his Family—Dance on Shore—A Mountain Excursion—Action of Freezing Water in Crevices—Esquimaux Amusements—Schools and Printing.

IMMEDIATELY after we had dropped anchor, great excitement reigned on board. Some of us at once prepared for the shore, dressed in accordance with our home fashion of forty days ago, the captain and I intending to visit the governor. On landing, my heart leaped with joy as I touched the firm earth, and I could not help taking in my hands some of the rocky fragments on the beach, and saying, "Thank God, I am at last on arctic land, where I have so long wished to be! Greenland's mountains, I greet you!"

As Captain Budington had met the governor before, my introduction to him was easy. It was in the afternoon when our visit took place, and Governor Elberg received us with much kindly warmth. But the events that occurred during our stay were so various, and have been so minutely narrated in my private diary day by day, that I must try and introduce them as much together as I possibly can, first giving a brief sketch of what relates to Holsteinborg and its vicinity.

The early history of Greenland is generally well known, yet a brief *résumé* of it may not be uninteresting to the reader. In many respects it borders upon romance, as indeed all the old Scandinavian chronicles do, but well-attested facts state nearly as follows:

About the middle of the tenth century, one Gunbiörn, an inhabitant of the previously-settled Iceland, discovered land

to the west, and, on returning, made a report of what he had seen. Soon afterward, in the year 983, a person known as "Eric the Red," was sentenced by the Icelanders to banishment for the crime of manslaughter, and he determined to visit the country Gunbiörn had discovered. Sailing westward in a small vessel, he arrived at the new land, and coasted it toward the south; then turning a point now known as Cape Farewell, he came to an island, where he passed his first winter. He then remained three years exploring the coasts, and finally returned to Iceland, where he gave such a report of "Greenland," as he termed the new country, that it induced many of the colonists of both sexes to go back with him. Only some of these reached their destination, the rest turning back or perishing by the way. A colony was now formed, and communication kept up with Iceland, and even with Norway. Leif, the son of Eric, went to the latter place, and, by command of the king, was instructed in the Christian religion, whence he was afterward sent back, attended by a priest, who baptized Eric and all his followers.

In the year 1001, one of the colonists, named *Bjorn*, was accidentally driven in his ship to the southwest of Greenland, and discovered a new country covered with wood. On his return, Leif fitted out a vessel, and, with Bjorn as pilot, went in search of this new land. He found it as described, and termed it *Vinland*, which there can be no doubt must have been part of North America, about the latitude of 45°.

Meanwhile the colonists of Greenland increased in number and prosperity. In 1121 Arnold was elected the first bishop, and several churches were built. After this no less than seventeen bishops are known to have been elected from first to last, and the two settlements of East and West Greenland (into which the colonists had divided) numbered about three hundred villages. They had their little barques going from place to place along the western coast so high up as lat. 73°, and even, as is supposed from ancient records and from Runic inscriptions seen there, to the entrance of the present-named Wellington Channel.

For a long time after this the history of these colonists is involved in obscurity. Intercourse with Europe was obstructed about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and whether the colonists were cut off by hordes of the Esquimaux from the north or west, or were destroyed by a pestilence, is yet uncertain. There is, however, a document extant, discovered by Professor Mallet in the papal archives, which seems to warrant the idea of a hostile fleet "of wild heathen" having made a descent upon the colony, fell upon the people, "laid waste the country and its holy buildings with fire and sword, sparing nothing but the small parishes, and carrying captive the wretched inhabitants of both sexes." Nothing, however, has been certainly known of their fate. Only ruins of their churches and convents now remain.

At length, in 1576, Martin Frobisher visited Friesland, now known to be Greenland, on his voyage of discovery to the north-west, but brought to light no particulars concerning the original colonists. Afterward, in 1605, James Hall, an Englishman, under Admiral Lindenow, was sent by Denmark to rediscover them if possible. He succeeded in landing upon the west coast, and communicated with the natives, though nothing more resulted from his visit. Other voyagers touched upon its shores; but not until 1721, when that brave, and good, and truly Christian man, *Hans Egede*, conceived the project of himself going to Greenland, to spread religion among its natives, was anything permanently effected. Then Greenland soon came into notice, and, at various times, colonies and missionary establishments, under the Danish flag, were formed along its coasts. At present there are thirteen settlements, besides commercial and missionary stations. The most northern official settlement is Upernavik, in lat. 73° N. but there is a fishing establishment, called *Tessuisak*, some few miles still farther on. Holsteinborg is in lat. 66° 56′ N., long. 53° 42′ W. This latter place was, according to Crantz, the fifth colony begun in Greenland, and first settled in the year 1759. It is one of the most convenient places both for dwelling and trading.

Holsteinborg District begins at North Strömsfiord, and extends for about ninety-two English miles. Its breadth eastward from the sea is also about ninety-two miles. There are four fiords in the district, and the mountains upon it are high, though not so lofty as farther north. The only European who has penetrated far to the eastward through this district is *Kielsen*, in 1830. He found the land not so mountainous as toward the sea.

The harbour of Holsteinborg is good, and well landlocked. The spring tides are about 12 feet.

The buildings have, as I was told, the best appearance of any in Greenland. They may be thus enumerated:

The governor's house; priest's house; the church; the lieutenant governor's house; the dance-house; school-house; brewing house; the blacksmith's; two warehouses; one cooperage; one "try" house for oil; thirteen Esquimaux houses, Danish built; three turf houses for Esquimaux, and one dead-house, where deceased persons are placed for six days before burial. Graves are dug, even in winter, for burying. Thus the total number of buildings in Holsteinborg amounts to 29.

The population is as follows:

The inhabitants in Holsteinborg District proper number 197; in Kemortusük, 103; in Omanausük, 97; in Sarfangoak, 158; in Itiblik, 108—making a total of 663 souls.

In the town of Holsteinborg there are only ten Europeans, but throughout all Greenland in 1855 they numbered 250. At that date it was estimated there were 9,644 Esquimaux, three-fourths of whom were of Danish blood and the rest pure.

In the Holsteinborg District there are three small schooners, five small boats, and eleven whale-boats.

In 1859, which was considered a bad year, only one whale was captured, though sometimes ten and twelve have been caught in a single season. Of reindeer 300 were secured; of seal-blubber, 5,000 lbs.; liver of sharks, 2,000 lbs.; blue fox-skins, 100; white foxskins, 150; eider-down, before cleansing,

500 lbs.; after cleansing, 100 lbs.; and of stockfish—that is, dried codfish unsalted, 4,000 lbs.

I may state that during Governor Elberg's time, since 1850, there have been killed from 5,000 to 6,000 reindeer. Several years ago there were obtained in two years from the Esquimaux about fifty tons of reindeer horn, costing some two skillings, or one cent federal money, per pound; 4,500 lbs. of it were sent home to Copenhagen, but it would not pay freight.

The governor also told me that "whenever the ships were obliged to take home to Copenhagen stone for ballast, they could sell it to no purpose, because it was complained of as rotten." This I found to be generally true. On several mountains I visited, stones exposed to the atmosphere were crumbling. On Mount Cunningham I had satisfactory proof of it. Small mounds of stone that have evidently crumbled off the larger mountains may be seen lying at the base. The winters are doing their levelling work, and doing it rapidly.

There are four midwives. Two have a good medical education, obtained in Copenhagen. They receive $70 (Danish) per year.[3]

	Danish.
The schoolmaster receives per annum	$125 00
Three other teachers, each ,, ...	100 00
Three ,, ,, ,, ...	25 00
Three ,, ,, ,, ...	10 00
Two ,, ,, ,, ...	6 0

One of these latter gets six dollars, and teaches his two children—the only two children of his district—to read and write!

Four women, who teach the children "A, B, C's," get each one dollar per year.

The men, sixteen in number, in the employ of government, get each forty to ninety dollars per year, besides provisions for themselves and families. Every fourteen days bread is baked for them.

In the town there are twenty-four stoves—only one to each

house; and these stoves require 100 barrels of coal and five fathoms of wood.

There are reckoned to be 1,700 Esquimaux sealers in Greenland, 400 fishers, and one Esquimaux officer (a clerk), whose father was a Dane and the Governor of Lieveley—Goodhavn. In addition, there are of Esquimaux 17 foremen and boatsmen; 22 coopers and blacksmiths; 87 sailors; 15 pensioners, whose business is to look after goats, and who get half rations of beer, pork, meat, and butter, &c. but full rations of peas, barley, &c.

There are also 20 native catechists or missionaries.

The European missionaries and priests number 13 German and 11 Danish.

Of first and second governors there are 31.

Three doctors visit each place one year. There are 36 European clerks; 7 boat-steerers; 28 coopers, carpenters, and blacksmiths; 19 sailors and cooks; and 8 pensioners.

The whole body of missionaries are paid per annum, in Danish money, $16,360; of which amount Government House gives $14,650, and the East India Missions, at the outside, $2,000. For schools and school-books the sum of $6,500 is appropriated.

I now proceed with my personal narrative.

Among the numerous visitors that greeted us on our arrival, I was astonished to find myriads of musquitoes. Little did we expect so *warm* a reception in the *arctic regions*. Talk about musquitoes in the States as being numerous and troublesome! Why no man who has not visited the arctic shores in the months of July and August can have a good idea of these Liliputian elephants. In the States the very hum of a musquito is enough to set any one upon his guard. How many a poor soul there has been kept in a state of torment all night by the presence of only two or three musquitoes! But here, in the North, it is a common, every-hour affair to have *thousands* at one time around you, some buzzing, some drawing the very life-blood from face, hands, arms, and legs, until one is driven to a state approaching

madness. Even the clothing worn in the States is no protection here against the huge proboscis with which each *lady* musquito is armed.

On Monday, July 9th, a laughable circumstance occurred. It consisted in the fact that Esquimaux had managed to outwit Yankee, and thus it was:

Sterry—the sharp Sterry, who understands the Esquimaux language, had been assisting Smith, the third mate, in some "trade" with the natives. Sampson, the pilot, was the man who had come on board, with several others, to see what could be picked up. He was accosted by Smith, and asked if he had any thing to trade; but the reply was that "all had gone." In fact, he had parted with every thing of value in his possession, and that, too, for nominal prices in return. Smith, however, was not satisfied, and again pressed the Esquimaux. At length it occurred to Sampson that he had money, with which he could purchase outright some tobacco. So he asked Smith if he had any to sell. Smith replied, "Yes; how much do you want?" Sampson thereupon drew forth a Danish bill, marked "sex skilling"—a *shin plaster*—



GREENLAND CURRENCY

and said, "How much you sell for this?" Smith took the bill with avidity, and showed it. to our acute, jocular, and ever good humoured Sterry. I here show a fac-simile of it to my readers. Sterry, seeing the "sex skilling" on the bill, thought it to be six shillings Yankee currency, and accordingly himself addressed the Esquimaux in native tongue. "How many *plugs* for this?" said he. "*Four*," answered Sampson. Now this, if each understood the other, would have been clear, straightforward, and a bargain. But Sterry, though well talking Esquimaux on the west side of Davis's Straits, was not so proficient in it at Greenland, where there is a material difference. Accordingly, Sampson's reply he took to mean four *pounds* of tobacco, which amounted to thirty-two plugs. This, even at the "six shillings" Yankee currency, was a pretty "steep price," for the tobacco was worth at least one dollar and sixty-eight cents. However, for certain reasons connected with an extreme thirst then raging throughout both Sterry and Smith, it was concluded to let the tobacco go that the money might be had. Smith, therefore, went to his chest and got what Sampson wanted. As the plugs of tobacco were counted over to the Esquimaux, his eyes expanded with immense delight and astonishment. He hastened to his kyack with the "godsend," and hurried to the shore, the richest native man in Holsteinborg. Immediately he communicated to his friends the immense wealth that had befallen him from his "sex skillings;" how he had asked only *four* plugs of tobacco from the white man on board the ship, and he had got eightfold. It was enough. What California was to Americans, so was the barque *George Henry* now to the Esquimaux of Holsteinborg. Kyack after kyack came with its dignified Esquimaux, each loaded with a large complement of the fortune-making "sex skilling." Sampson, who had so quickly got rich, was among the newcomers, eagerly seeking for more. But, alas for the hopes of men, especially when founded on bank-bills! A speculation had already commenced in town on the "skilling notes." They ran up above par to 300, 400, and, at one time, 800 per

cent.! And when the Esquimaux, to some scores of persons, arrived on board, they found themselves partly ruined instead of being enriched. Our Sterry and Smith had discovered their mistake, and thus many an Esquimaux, who, like several white men, had invested his all in that sort of paper currency at high figures, found himself almost beggared. Directly Sampson came on board, he was met by Smith at the gangway, and the following took place, to the dismay of the numerous new traders:

Taking the "cussed" bill from his pocket and handing it to Sampson, Smith said, "No good; too little money for four pounds tobacco." Sampson, with honest face, looked Smith in the eye, and replied, "He be good;" which really was true—good for its face, sex skilling, equivalent to about three cents federal coin. But Sterry, who had joined, now insisted, in as good "Husky" (Esquimaux) language as he could command, that "too little money for good deal tobacco," and he held up his finger of one hand, a thumb and all his fingers of the other. Sampson now understood, and woefully but honestly said, "I go get tobacco and bring it back." Smith handed him the bill, but Sampson at once told him to keep it until he should return. "No," said Smith, "take it along with you. I'll trust you. I see you're honest, and wish to do what is right. It's Sterry's fault," he added, afterwards, "or I should not have been caught so. But, if I never get my tobacco again, I don't care. I've learned a good lesson, and that is, not to deal in 'Husky' bank-stock. I'm now a Jackson man. D—n all banks except that of Newfoundland, where I hope yet to catch more cod on my way to and from these parts."

Need I say that the Esquimaux had to return on shore very crestfallen with their disappointment? Who would not have been, especially after investing in stocks, as many of them had done?

To finish the history of this affair, I may as well add here that, in a few days after this, "Sampson," with all his family and his friends, left Holsteinborg for some other place. Smith

therefore became minus four pounds of tobacco, and the "sex skilling" besides! Thus the Esquimaux completely outwitted two of our smart Yankees, and, what is more, did it without the smallest intention of dishonesty at the time. Sterry always declared that he thought the "sex skilling" bill was six Yankee shillings, and both he and Smith acknowledged they were anxious to get some Greenland money to "splice the main brace." Ever afterwards they had frequent reminders from our ship's company of the joke.

Thursday, July 10th, was a most interesting day to me, on account of a visit paid by Captain Budington and myself to Governor Elberg. Leaving the ship, which was anchored half a mile from the landing, we were taken on shore by an Esquimaux boat rowed by natives, and arrived at Government House about 4 P.M. We found him busily engaged with his clerk in preparing an Annual Report for the King of Denmark; but he kindly welcomed us, and, putting aside his labours, escorted us into a private room. Here we soon entered into genial conversation; and a present from Captain Budington of *sweet potatoes* grown in Florida (never before seen by the governor), with a case of preserved quinces from me, much pleased him.

Hearing that I had on board a copy of M'Clintock's Voyage, he asked for a loan of it, and I let him have it soon afterward. Captain M'Clintock, in the account of his voyage, thus speaks of his visit to Holsteinborg in the latter end of April, 1858:—

"We have been visited by the Danish residents—the chief trader or governor, the priest and two others. . . . I afterward visited the governor, and found his little wooden house as scrupulously clean and neat as the houses of the Danish residents in Greenland invariably are. The only ornaments about the room were portraits of his unfortunate wife and two children. They embarked at Copenhagen last year to rejoin him, and the ill-fated vessel has never since been heard of. . . . This is a grand Danish holiday; the inhabitants are all dressed in their Sunday clothes—at least all who

have got a change of garment—and there is both morning and evening service in the small wooden church. . . . This is the only part of Greenland where earthquakes are felt. The governor told me of an unusually severe shock which occurred a winter or two ago. He was sitting in his room reading at the time, when he heard a loud noise like the discharge of a cannon. Immediately afterwards a tremulous motion was felt; some glasses upon the table began to dance about, and papers lying on the window-sill fell down. After a few seconds it ceased. He thinks the motion originated at the lake, as it was not felt by some people living beyond it, and that it passed from N.E. to S.W. . . . The mountain scenery is really charming. . . . The clergyman of Holsteinborg was born in this colony, and has succeeded his father in the priestly office; his wife is the only European female in the colony. Being told that fuel was extremely scarce in the Danish houses, and that *the priest's wife was blue with the cold,* I sent on shore a present of coals."

The governor invited us to visit the various buildings and the town. We first directed our steps to the general government store, where we saw almost as much variety as in a country store at home. There was a little of every thing, with a good deal of malt, barley, peas, and dry bread, which will keep for years.

In a warehouse near the landing, I noticed large quantities of whale rope, butter, fish, and crackers enough for his whole population (numbering 700 souls) for two years. Every thing was of the most substantial character, and stored in such a large quantity in case the vessel which is annually sent to the colonists from Denmark should be lost. There was also a large supply of deer-skins, seal-skins, water-proof clothing, &c. In a loft over the store I saw some *sword-blades,* used for cutting *blubber!* Resolving swords into ploughshares is an *old* idea, but swords into blubber-cutters is something decidedly new.

While at the store a customer arrived—an Esquimaux. He wanted some *sugar* and *coffee.* This was served to him

and he paid for it by a Greenland bill of twenty-four skillings, equal to fourteen cents American.

We next visited the blacksmith's shop—a building that looks quite equal to a fine village dwelling-house. Inside was the machine-shop, with long rows of whale gear, harpoons, lances, &c. and three whale guns. Here I saw a cast-iron stove, which the governor said was the kind used by the natives. This stove was *filed* all over and polished; the stove-pipe, twenty feet long, also of cast iron. Its price was equivalent to $15 Federal money. The blacksmith was a fine-looking, intelligent mechanic.

Our next visit was to the school-house. To enter it we had to stoop much. "He stoops to conquer," was an idea that entered my mind as I thought of the teacher who bends his head on entering that temple of knowledge. The teacher's business is *to bend.* "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Intelligence and virtue will yet conquer ignorance and vice. Who would not stoop that such a cause—the cause of knowledge—might progress?

On returning to the governor's house, we went into an upper room which overlooks Davis's Straits and the many islands around the entrance of the harbour. Here is the "apothecary's shop," the contents of which the governor himself dispenses as required among the sick natives. Shelves of stationery were also round the room; and in a closet a quantity of eider-down, from which, in 1850, both Dr. Kane and Commodore De Haven had some for their beds. The keys of the government buildings—many of ponderous size—were also kept in a closet here.

After examining the several places of note, we sat down to an excellent supper of duck, salmon, trout, eider-duck's eggs, butter, American cheese, some very rich goat's milk, white flour bread, Yankee-brewed rye liquors, and good tea. A Danish custom of shaking hands on rising from table followed. We then went out for a walk, and to call on the lieutenant governor. This gentleman was very kind and urbane in his demeanor. He brought forth numerous speci-

mens of Greenland rocks and of fossil fish—capelin (*Mallotus villosus*)—called by the Greenlanders "angmarset," by the Danes "sild," and by the English "capelin." This fish is about six inches long, of a bluish-brown colour on the back, and silver-white on the belly. The fossils were found about 100 miles up a fiord, the entrance to which is close by here. Though they are of great value, the lieutenant governor most generously presented the whole to me.

At his house I saw some very good snow-shoes, such as are used in Norway. They are about *six feet* long by five inches wide, and covered with sealskin. They are made of a flat, thin piece of board, bent up at its fore part. This is the kind of snow-shoe Parry bought at Hammerfest, in Norway, when on his North Pole voyage in 1827. He afterwards used them for runners, on which he placed his two boats to be drawn over the ice.

We spent the evening in the governor's house, where a pleasant party was assembled, among whom were the priest's wife, Mrs. *Kjer*, and another lady, *Feoken Bülou*, daughter of the governor of the district of Goodhaab. The priest himself was absent on a journey. During conversation I related how M'Clintock found the paper belonging to Sir John Franklin's Expedition, and deep interest was evinced by all in the subject. The governor read from M'Clintock's work that portion relating to his visit here, and which I have already transcribed. When the part was translated which referred to the priest's wife being "blue with the cold," it caused immense merriment, none enjoying the joke more than the lady herself. The whole scene, indeed, was such as I cannot readily forget. The Esquimaux servants, in their costume, were around, M'Clintock's book in the governor's hand, while the chart and fac-simile of the Franklin record lay open before him.

After tea the ladies commenced knitting some lace, and during the evening Madam Kjer presented me with a mustard-ladle and two salt-shovels, all of ivory walrus tusk, made by an Esquimaux *with only a knife!* They were of excellent workmanship, and I valued them greatly. I had previously

offered the ladies two pin and needle cushions, which they had kindly accepted.

During a conversation with the governor this day he informed me that the whole of Greenland belongs to the King of Denmark as his royal prerogative, and is the only dependency that is controlled exclusively by him. Much fault is found with this by the people of Denmark—much written in the papers. Those who are for the king retaining this right contend that otherwise the poor Esquimaux would at once become debased, and lose all the great influences that are now at work for their benefit. Throwing open the ports of Greenland would be followed by vessels of every country visiting the natives, and purchasing their skins, oil, and bone for liquor! The Esquimaux of Greenland will dispose of their all to obtain spirituous drinks, and the governor said that not for anything would he sell them a glass of liquor.

After bidding the party a cordial good-night, we returned to the beach at half-past ten, and found one of our boats ready to take us off. It contained Sterry (red as a beet), Smith, Rogers, and five or six others of the crew, who had been at a dance given by the mother-in-law of the lieutenant governor. They had all enjoyed themselves amazingly.

The following day, Wednesday, July 11th, fogs prevailed. Hardly a musquito had been seen since Sunday; and to me it was a singular fact, that a warm sunny day will bring myriads around you within the arctic circle, when, if it be at all foggy, none are to be seen. The bites of these annoying little insects remained for days, and my whole body was covered with the merciless wounds inflicted by them.

In the afternoon an "oomiak," or *woman's boat*, came alongside, rowed by Esquimaux girls. There were in the boat two mothers, with their babies, and ten young women. They had been out gathering fuel,* and called upon us on their way back.

The accompanying illustration of an Esquimaux woman and child is a fac-simile of a wood-cut drawn and engraved

* A dwarf shrub—Andromeda tetragona.



GREENLAND WOMAN AND CHILD.

[Fac-simile of a wood-cut executed by an Esquimaux.]

by a Greenlander named Aaron, living near Goodhaab, who has received no better education than the generality of his countrymen.

About 2 P.M. of this day our consort, the *Rescue*, hove in sight, and, as the wind was almost gone, boats were sent to help her in. I went in one of the boats, pulling an oar, and, after rowing a distance of some miles, got on board of the schooner. By that time it was calm, and the stillness of evening had approached. Another boat, containing Smith, and the noble, good-hearted Esquimaux pilot, called *Lars Kleijt*, had joined us, and there we were, in real whaling fashion, towing the new arrival into harbour. Four boats, of beautiful form and finish—two white, with blue gunwales, and two green—were in a line ahead of the *Rescue*, pulling her along, while the merry voices of our men resounded upon the still waters, and were echoed back from the bold mountains in answering glee. It was a pretty sight as witnessed from the schooner's deck, and one to be often remembered.

"Otto," a pure-blooded Esquimaux, stood at the wheel to steer us in, and all hands besides, except the cook, were in the boats.

At midnight we came to an anchor within a couple of stones' throw of Government House.

Both *Otto* and *Lars Kleijt* were reckoned such good men and ice pilots that every confidence was placed in them. I asked the latter, "What for"—meaning how much—"you go to West Land (King William's Land) with me?" His answer was, "My mother old man—she get no dinner—my little ones die!"

Captain Walker, of a Scotch whaler, last year tried to get "Lars" to go with him, and offered to make him second mate; but *Lars* said, "Me no go for all the world. My family!" A noble fellow this *Lars*. But, poor man! he was then much distressed, owing to the loss of his wife, who had died a few weeks previous to our visit. He himself appeared very sick, and my sincere wish was that so good a

husband, son, and parent might be spared for his little ones and the mother he so greatly loved.

Otto loved his *grog*. He and Lars went out fishing. On return, coming aboard, he most earnestly asked for a glass of spirits, "to keep salt-water out of poor Esquimaux!"

In the evening of the following day, myself, the captain, mate, Lamb, and most of the crew, went on shore to a grand dance given by the Esquimaux girls to the white-men visitors. Sterry, our genial Sterry, was in his element. He had a most capital faculty for gaining the affections of the fair sex, and proved himself excellent on the variations. He had a continual crowd of the good-looking around him. We had an old sea-captain (an Esquimaux), Ironface, as a fiddler, perched up in the window, with pipe in his mouth, and merry, right merry did all of us become. Several dances, in excellent order, were performed, and many of our company went through their waltzing with Esquimaux partners in capital style. Everything was done in the most kindly and agreeable manner; and when the party broke up, it left upon the mind of each of us a feeling of the most friendly nature.

The first Sunday at Holsteinborg I determined to ascend the mountain on the north side of the harbour, and there worship in the great temple of the world's Creator. In the morning, accompanied by Sterry, we began the ascent, with a fine clear sky above, and the glorious sun shining warmly upon us. But, ere we had got far, swarms of musquitoes came around. Fortunately, I had long hair on my head, and my beard and mustache were also of great length. Sterry, however, had to cover his face with a handkerchief having two little holes for look-outs.

As we went on, streams of pure and sparkling cold water came dancing down the mountain side, and at these we several times quenched our thirst. Thus steep after steep we mounted, but at what cost! The sun's rays poured hot upon our backs, and both of us soon had to doff our coats, leaving the musquitoes to persecute us at will. All we could do was to push on quickly, to see if we could get into a higher region

where these torments did not abound. But our bodies soon became weary; and the steepness of the way was such that one false step would have proved fatal to us; yet we were not without some relief. Patches of broad-leaved sorrel on the mountain-side refreshed us greatly as we rested, and beds of moss, covered with smiling flowers, served as our temporary couch.

In about two hours we gained the summit, both of us covered with musquitoes, and driven almost to madness by their stings. In vain we tried everything that mind could think of to get rid of them. Nothing availed. We were doomed by these merciless invaders, and our very life's blood was copiously drawn forth to supply their gluttonous desires.

On the other side of the mountain we saw a beautiful little lake; and upon standing by its side, it was found to be clear as crystal, mirroring forth the lofty peaks above us. On its north shore was a low shingly beach, that had been thrown up by the winds coming in this, the only direction they could cross the water. This lake was fed by various small streams that were leaping down from the snowy mountains, and, if it had got no other name, I termed it "William Sterry" Lake. We walked along it, and saw numerous salmon, small trout (three of which we caught with our hands), and many skulls and horns of deer.

It was now dinner time, and our appetite was well sharpened by the exercise we had enjoyed. Accordingly, a fire was lit whereby to cook the fish, though at first I was greatly puzzled how we were to get material for a fire; but Sterry, who had been so much in this arctic region, well knew its resources. Where all looked barren to me, he soon found moss and some low brushwood, like the running hemlock of the States. It is a tough shrub, with small leaves and white blossoms, which produce black berries with red sweet juice. Dwarf willow, heather, and small undergrowth wood of various descriptions are intermixed. The dead wood, the leaves, stalks, and limbs of preceding years, are thickly interspersed with the growing portions of this fuel, and it was with it that

Sterry so quickly made a fire. A result followed, however, that we little expected. The abundance of such fuel around caused the fire to spread rapidly, and as a strong breeze was now blowing, it soon got beyond our control. Sterry, however, very calmly said, "Never mind; let it burn. Of what use is this to anybody, hemmed in here by these mountains?" So I very quietly made myself content, and sat down to the primitive meal—a carpet of heather for our table, and huge precipices yawning close by, with high broken mountains, that pierced the sky, grimly looking down upon us.

There is philosophy in everything, especially in eating. The world eats too much. Learn to live—to live as we ought. A little food well eaten is better for anyone than much badly eaten. Our pleasures have a higher relish when properly used. Thus we thoroughly enjoyed our food, and, after a short nap, started on the return journey.

As we passed along, I noticed several large rocks, thousands of tons in weight, that had evidently fallen from the tops of two lofty mountains, the detached portions corresponding in shape to the parts vacated. Everywhere was seen the effects of the freezing of the water that percolates into the crevices. The tremendous workings of Nature in these mountains of Greenland during the arctic winter often result in what many of the inhabitants think to be earthquakes, when, in fact, the freezing of water is alone the cause! In descending, we encountered several little clear babbling brooks, innumerable flowers, and shrub-fuel in abundance. Peat was also plentiful. Fox holes in numbers were seen, and a natural canal, with an embankment, in appearance much like the levee at New Orleans.

On arriving at the beach, which was a quarter of a mile long, we found it as smooth and inviting as that of Cape May. The limit of this beach was next to an abrupt bank with millions of broken shells upon it, and covered with driftwood ten feet above high-water mark. One piece was twelve feet long. Here, from a boat that took us off, we heard that the town of Holsteinborg was much alarmed about



GREELNAND FESTIVAL ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

the fire up in the mountain, and, from what I afterward gathered in an explanation I had with the governor, when I apologized for our thoughtlessness, it was evident that the Esquimaux dreaded the loss of what they considered their best *fields*—not woods—of fuel. Fortunately, the fire went out in about an hour after its discovery by the people.

It was on this Sunday afternoon that I heard of a curious custom here. The dance-house is regularly opened after 4 P.M. The people go to church in the morning and afternoon, then they consider Sunday to cease, and amusement begins. I went to the dance-house, where I found the governor, his lieutenant, Miss Bülou, and Mrs. Kjer. Miss Bülou and the lieutenant-governor danced, but the governor has not for years, and the priest and his wife never. Sometimes 150 persons are crowded into this dance-house.

I asked the governor when the Sabbath began. He replied, "On Saturday evening, and ends Sunday at 4 P.M." I farther inquired if the Esquimaux were at liberty to work after that hour on Sundays. He said, "No, certainly not." "Then how is it the government dance-house is opened for balls at that time?" said I. "Oh, that is not *work!*" responded the good Governor Elberg.

Referring to the amusements of these native Greenlanders, I am led to speak of a great festival that occurs here on the Danish king's birthday, and is general, on the same day, throughout all the settlements. His Danish majesty supplies the good cheer, and Europeans as well as Esquimaux join in the festivity. It is a most enlivening scene, as the accompanying sketch will show. The original of this picture, which I have in my possession, was drawn by a Greenlander, and Mrs. Kjer, who gave it to me, said it was an admirable representation of the great festal day.

On another occasion I visited the church one Sunday morning, when the school-teacher—a native Esquimaux—preached exceedingly well, and I must say that the general attention given would do credit to people anywhere. The preacher played an organ, and went through the whole ser-

vices in a most praiseworthy manner. Indeed, I was much struck with the great advance made by the native inhabitants of Holsteinborg in Christian and general educational knowledge. Their school is well attended, and reading and writing are carried on admirably.

Very few persons here at home have any true conception of the great advance made in education by these Greenland Esquimaux. It has often astonished me when listening to the apt and ready way in which even children would pronounce some of their extraordinarily long words, some of those words consisting of no less than fifty letters!

The following is one of their long words, but not the longest:—

Piniagagssakardluarungnaerângat.

In all the trials made on one occasion in the cabin, by both male and female—by old and young—by all, I found none but could read, and read well.

I was surprised to see the rapidity—the full, clear enunciation of every syllable, with which they read; and one little Esquimaux boy seemed to exceed the rest, though all did well.

Perhaps I cannot give my readers a better idea of this than reprinting a small portion of a child's First Primer, beginning at the alphabet, and giving the sound of each letter. The explanation was carefully made to me by Miss Bülou.

The Greenland Esquimaux alphabet consists of twenty-four letters, as follows:—

A, B, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, K', L, M, N, O, P, R, S, T, U, V, Y, Æ, O.

The sound of each letter only varies from what we give to the same in the following:—

G is *ke*; H, *ho*; I, *e*; J, *yoge*; K, *qu*; K', *qu*; R, *er*; U, *oo*; Y, *oe-i*.

The following is the Lord's Prayer in Esquimaux:—

"Atâtarput k'illangmêtottina! Ak'kit usfornarfille! Nâlægâvêt tikkiudle! Pekkosfæt k'illangmifut nunnamisâak ta-

imäikille! Tunnisfigut udlome pikfavtinnik! Pisfaräunatta akkêtforavta, pisfængillavuttäak akkêtfortivut! Usfernartomut pisfitfaräunatta, ajortomidle annäutigut! Nâlægäunerogavit pirfarfõunerudluttidlo usfornarnerudluttidlo isfok'angittomut. Amen."

The minister Kjer has been at work translating "Robinson Crusoe" into Esquimaux, that copies might be printed and distributed among his people in Greenland. In his library there is an Esquimaux Bible, and everything is done to make the natives of Holsteinborg good and happy. Dr. Rink has also issued some useful story-books in Esquimaux, one of which books, and also a copy of the doctor's famous work, the governor kindly gave me.

Dr. Rink is so well known by repute among scientific men and others, that I need hardly say much about him. Unfortunately, he was absent at my visit, but I wrote to him about the object of my undertaking, and expressed my regret at not having had the pleasure of an interview.*

* The following is a copy of the letter I sent to Dr. Rink, and, as it explains some matters that belong to my movements after this date, I here append it:

"HOLSTEINBORG, Greenland, July 24th, 1860.
"On board the barque *George Henry*.

"DR. H. RINK:

"DEAR SIR,—Though unacquainted personally, yet I claim to know you, n common with my countrymen, from your works, as a man devoted to the increase of knowledge among men, especially that knowledge pertaining to geography and science.

"On my arrival here, July 7th, it was with sorrow that I learned from Governor Elberg that you had departed. The pleasure and profit, intellectually, of meeting one so experienced in and devoted to the regions of the North would have been incalculable.

"I am on my way to King William's Land, *vid* Frobisher Strait, Fox Channel, Fury and Hecla Strait, Gulf of Boothia, and Boothia. On the peninsula of Boothia and King William's Land I expect to spend the next three years, devoting myself mainly to the object of continuing and completing the history of the Franklin Expedition.

"I am satisfied that Frobisher Strait can be navigated, though no vessel has yet penetrated through its entire length. Fox Channel, on the east side, has never been navigated beyond latitude 66° 50′ N. *Fox's Farthest*, and Parry's discovery near the east entrance of *Fury and Hecla* Strait, should be connected by other discoveries. I am hoping to complete this chain of discoveries this year.

"Since my arrival here in Greenland—17 days ago—I have received the

The following are a few interesting particulars I obtained from Governor Elberg concerning this eminent man:—

At the time I visited Holsteinborg he had been inspector of South Greenland eight years; two years also governor of Julianna-haab. He is a tall man, and a clever student. He was employed by government to survey Greenland, and received during the time 500 Danish dollars per annum, besides found in everything. The government supplied all the boats, men, and provisions.

Dr. Rink's wife was 17 years of age when he married her. She was the daughter of Governor Müller, who in 1850 was succeeded by Governor Elberg over the Holsteinborg District. Mrs. Rink was born at Frederick's Haab, and she likes Greenland so well for her home that she would be sorry to leave it.

most kindly and hospitable attention from Governor Elberg, the knowledge of which will be gratifying to my countrymen under whose auspices I am making this voyage.

"Governor Elberg has presented me with a copy of your work upon South Greenland. This is another valuable acquisition to the geographic and scientific world.

"Believe me, sir, *Humani nihil alienum*,

"Respectfully, C. F. HALL."

CHAPTER III.

Visit of Governor Elberg to the Ship—Adam Beck—Another Mountain Ascent—The "Woman's Hood"—A grand Scene—Bull on board Ship—Sun's Eclipse—Danger to Ship and Boat in a Gale—Curious Esquimaux Feats—Mishap to the "George Henry's" Windlass—A stirring Picture—Letters Home—Leave-taking.

Our consort, the *Rescue*, having rejoined us, it was determined by Captain Budington to depart for his whaling-ground on west side Davis's Straits directly all the necessary preparations about the ship were completed for navigating among the ice. Meanwhile I availed myself of the spare time to frequently visit the shore, and take rambles in the neighbourhood. But, though I find many things in my journal that might be worth mentioning at this period, yet there is so much to be said elsewhere, when I arrive on the actual field of my labours, that I must now hurriedly go over what more occurred at Holsteinborg.

I here make a few extracts from my journal:—

"*July 13th.*—This afternoon Governor Elberg, with his lieutenant and wife, visited us, and were welcomed to the best of our power. I had promised the governor to show him a collection of Arctic charts brought with me, and also the British Parliamentary Reports of the Searching Expeditions, and the works of Kane, Franklin, Parry, &c. He was greatly interested, making many inquiries that I took pleasure in answering. A map of the United States much attracted his attention, and he asked several questions as to our home progress, and the rise of new cities, inventions, &c. Street-railroads were quite new to him, he never having heard of such in the Old Country.

"He inquired very much about Mr. Grinnell, whose name is as familiar in Greenland as it is in the United States and Europe.

"At our tea the governor partook of two dishes which he then tasted for the first time in Greenland, viz. fresh lobsters and cranberry preserves. He pronounced them 'very good.' American cheese—with which he keeps himself well supplied—he also likes much.

"After an interchange of friendly gifts—that from the governor being an Esquimaux suit of water-proof sealskin—our visitors took their departure, and were rowed on shore by girls, two of them very neatly attired in their native costume.

"This day, in presence of Captain Budington and Lars Kleijt, I have had a prolonged conversation with Adam Beck, an Esquimaux who acted as interpreter for Sir John Ross in 1850–1. *Lars* can talk much more fluently the English language than Adam Beck. The latter said:—

"'Captain Phillips' (who was with Sir John Ross) 'speak: "Adam Beck, plenty lie." Beck then paused a moment and added, "Sir John Ross very good man—plenty pray—plenty eat—Carl Petersen no speak Husky (Esquimaux) quick—not good Husky speak—small speak Husky!"'

"Adam farther continued, and said, 'he spoke with the Esquimaux at Cape York. They told him two ships had been seen there; that there were plenty of officers and men—much butter and much bread—ships go all to pieces—all die. Adam Beck speak to Peterson, *lie!* Petersen speak Adam Beck, *lie!* Carl Petersen plenty lie—*d—d lie!*'

"Both Captain B—— and myself are satisfied that Adam Beck told to Sir John Ross exactly what York-Cape Esquimaux told to him. It seems that Commander Phillips and Carl Petersen repeatedly told Beck that he was a liar, and otherwise abused this now almost wreck of a man! The treatment Adam Beck received from Sir John Ross is remembered kindly to this day. Poor Beck was the instrument of communicating fabrications of Cape York Esquimaux, and for this English historians have written him down as the

author, when it is not probable that he was, taking all the circumstances into consideration. The stigma cast upon him burns to his very heart's core to this day. Even here his name is blackened by the public notoriety given him abroad as the man who fabricated falsehoods relative to the destruction of two ships near Cape Dudley Digges, and the violent deaths of the officers and men supposed to refer to Sir John Franklin's Expedition.

"Who of us that has not done an act worthy to be so generally condemned could stand up against this tide? Not one in a thousand would do it! Adam Beck is of the 999. He lives on the 'don't care principle.' He has lost all self-respect, for all shun him. I pity him from the bottom of my heart. Would that cheering words like those Sir John Ross were wont to utter when living could be whispered in his ear. Adam Beck is wretched—poor. He has an old, rickety, leaky boat, that some one has abandoned. That is all he has in this world, save the old skins on his back that once warmly covered him. I will strive to show him the respect due as a human being. Though he be an outcast, I know there is in his breast a chord that will vibrate to *kindness and humanity*.

"*Saturday, July 14th.*—This afternoon I started out for the mountains accompanied by Adam Beck. I had with me, swinging from my shoulders, my sextant and my glass, and in my pockets, tape-line, geological hammer, chisel, and other traps.

"After some distance we came to a river that it was necessary to cross, but for three miles we could find no practicable ford. At length I determined to strip and wade over, carrying my clothes and effects on my head. The water was intensely cold, and two winds met exactly in my passage, yet the scene was extraordinarily beautiful! The golden sand under my feet — the diamond-shaped waves caused by the angular breezes—the arctic sun pouring down its bright, warm rays from just above the peaks of Greenland's mountains, and reflected from the sparkling waters around me, will never be forgotten.

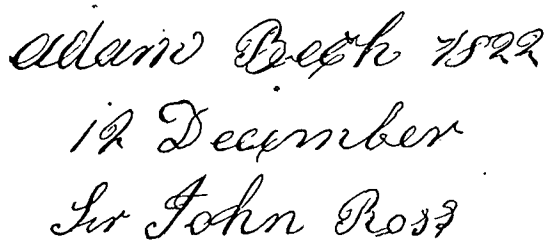
"On landing, I replaced my clothes and trudged along, gathering many beauteous flowers by the way. Up, up the mountain—steep following steep—away we went, leaving piles of stones—three stones in each (I said in my thoughts, 'Faith, Hope, and Charity')—to mark the way on our downward path, for our route was heretofore unknown by the native or the European population. At length we came to the top of all save the last mountain, which was covered with snow. Here we found the steepness to be such that for a moment I hesitated; but, determined to try and ascend yet higher, I made the attempt. Adam looked up and shook his head, actually falling to the ground, saying he 'would not, *could not* accompany me for the whole world!' Therefore I had to go alone.

"The peak I was about to climb had the name of 'Woman's Hood,' and I started on my way up it with great caution, erecting piles of 'Faith, Hope, and Charity' at intervals, to guide me back. Every now and then I was obliged to desist. The sun in the northwest was pouring on my back compound rays, in addition to the dazzling glare reflected from the sea. The exertion made was immense. Frequently I had to dig out cracks between the rocks for both fingers and toes to hold on by. I dared not look around. I was unable to do anything but go on. At length I reached a lofty peak, and to my dismay beheld another beyond it, with a precipice between! For a moment I hung to the rock upon which I stood. I closed my eyes. I gradually opened them, with shaded hands. I gazed upon the awful depths below; then, glancing round, I saw one of Nature's grand and mighty scenes. Mountains upon mountains, with great breaks between, burst on my view. On one side, the lake, river, and valley below, with Davis's Straits in the distance; on the other, peak upon peak, to some five hundred, towering upward to the skies. Mount Cunningham, as the highest was called, was evidently inaccessible, and to attempt it would have been foolhardy. I therefore ended my journey here, erected a pile of stones, and then marking my name, began the descent.

"I found Adam Beck anxiously waiting me, and, in due course, together we reached the town, where I procured a boat and got safely on board, well tired, but satisfied with my journey."

Adam informed me that his children had no food, and though I had paid him well, and did for him all in my power, yet that could not help him much. The next day he, his wife, two children, and an infant at her back, went out in their rickety canoe to try and catch fish for "poor picaninnies."

The following is a fac-simile of Adam Beck's writing, when I asked him to put down his name and date of birth, which he did, adding the name of Sir John Ross.



There is no C in the Greenland-Esquimaux alphabet, as already explained, and this accounts for its omission in the above.

On the 16th of July we endeavoured to return the many kindnesses shown us by the good people of Holsteinborg by inviting them to a ball. The lieutenant-governor and lady, the schoolmaster, and his wife, with their infant child at her back, and most all the town, were there. Never did the *George Henry* and her crew look happier, gayer, or present a more varied scene. With warm hearts, honest faces, and a ready mood for the fullest mirth of the hour, did we enter upon the festive day.

The vessel was decorated for the occasion, and it would amuse many friends and readers at home were I able to give at length all that occurred. In this merry dance the Esquimaux did their very best, and our bold sailor-boys showed

themselves not a whit behind. Even Captain B——, Mate Rogers, and—myself! had to join in the dizzy whirl. As for myself, I was positively *forced* into it. In a jocular yet impressive manner, one and all insisted upon my treading on "the light fantastic toe." My hands were placed in those of two Esquimaux ladies, when I was fairly dragged into the dance; and dance I did! Yes, I *danced*,—that is, I went through certain motions which in courtesy to me were called dancing; but what would the belles of my own country have



DANCE ON BOARD THE GEORGE HENRY.

said of it? I blush to think. However, it so happened that nobody was hurt, except a few of the Holsteinborg maidens, upon whose feet I had rather clumsily trod, and who afterward went away limping, with a remark, "That man may be a good dancer" (I never danced before in all my life), "but he's very heavy and far-reaching on his pedals!" As for the *dancing*, let me honestly confess that I felt the better for it. I am

sure that many evils in my nature then found a way out at my feet.

After the ball on deck, we succeeded in getting up some *singing* below in the cabin. Among the Esquimaux, the schoolmaster—who is really a capital fellow—was the leader, and his singing was truly excellent. There was, however, this singularity in it—many of the songs were to church tunes! On our side, we had the national airs, "Hail Columbia," "Star-spangled Banner," &c. which were vociferously cheered. While the latter was sung, I raised the silk emblem of our beloved country that was given me by a dear one at home to erect over Franklin's grave. The schoolmaster, finding in "Ross's Second Voyage" some Esquimaux verses, first read and then sang them most admirably.

During the whole evening unbounded happiness reigned on board. Several presents were made, especially to the schoolmaster's wife, who received them with much modesty and pleasure. At length the party broke up, when our visitors departed for the shore in their numerous kyacks and family boats.

On the 18th of July occurred the sun's eclipse. The view in Holsteinborg Harbour was fine, though a part of the time it was obscured by clouds. The Esquimaux were generally out looking at it with pieces of glass *dipped in water!*

A singular fact in connexion with this eclipse was told me by Mate Rogers. He said that "*during it* he and his party could catch no fish, though before and after it there was abundance obtained!"

In the afternoon it began to blow a gale, and at the time nearly all hands were away on some duty or other. Mate Rogers and men were catching cod in Davis's Straits, and only Captain B——, myself, and the young seaman, John Brown, were on board. The vessel began to drag her anchor, and, though we contrived to drop another, yet we were within a stone's throw of the rocky coast before she again held on. The three of us worked for our lives. John Brown put forth the strength of a giant, and myself and the captain did the

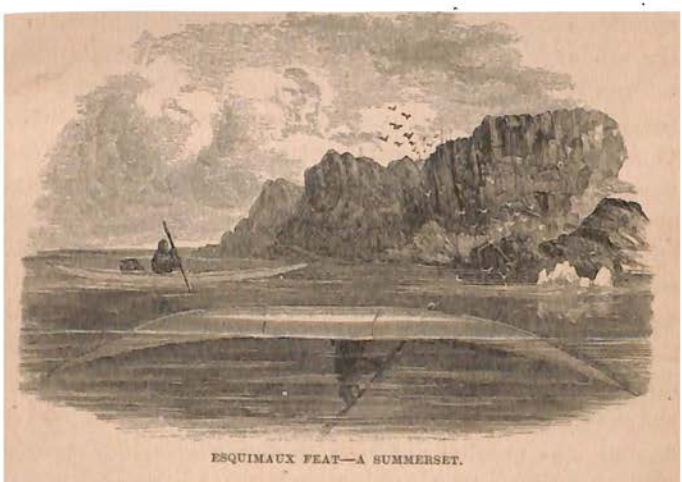
same. Meantime our crew on shore had hastened off in a boat, and the governor had, in the midst of the gale, kindly sent another boat, with his superintendent and men, to our assistance. These enabled us to make all secure on board; but our anxiety now was no longer for the ship, but for Mate Rogers and those with him out seaward in Davis's Straits. It seemed impossible that any small craft could survive in such a storm. *Our* chances had been doubtful, even in a good harbour; what, then, had we reason to expect for the fate of those in a boat ourside? We felt dismayed, and eagerly were our glances bent in the direction our poor comrades had taken in the morning. Every glass was in requisition to catch a sight of them, but only the mountain waves dashing against the rock-ribbed coast, and sending their spray full fifty feet in the air, met our view. At last Captain B——, who was aloft, cried out, "There they come! there they come!" and, sure enough, we now saw them at a distance, struggling bravely, perseveringly, desperately, amid the roar and fierce turmoil of the wild sea threatening to ingulf them. Presently they emerge from the confused mass of waters, and we behold them more distinctly. Oh, how they seem to strain each nerve! How desperate their all but Herculean efforts to try and save themselves! One moment they appear to be lost; the next we notice them again struggling on as determinedly as ever. "Pull, pull, for dear life's sake, my good men!" was the involuntary cry of each on board; and right bravely did they pull. On they came, thrown about and driven about in the very maddest of revengeful sport that Ocean and Wild Storm could devise. At length they near the ship. A few strokes more—a well-directed movement of the steering-oar, and our beaten and exhausted comrades are alongside! Hurrah! thank God, we have them safe on board!

It appeared that the gale had overtaken them suddenly, and at first they attempted to land upon an island, but this the breakers would not admit. There was no alternative, therefore, but to make for the ship as best they could. In doing so, a heavy sea struck the boat, overwelming it and them. But

now was the time for trial of the will and arm of man against winds and waves. Brave souls were in that boat, and Mate Rogers proved himself fully equal to the occasion. The boat was cleared, and stern, bold hearts defiantly pulled her onward to the ship, which they finally reached, utterly worn out by their fearful exertions. Now that they were safe, all their power was gone. A child could have overpowered the whole together. Wet, cold, and enfeebled—their case required immediate attention. Dry clothing, warm drinks, and stimulants were at once supplied; and thus, with careful treatment, they soon recovered.

At 10 P.M. the gale had died away to a calm, and we all retired to sleep, completely exhausted with our bodily and mental labours of the past few hours.

About this time I enjoyed a rare sight. One of the Esquimaux turned summersets *in the water seated in his kyack!*



ESQUIMAUX FEAT—A SUMMERSET.

Over and over he and his kyack went, till we cried "Enough!" and yet *he wet only his hands and face!* This is a feat performed only by a few. It requires great skill and strength to do it. *One miss* in the stroke of the oar as they pass from the centre (when their head and body are under water) to the

surface might terminate fatally. No one will attempt this feat, however, unless a companion in his kyack is near. The next feat I witnessed was for an Esquimaux to run his kyack, while seated in it, over another. Getting some distance off, he strikes briskly and pushes forward. In an instant he is over, having struck the upturned peak of his own kyack nearly amidships, and at right angles, of the other. These feats were rewarded by a few plugs of tobacco.

The day after the gale we had a mishap on board that threatened to prove serious, and, as it was, it detained us some days longer in Holsteinborg. Our anchors fouled, and, in trying to get one of them, the windlass gear broke.

At this time our deck was crowded by the crews of both vessels, and Esquimaux men, women, and children, besides some dogs I had purchased for my future sledge travelling. These together presented a remarkably stirring picture, while the howling of the dogs, the sailors singing in chorus as they pulled on the ropes, with the varied voices of Americans, Esquimaux, French, Danish, and Dutch, made a confusion of tongues somewhat akin to Babel.

By noon all attempts to get the anchor, now the windlass was defective, proved vain. It was therefore decided to call upon the governor and ask him for his blacksmith to aid our Sterry in repairing the gear. Permission was instantly granted; but the injury done was of such a nature as to require days to make it good. The following day, however, we succeeded in hoisting up our faithful anchor, and it was then determined, as soon as the windlass was ready, to sail for the west or opposite side of Davis's Straits.

While pulling on the ropes side by side with Esquimaux, I was strongly reminded of the opinion many civilized persons have of their savage and cruel nature. Why, instead of that, they are glorious good fellows. As for eating a man up, they would sooner let a hungry man eat them out of all, without saying a word, unless it was, "Welcome, stranger! as long as I have, you shall share with me." This is just their nature. The time I was at Holsteinborg I saw much of the inhabitants,

and my opinion as to their honesty, good-nature, good-will, and genuine hospitality is strong and unmixed. They possess these virtues to an eminent degree. The vices so prominent and prevalent in more civilized communities are all but unknown here. The test they were put to on board the *George Henry* was enough to satisfy any man that they are honest. Numbers of Esquimaux, of all ages and of both sexes, were almost constantly on board, yet not the slightest thing was missed by any of us. We never thought it necessary to "keep an eye" on this or that, though their desire for any of our trinkets was ever so great. Wherever we placed an article, there we found it.

Among other incidents well remembered of my stay at Holsteinborg, I must not forget the *garden* attached to Governor Elberg's house. He was very proud of this garden, though there was but little in it. One evening he took me there. The radishes and turnips looked flourishing, but they were diminutive in the extreme. Those I tasted were good. I relished them exceedingly, tops and all.

I have mentioned purchasing here some dogs for sledge-work. They were six in number, and the governor kindly gave me his experience in selecting the best animals. I bought the six for about ten Danish dollars, equivalent to five dollars American. As these dogs will be frequently alluded to in my narrative, I here append a list of their Greenland names: 1. *Kingo;* 2. *Barbekark;* 3. *Ei*—pronounced *Ee;* 4. *Me-lak-tor*—the leader; 5. *Me-rok;* 6. *Me-lâk*, or *Ki-o-koo-lik*, afterward called *Flora.*

For their food I purchased over two bushels of little dried fish ("capelins") for twenty-five cents.

At length the repairs of our windlass were complete, and on Tuesday, July 24th, a fair wind gave notice we were about to take our departure. Two pilots—*Otto* and *Lars*—came on board, and as some of our men had gone ashore, the colours were hoisted for their return. All was excitement. My letters for home had to be finished, and my last farewell uttered to kind friends.

As I wrote in the cabin below, there was at my side a beautiful bouquet of arctic *flowers* in great variety, sent me by several of the Holsteinborg young ladies; and I could not but feel, as I then expressed in my letter, astonished at the profuseness of Nature's productions in that part of the world.

Having finished my letters all but a few concluding lines, I was soon in a boat rowed by Esquimaux, and carried to the landing-place at the foot of a hill leading to the town.

As we neared the shore, all the inhabitants—including dogs and goats as well as Esquimaux and Danes—covered the place. On the beach were the *George Henry's* men just about to leave, having paid their farewell visit to the warm-hearted people. Hearty cheers from the boat as it pushed off signified most clearly that not in words alone, but from the very soul, was meant "Farewell, good friends; we thank you for your kindness, and will remember you for ever!" To this the Greenlanders responded by similar cheers, and I am sure with similar feelings. Indeed, the parting exhibited several scenes worthy of notice. Almost every evening during our stay in the harbour, our "boys" had been invited to dances with the Esquimaux. Acquaintance ripened as interviews increased. Friendships became firmly established, and, in some cases, love finally ruled supreme. On this parting I saw more than one pair of eyes moistened. I say it to no one's discredit. Many eyes of our people also were darkened as the gloom of separation came upon them.

I hastened up to the governor's house with my letters. He and his deputy met me, and I was heartily pressed to enter. Every one knew of our early departure, and numerous boats full of Esquimaux were seen hastening to the vessel. But my own feelings at the time will be better expressed by the following extract from my private journal.

"Seated in the office-room, I added a few words to my correspondence home—to my dear ones, and to my noble friend, Henry Grinnell. I then sealed up my letters and gave them to the governor, who kindly offered himself to carry the packet to Godhaab, which place he soon intended

to visit, and from whence a government vessel was to sail for Copenhagen in September. I was then invited down into the room where I had spent many pleasant hours with Governor Elberg. There I found awaiting the three parting glasses—one for me, one for the governor, and one for the lieutenan-tgovernor. Each had some good saying to utter. Blessings must and will follow to us all if kindly prayers can avail. With all my heart I thanked the governor for his great and increasing kindness to me while within his harbour; ay, more, I thanked him for *his hospitality*, which was overwhelming.

"My time was short. The lieutenant-governor took me to his domicile. Then I hastened to the priest's, to bid Mrs. Kjer and Miss Bülou farewell. I then found the governor had ordered his boat to take me on board, he and the lieutenant-governor intending to accompany me. The ladies walked down to the landing with us, where I expressed a hope to have the pleasure of again seeing them after three or four years' time in the United States. I especially promised that the lady who sometimes *here* is 'blue with cold' should never be so while *there*. A warm—a last shake of the hand, and I bid them an affectionate adieu. I was then carried away, amid the sorrowing hearts of many. * * *

"On the 7th day of this month I *rejoiced* when I first put my foot where I was now bidding farewell in tears. Then *I rejoiced that God had brought me in safety, that I might put my foot upon arctic ground.* Not a soul did I know in the whole North. In seventeen days I was acquainted with all Holsteinborg. I now leave it with regret. I sorrow at parting *from so noble a people!* * * * *

"Kyacks in large numbers danced around us as we made our way to the ship. I remarked to the governor that with all the progress in ship and boat building of civilization, we had nothing in way of rowing with which we could equal the speed of a kyack. This is so. One Esquimaux with his kyack can outstrip any man or men among our people—or any other of the enlightened world—in rowing our boats.

"When we got on board they were heaving up the anchor, and had nearly succeeded in getting under way, when, to the general consternation, our windlass broke again in a second place. Here was a dilemma. What to do was for a moment doubtful. To delay longer would be almost giving up the voyage; to go to sea thus would be unwise. One remedy alone was open to us. Sterry declared he could manage it if we had the *screw-plate* and certain gear in the blacksmith's shop that had been used in the repairs before. It was left to me to broach the subject to the governor, and after a consultation with him he generously granted what was desired. A boat was sent off for the articles, and upon its return sail was made on the ships. A last leave-taking in the cabin took place, and finally the governor, his officials, and all the good people of Holsteinborg left us under repeated cheers. A few minutes later, and *Otto* and *Lars*, the two noble pilots, also departed, and we were once more alone to ourselves, the *Rescue* following us.

"After our friends had gone I watched with long and eager gaze the receding mountains, especially the one I had ascended on July 14th. It was midnight, and the northern sky flooded in crimson light—the east and the west tinged with mellower hue—the long ridge of mountains, reaching far south, and far north sharply cutting their contour upon the sky, formed a glorious picture to the eye! The mountains looked black as Erebus in contrast with the red and glowing clouds that were behind, so that only a profile could be taken of them. As they faded in the distance, so was shut out the very spot where Holsteinborg lay; but not so was effaced the memory of it and its generous inhabitants while life exists within me!"

CHAPTER IV.

Crossing Davis's Straits—Changing Appearance and Movements of Icebergs—Beautiful Sunsets and Morning Skies—Refraction—Mountains "hanging on a Thread"—God's living Arches—Approach to Land—Foys—Another Gale—Desperate Party of runaway Seamen—Horrible Tale of Starvation and Cannibalism—Anchor in Kowtukjua Harbour.

THE first day or two after our departure, I had a repetition of my old complaint, sea-sickness. Here the dogs managed better than I. *They* could walk the deck; *I* was unable. Perhaps four props to my two considerably helped them. But the first night out we had a terrible shaking. Davis's Strait was more like the broad ocean, and certainly as boisterous. If this Strait and Baffin's Bay were, as I suggest, called "Davis and Baffin's Sea," then could its billows roll high as the heavens, deep as the lowest depths, without our once thinking of their assuming to be what they are not.

At about midnight I had bid farewell to Greenland, and—to my supper! Talk of "perpetual motion!" Why has the world been so long in seeking out so simple a problem? Ask me—I used to say—ask poor sea-sick *me* if I believe in perpetual motion. A ship at sea is *perpetually* jumping up and down, which motion would run a saw-mill—is perpetually rolling, and this would serve to turn a grindstone—and is perpetually creaking, see-sawing, pitching forward, and swinging backward.

During the night, "things in general" got capsized. I would not like to swear that the *George Henry* turned a "summerset," but, on my honour, I can say that when I retired to my berth, an India-rubber cup, lashed firmly on my writing-table, and holding a beautiful Greenland bouquet in water, was the next morning emptied of its contents, and every flower and drop of water scattered far and near, though

the cup remained in its position! Three half-reams of paper, that had been placed securely over my bunk, and had there rested quietly all the previous part of the voyage from New London, were found scattered over an area of say seventy-five feet. One heterogeneous mass presented itself to all eyes in the morning. Medicine-chest and contents—guns and ammunition—my arctic library and the library of the *George Henry*—geological and ornithological, cetaceous and floral specimens—sailors' chests—magnetic and astronomical instruments—pens, ink, and paper, charts and maps, &c. besides two human beings—the captain and myself—wrapped in deep slumber by their side. But soon out of all this chaotic mass we produced harmony again. Things got into their places; and I, by degrees, mastered my sickness, and was the man once more.

On July 27th we had a heavy snow-storm, and soon afterward the land on the west side of Davis's Straits was seen, the mountains covered with snow; but, owing to frequent fogs (sometimes it seemed to *rain* fog) and unsettled weather, we could not near the *George Henry's* destination, which was now changed to a place more south of Northumberland Inlet. We came across but little ice, except *bergs*, and frequently expressed much surprise at it. The icebergs, however, were numerous, and many of them deeply interesting—one especially so, from its vast height and odd shape. I say "odd," though that applies in all bergs, for no two are alike, nor does any one seem long to retain its same appearance and position. The following is a sketch of one I called the Belted Iceberg; but ice movements are as mysterious almost as the magnetic pole. The captain told me that he had known two vessels to be beset near each other in the ice, and in a few days, though the same ice was around each vessel, yet they would be many miles apart! Bergs have been known to approach and recede from each other in as beautiful and stately a manner as the partners in the old-fashioned, courtly dances of years gone by.

Of the various bergs I particularly noticed, a few descrip-

tive words may here be said. The first view of one that attracted my attention looked as if an old castle was before me. The ruins of a lofty dome about to fall, and a portion of an arched roof already tumbling down, were conspicuous.



BELTED ICEBERG.

Then, in a short time, this changed to a picture of an elephant with two large circular towers on his back, and Corinthian spires springing out boldly from the broken mountains of alabaster on which he had placed his feet. The third view, when at a greater distance, made it like a light-house on the top of piled-up rocks, white as the driven snow. It took no great stretch of fancy to finish the similitude when the sun to-day, for nearly the first time during a week, burst forth in all its splendour, bathing with its flood of golden fire this towering iceberg light-house!

Another berg I could not help calling the Gothic iceberg. The side facing me had a row of complete arches of the true Gothic order, and running its whole length were mouldings,

smooth projections of solid ice, rivalling in the beauty of all their parts anything I ever saw. The architecture, frieze, and cornice of each column supporting the arches above were as chaste and accurately represented as the most imaginative



GOTHIC ICEBERG.

genius could conceive. Here and there I saw matchless perfection displayed in the curvature of lines about some of its ornamental parts. Springing out from a rude recess, away up in its vast height, I saw a delicate scroll, which was quite in keeping with Hogarth's "Line of Beauty."

As I was gazing upon one of the many bergs we passed, it overturned, and burst into a thousand fragments!

Relative to the formation of these icebergs, Sterry—upon whose authority alone I mention it, and who is entitled to his own theory upon the subject—told me that, at a place between two mountains in Northumberland Sound, he once counted something like a hundred strata of ice that had been deposited, one layer each year. They were of various thicknesses, each course marked by a deposit of sediment like dirt. He did not complete counting the number of layers, as the height would not admit of his doing so.

On our way across Davis's Strait, not far from Cape Mercy, we passed the spot where, in 1856, the British discovery-ship

Resolute had been found by the very vessel I was now on, the *George Henry*.

I have just been describing the beauty of icebergs as seen on our way across; let me now attempt to picture some of those gorgeous sunsets and phenomena of Nature we witnessed. I extract from my diary at the time:—

"*July 28th.*—This evening the whole horizon has presented a most beautiful sight. A zone of rich mellow purple, with matchless tints darting upward to the height of some thirty degrees, met the eye. Then all at once, as the sun disappeared, the purple was replaced by a deep blue. As to the 'tints' of which I write, I am at a loss to describe them. Take a thousand rainbows—stretch them around the horizon—intermix them—entwine them—spin and twist them together, and you have the appearance of those tints crowning that zone, first of purple, then of blue.

"*July 31st.*—Strange sights to-night. Looking through my marine glass to the north-east, when the sun was about three degrees above the horizon, I was astonished at the view before me. Mountains, islands, icebergs, and the sea were in one vast confusion. From the sun northerly to the south-east, wherever I turned my glass, confusion worse than things confounded met my sight. A little reflection, however, brought me to a realization of the fact. The extraordinary appearance of every thing at and beyond the horizon was from 'refraction,' so called.

"We speak of this and that 'looming up' at home, but little did I think what it signified until this night. Mountains far distant—mountains whose true position was considerably below the horizon—were now considerably above it, and icebergs dangling from their tops! This *refraction?* It was *Nature turned inside out! Nature turned topsy-turvy!!* NATURE ON A SPREE!!! Yes, Nature on a spree!

"As I went forward I was met by many of the crew (those now on their first voyage to these regions), who called my attention to some icebergs ahead that looked just like 'Bunker's Hill Monument,' only much higher. A few

moments before, I had noticed these bergs as mere pigmies. Now the pigmies had become giants! 'Nature on a spree' had given to mere snowballs on the horizon all the beauty and symmetry of 'Bunker's Hill Monument,' running high up, in alabaster columns, to prop the azure sky!

"Soon the moon came rolling up; and what a *phase* or face it showed, with its woefully distorted countenance! I took my Nautical Almanac for the year (1860), and there found, 'August 1st,' the sign for FULL MOON! The large round circle stared me in the face. There could be no mistake. A moon 'as big and round as a cart-wheel'—as we boys used



DISTORTED MOON.

to say—should be the aspect of fair Luna in the heavens this night. But here was the rising moon 'up to time,' yet where was the *full moon?* The moon as it ought to be was a moon somewhere else, not here; for, as it ascended above the horizon, its lower limb was like a crushed hat, then as a drunkard's face—fiery red, and swollen out to its utmost limit of expansion! Sketching as it then appeared, the preceding may give the idea, so unnatural was the goddess as she arose from her ocean bed to-night. But this, however, did not last long. A few moments sufficed to carry her upward in her regal course beyond the influence of 'Nature on a spree,' and a short time afterward, as I looked again, I found

"'How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky,
The midnight moon descends.'

"*August 6th.*—Going on deck this morning, found Nature again on a spree. I have been observing its working for two hours. I will record some of its phenomena.

"When I first observed the unnatural appearance of the bergs, sea, and islands toward the southwest, the morning sun was ten degrees high, and shining brightly. The barometer then stood 29·35 inches, the thermometer 41°, wind blowing moderately from south-west. Looking to windward, I saw the *top* of a distant berg; then all at once a snow-white spot, not larger than a pin's head, appeared in the clouds hanging directly over the berg. In few seconds it enlarged to the size of an Egyptian pyramid inverted. At every roll of the vessel this resplendently white pyramid seemed to descend and kiss the sea, and then as often ascended again to its celestial throne.

"*Dioptrics*, the science of refracted light, may satisfactorily account for all this, but I very much doubt it. Some land that was seventy-five miles distant, and the top of it only barely seen in an ordinary way, had its rocky base brought full in view. The whole length of this land in sight was the very symbol of distortion. Pendent from an even line that stretches along the heavens was *a ridge of mountains*. 'Life hangs upon a little thread,' but what think you of mountains hanging *upon a thread?* In my fancy I said, If Fate had decreed one of the sisters to cut that thread while I witnessed the singular spectacle, what convulsions upon the land and the sea about us might not have followed? But Nature had an admirable way of taking down these rock giants hanging between the heavens and the earth. Arch after arch was at length made in wondrous grandeur from that rugged and distorted atmospheric land; and if ever man's eye rested upon the sublime, in an act of God's creative power, it was when He arcuated the heavens with such a line of stupendous mountains! Between these several mountain arches in the sky were hung icebergs, also inverted, moving silently and majestically about as the sea-currents drifted those along of which they were the images. In addition to all this there was

a wall of water, so it appeared, far beyond the usual horizon. This wall seemed alive with merry dancers of the most fantastic figures that the imagination could conceive, and its perpendicular columns were ever playfully changing. Oh, how exquisitely beautiful was this God-made living wall! A thousand youthful forms of the fairest outline seemed to be dancing to and fro, their white arms intertwined—bodies incessantly varying, intermixing, falling, rising, jumping, skipping, hopping, whirling, waltzing, resting, and again rushing to the mazy dance—never tired—ever playful—ever light and airy, graceful and soft to the eye. Who could view such wondrous scenes of divine enchantment and not exclaim, 'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches!'

"*August 8th.*—The sunrise this morning was fine. Long before the sun came to the horizon the clouds were all a-glow! They were in long, narrow belts, one overtopping another, the lower edges of all visible and pendent, reflecting the crimson of the sun's rays. To attempt to paint the beauty, the glory of this scene, either by *my* pen or by the pencil of any mortal artist, seemed to me like a sacrilege. God often shows to the world His power and goodness, but seldom does He beautify earth for man to completely *feel* it is heaven before him!"

* * * * * *

Our progress towards the harbour we wished to reach was very slow. At length, on July 30th, we were within three miles of "Sanderson's Tower," on the west side of entrance to Northumberland Inlet; but as it was late, and the wind unfavourable, we had to go seaward for the night. The following day head winds and calms still retarded us, and we were now also anxious for our consort, the *Rescue*, she having parted from us a short time previously. The place we wanted to reach was called by the Esquimaux Ookoolear, now named by me Cornelius Grinnell Bay, the anchorage being in about latitude 63° 20′ N. For several days we had been struggling against strong breezes, and on the 2d of August we had only

about six miles more of southing to make; but a very thick fog again came on, and once more we had to stand off to sea.

On the 4th we were not far from Ookoolear, and occasionally hopes arose that we might reach an anchorage before night. But it was not so. A dozen times was the ship headed for our harbour, and as often were we baffled by the fog. Sometimes it would disperse, leaving the heavens bright and warm; then would our gallant barque be swiftly plowing the deep towards the wished-for haven. Suddenly the fog again descended, enveloping us in the gloom of night, so that we could not see a quarter of a mile in any direction, and then once more would the vessel's course have to be arrested. So it continued all day, and toward evening the annoyance was increased by a heavy gale. Of course there was no alternative but to run off the land to sea, and accordingly it was done.

The next day, when the weather moderated, we made sail back toward our harbour, and at 8 P.M. we were near the same position as on the 4th, still more than thirty miles distant from where we had to go. Fogs then encircled us, and thus we were till the following day, when more clear weather appearing, *Ookoolear* was seen, and ahead of us were observed "Sterry's Tower," "Rogers's Island," and "Sarah's Island."

As we were standing in to the land, the *Rescue*, under good sail, was discovered away near the mountains.

At this time a circumstance occurred that startled myself and all on board beyond measure. I will relate it from my journal as I find it recorded at the time.

"*Tuesday, August 7th.*—After dinner I had gone and perched myself up in one of the whale-boats hanging over the ship's side, for the purpose of viewing the mountain scenery as we passed along, and also sketching. I had my marine glass with me, and during an interval when the fog—which now and again settled upon us—disappeared, I swept the horizon all round. As I looked *easterly*, my eye caught a strange black sail. Directing the captain and mate's attention to it, they examined, but could not make out what it was. At length

we decided that it was a whale-boat with dark-coloured sails, and approaching us. Nearer and nearer it came, though yet far off; for when I had first seen it, refraction had made the small sails loom up higher even than those of a 300-ton vessel. By this time every one on board was anxiously looking to the strange boat, wondering what it was, coming from a direction seaward. After watching it more than an hour, we noticed that the sail was taken down, and soon afterward we lost sight of the boat entirely. In vain our glasses were pointed in the direction she was last seen. Nothing could be observed of her, and many began to think we had been deceived by refraction; but at length the captain exclaimed, 'I can now see the boat, though a mere speck. I should not wonder if it is one of my own left here on the last voyage, and manned by Esquimaux.' I looked long and attentively. At last I saw the flash of oars following each stroke, as the dazzling rays of a western sun fell upon the uplifted blades. I could see nothing else but these oars, and to me it seemed as if the rowers were pulling quickly—desperately. The excitement now became great among us, especially as the distance decreased between the boat and the ship. Captain B—— thought it was an Esquimaux crew, and Mr. Rogers said the men were *white*.

"As they neared, it struck me that the rowers—now to be seen more clearly—might be some shipwrecked mariners pulling for dear life; and to ascertain this, the ship was deadened in her way. In a few moments more the strange boat was near enough to make her crew out for white men, nine in number; and directly they got alongside, a question was put by Captain B—— as to who they were. The steersman promptly answered, 'Crew from the *Ansell Gibbs*, of New Bedford.' In reply to another question, he said, 'We are from the north, and bound to the south.' This was enough to satisfy us that they were *runaways*.

"In a few minutes a variety of questions was put as to the number of ships, the whaling, &c. in Northumberland Inlet, where we conjectured the *Ansell Gibbs* to be; and then the

inquiry was made of them, 'You are runaways, are you not?' The response immediately was, 'Yes, we are!' They then told us that they had left *Kingaite*, in Northumberland Sound, on Saturday, August 2d, at 11 P.M. and had thus run the distance, 250 miles to where we met them, in less than three days. The reason they gave for deserting their ship was because of 'bad treatment on board,' and 'not having enough to eat.' They explained about this, and added much more, which may or may not be true. At all events, they made up their minds to start *for the United States* on the first chance, and this they did by taking a whale-boat, two tubs of whale-line, three harpoons and as many lances, a 'conjuror'—that is, a portable cooking apparatus—two guns and ammunition, a small quantity of provisions, a few blankets, and other trifling things; and this to go a voyage over a tempestuous sea, part of it often full of ice, and along an iron-bound coast, for a distance of say 1,500 miles! However, there they were so far. One instrument—a compass—only for navigation; no sextant or quadrant; no one in the boat capable of taking observations had they possessed instruments; and without food enough to carry them on. The chief of this rash crew was John Giles, 'a boat-steerer,' which means, in whaling parlance, one who has charge of the boat and crew when out whaling. Only two of the company had ever been to sea before, and those two had been on whaling voyages to 'Desolation' Island in the South Seas. They were all young men—Americans belonging to various places in the Eastern States.

"When Captain B—— had asked several questions, the chief of these unfortunate men modestly supplicated for some food, as they were all very hungry. This was immediately responded to by the captain saying 'Come and eat;' but at first they hesitated, fearing they might be arrested. But hunger prevailed, and, making secure their boat, they entered the ship, and fell to upon the salt junk and biscuit like hungry wolves. Never before did I see men eat with such avidity and relish. To them it was a feast, having had only

half a biscuit each and one small duck among the whole number during the past day.

"I found that nothing would alter their purpose as to proceeding on their desperate voyage. They meant to strike for York Factory in Hudson's Bay; but on my showing them a chart and the course to Resolution Island, thence across Hudson's Strait to Labrador, this latter course was decided upon, with the hope that fishermen might pick them up.

"The captain kindly gave them some beef and pork, powder and shot, and a chart. To this I also added some ammunition and caps.

"They remained with us about two hours, and then, after deciding to go on, instead of landing for the night (perhaps



MY LAST SIGHT OF THE RUNAWAYS.

they were still fearful of being captured), they got into their boat, and, with many thanks to us, started on their perilous voyage. I watched them long as they passed away from us bending

to their oars. It was 9 P.M. when they departed. The moon was shining brightly in the east—the alabaster mountains of ice were scattered about upon the darkening waters—the craggy rocks sharply cut their black profiles against the distant sky, and the winds were gently but coldly blowing in sad harmony with the occasion. As they vanished from my view I said to myself, 'Will the civilized world ever see these desperate men again? It is next to a miracle if so. And yet what lesson do they teach me? If these nine men can undertake such a voyage, and under such wretched circumstances, with so little preparation, why should not I, having far better means, be able to accomplish mine?' 'For themselves,' I added, 'God be with them! I know not how just or unjust their cause may be, but I do know that human life is now at stake, and my sympathy goes with them.'"

Before I pass from this strange occurrence, it will be better to give the sequel of their history, so far as yet known, through three of the wretched crew who reached Indian Harbour, Labrador. The following particulars I gleaned at St. John's, Newfoundland, on my way home in the fall of 1862.

It seems that a Captain Nathan Norman, who does business in Labrador, and is also a magistrate, encountered the survivors of this boat's crew, and, hearing their tale, demanded from them a statement in writing; whereupon one of them, Sullivan by name, drew up an account, the original of which is in my possession. It was given to me by Robert Winton, Esq. editor and proprietor of the St. John's *Daily News*, through C. O. Leach, Esq., United States consul at that place. The following is a *verbatim* copy of Sullivan's written statement, made in the fall of 1861:—

"My name is John F. Sullivan. I left my home in South Hadley Falls, Mass. about the 1st of March, 1860, for Boston. I remained in Boston until the 20th of the same month. I applied at different offices for a chance to ship; being a stranger in the place, and a green hand, I found it very difficult to get a berth to suit me. At last I got a little discouraged, and that day signed my name at No. 172, Commercial Street, Boston, and left for New Bedford, Mass. Next morning I shipped to go aboard of the ship *Daniel Webster*, then laying at New Bedford, but to sail the same day on a whaling cruise to Davis's Straits, to be gone 18 months.

"I left New Bedford in the *Daniel Webster* on the 21st March, 1860. There were forty of us in the crew, all told. We had very rough weather for many days after leaving, which caused many of us to be sea-sick; I suffered from it about three weeks; after that time I began to recruit. There was nothing happened of any consequence worth mentioning until we passed Cape Farewell, about the last of May. After that we had quite a hard time, working the ship through the ice; occasionally, however, we made out to get her through, and came to anchor, July 6, 1860.

"We spoke many vessels going in. I will name some of them: the *Hannibal*, of New London; the *Black Eagle* and *Antelope*, of New Bedford; the *Ansell Gibbs*, of Fairhaven; the *Pioneer*, of New London. These vessels were anchored very close to one another in the harbour; the crews were at liberty sometimes to pay visits to each other; each one would tell how he was treated, several complained of very bad treatment, especially the crew of the *Ansell Gibbs*; they were planning some way of running away for a long time, but they found no opportunity till the 4th of August.

"My shipmate, whose name was Warren Dutton, was aboard that day, and heard a little of the conversation, and he joined in with them, and said he would go, and perhaps one or two more of his crew. He immediately came aboard and informed me; and he pictured everything out so nice, that I finally consented to go with him. We had no great reason for leaving our vessel; we could not complain of very bad treatment aboard; all we could complain of was that we were very badly fitted out for such a cold climate; and, after we arrived there, hearing of so many men that died there the last winter of scurvy, we were afraid to remain there, for fear that we might get it. We thought by running away, also, we would be all right; but we were sadly mistaken.

"After it was agreed upon to leave, each one was busy making preparations for a start. I, with my shipmate, packed what few things we thought would be necessary into a travelling-bag which belonged to me; we then crept into the hold, and filled a small bag and a pair of drawers with hard bread, and waited for an opportunity to hide it on deck, unknown to the watch. After we succeeded in that, we made a signal to the other crew that we were ready. It being boats' crew watches aboard the *Ansell Gibbs*, they every one of them left; they found no difficulty in lowering away the boat, which after they did so they lowered themselves easily into her, and soon paddled under our bows; we then dropped our traps into her, and, taking with us two guns and a little ammunition, got into her, and soon pulled around a small point out of sight of the vessels. The names of the crew that left the *Ansell Gibbs* are as follows: John Giles, boat-steerer; John Martin, Hiram J. Davis, Williard Hawkins, Thomas Colwell, Joseph Fisher, and Samuel J. Fisher.

"A 11 o'clock at night, on the 4th of August, we left the vessels in Cumberland Straits, latitude 65° 59′, about five miles from Penny's Harbour. Although it being a little foggy, with a fair wind we stood across the Straits. When about half way across we dumped overboard a tub of towline to lighten the boat some. We had nothing but a small boat-compass to guide us; we had no opportunity of getting a chart before we left, and not much of anything else.

"We made the other side of the Straits by morning; then, by taking the

spy-glass, we thought we could perceive a sail in chase of us, but we soon lost sight of her. The other crew were depending mostly on us for bread, as my shipmate informed them we had a better chance to get it out of the hold; their bread lay close to the cabin; so, what bread they had, with ours, would not exceed more than twenty pounds. We all saw that the bread would not last long, so each one desired to be put on allowance of one biscuit a day to each man. We hoped, by the time that was gone, to reach some place where we would find help. We made a very good run the first three days, sleeping at night in the boat; on the fourth day out we fell in with the barque *George Henry*, Captain Budington, of New London. He asked us aboard; the boat-steerer acted as spokesman. The captain told us we were very foolish to leave the vessels to undertake so long a trip. I believe he would have taken us all if we wished to stay; but as we had left a whaler, we did not like to go on board another, as he was also going to remain there through the winter; so we were determined to push along, as we had been foolish enough to start in the first place. However, before we left, he gave us a small bag of bread, a piece of salt pork, and some ammunition; also a chart. We then bade him good-by, and set off again. That night we made a 'lee,' found some moss, and made a fire; before we ran in we shot a small duck, which made a good stew for all hands. Two days after this we shot a white bear; he was in the water when we shot him, and there being a heavy sea on at the time, we could get no more than his hind quarters in; them we skinned—the rest we could not save. That night we managed between us to cook it, as we were divided into watches, two in each watch; by doing so, we could watch the boat and keep her with the tide. We kept on in this way, always tracking the shore, and at night going ashore to lay on the rocks, with our boat's sail over us for shelter.

"We had very rough weather in crossing the Straits. We were on Resolution Island four days, waiting for a fair wind; we got it at last, but so strong that it came very near swamping our little boat many times through the night. It kept two of us bailing water out all the time, and we were glad to reach the land, after being in the boat thirty hours, wet to the skin. What bear's meat and bread we had was most gone by this time; there was nothing left but a few crumbs in the bottom of the bag. There was nine parts made of the crumbs; then they were caked off, each man taking his share.

"On the 16th of August we made Cape Chidleigh; on the 20th we divided the last crumbs; after that we picked up what we could find to eat. We found a few berries and mushrooms; we suffered very much from the cold, very seldom having a dry rag upon us.

"We continued on in this condition until the 3d of September, when, to add to our misfortune, Williard Hawkins and Hiram J. Davis (who we called 'the doctor') ran away from us that night, and took with them every thing that was of any use to us; they even took the boat's compass, and left us in a miserable condition, with our boat broadside on the beach. It being their watch, they made out to get off. We thought it was useless to make chase after them, so we let them go. It then commenced to rain, and there was a heavy sea rolling in, and, weak as we were, we found some difficulty in shoving the boat off. However, after a hard tug, we succeeded, and then pulled out some ways; we then up sail; it was not up long before it blew so strong that

it carried away the mast. We then ran in under a jib, and made a lee. About half an hour after we landed my shipmate died of starvation. The evening he died, Samuel Fisher proposed to eat him; he took his knife, and cut a piece off the thigh, and held it over the fire until it was cooked. Then, next morning, each one followed his example; after that the meat was taken off the bones, and each man took a share. We stopped here three days. We then made a start; but the wind being ahead; we were obliged to put back. Here we stopped two more days. During that time the bones were broken up small, and boiled in a pot or kettle we had; also the skull was broken open, the brains taken out, and cooked. We then got a fair wind, but as we got around a point, we had the wind very fresh off shore; we could hardly manage the boat; at last we drove on to an island some ways out to sea; we got the boat under the lee of it; but the same night we had a large hole stove into her. Being unable to haul her up, we were obliged to remain here eight days: it was on this island they tried to murder me.

"The third day we stopped here, I was out as usual picking berries, or any thing I could find to eat. Coming in, I chanced to pick up a mushroom. I brought it in with me; also an armful of wood to keep. While kneeling down to cook the mushroom, I received a heavy blow of a club from Joseph Fisher, and before I could get to my feet I got three more blows. I then managed to get to my feet, when Samuel Fisher got hold of my right arm; then Joseph Fisher struck me three more blows on the arm. I somehow got away from them, and, being half crazy, I did not know what to do. They made for me again; I kept begging of them, for God's sake, to spare my life, but they would not listen to my cries. They said they wanted some meat, and were bound to kill me. I had nothing I could defend myself with but a small knife; this I held in my hand until they approached me. Samuel Fisher was the first to come toward me; he had a large dirk-knife in his hand; his cousin was coming from another direction with a club and a stone. Samuel came on and grasped me by the shoulder, and had his knife raised to stab me. I then raised my knife, and stabbed him in the throat; he immediately fell, and I then made a step for Joe; he dropped his club, and went up to where the rest was. I then stooped down to see if Samuel was dead; he was still alive. I did not know what to do. At this time I began to cry; after a little while the rest told me to come up; they would see there was nothing more done to me. I received four deep cuts on the head; one of the fellows dressed them for me, and washed the blood off my face. Next day Samuel Fisher died; his cousin was the first one to cut him up; his body was used up the same as my unfortunate shipmate's.

"After a while we managed to repair the boat, and left this island. We ran in where we thought was main land, but it proved to be an island; here we left the boat, and proceeded on foot, walking about one mile a day. At last we reached the other side of the island in four days; then put back again to the boat. It took us four days to get back again. When we got there, we found the boat was stove very bad since we left her. We tried to get around the island in her, but she sunk when we got into her; we then left her, and went back again to the other side of the island, to remain there until we would die or be picked up. We ate our boots, belts, and sheaths, and a number of bear-skin and seal-skin articles we had with us. To add to our misery, it com-

menced to rain, and kept up for three days; it then began to snow. In this miserable condition we were picked up by a boat's crew of Esquimaux on the 29th of September, and brought to Okoke on the 3d of October. The missionaries did all that lay in their power to help us along, and provided us with food and clothing, then sent us on to Nain, where we met 'the doctor,' who was picked up three days before we were. He reported that his companion died, and told many false stories after he was picked up.

"The missionaries of Nain helped us on to Hopedale; from there we were sent on to Kibokok, where two of us remained through the winter. One stopped with a planter, named John Lane, between Nain and Hopedale; the doctor stopped with John Walker until March, when he left for Indian Harbour; the remaining two, Joseph Fisher and Thomas Colwell, also stopped with planters around Indian Harbour. Mr. Bell, the agent at Kibokok, kept two of us until we could find an opportunity of leaving the coast. We left his place about the 10th of July, and came to Macovie, waiting a chance to get off.

"Captain Duntan has been kind enough to give me a passage; my companion was taken by Captain Hamilton, of the *Wild Rover*. We have had a very pleasant passage so far, and I hope it will continue so.

"Sir, I hope you may make it out; it is very poor writing, and was written in haste. JOHN F. SULLIVAN."

In addition to the above, Mr. Leach kindly furnished me with the following information in a letter dated Feb. 25th, 1863:—

"Mr. Kenneth M'Lea, jun., merchant of Newfoundland, informs me that he has had letters from the missionary settlements on the coast of Labrador, in which they say these men conducted themselves 'shamefully.' Instead of feeling grateful for the hospitality they received, they demanded to be supported with the privilege of doing as they pleased. I understand one of them still remained at Labrador. No doubt the rest have shipped under assumed names, feeling ashamed to return to their native country."

Soon after the boat, with its desperate crew, had left us, we were passing one of the channels leading to the long-sought bay. This bay is a very fine sheet of water, and is protected by "Sarah's" Island at the entrance. Its length is about fifty miles, and its width six miles. On entering it by the south channel we were becalmed, and the boats were set to work towing us in; but, though we were up all night, next morning saw us still at some ten miles distance from our harbour. At this time a perfect flotilla of boats were dis-

covered approaching us. They were six whaleboats, fully manned, five belonging to a ship called the *Black Eagle*, Captain Allen, and one to the *Rescue*. As soon as they arrived, quietly greeting us, they wheeled in line ahead of our own boats, and aided in towing us in. An interesting scene it was before and around us: eight boats in line, pulling the ship onward, with brawny arms at the oars, and merry voices pouring forth the sailor's songs as measured and uniform strokes gave even time to the movement; the still waters of the deep bay, the perpendicular rocks by our side, and the craggy mountains overhanging our heads, their peaks reaching up as if to kiss the clouds!

At noon, August 8th, 1860, we reached our anchorage, and at length were secure in the harbour we had so long been seeking. The *Rescue* had anchored before us.



ICEBERG AND KI-A.

CHAPTER V.

Visited by the Natives—Brief Account of some of them—A very aged Woman—Oo-ki-jox-y Ni-noo—Ugarng and his thirteen Wives—Ebierbing and Tookoolito—Kudlago's Widow, Kok-er-jab-in—"Blind George"—Excursion on Shore—Anecdote of the Greenland Dogs—Beautiful Scenery—An Alabaster Cave—Arctic Food—First Taste of Bear-meat—A Blind Man threading a Needle and mending Clothes—Astonishment created by a Magnet—Author's narrow Escape from Death—Geological Character of the Rocks—Departure for and Arrival at Field Bay—A Cruise in the "Rescue"—Arrival in new Waters.

PREVIOUS to our anchoring, Captain Allen, Mates Lamb and Gardiner, joined us on deck, bringing with them an Esquimaux named *Ugarng*, and others of his people. Several women were also on board, dressed in the peculiar costume of the West Land natives; but not until we had dropped anchor could I do more than give a passing glance at these strange-looking figures. The excitement consequent upon arriving in a new place was naturally great on my mind. The land around me —its inhabitants, its rugged hills, its mountain tops covered with snow, all belonged to that especial part of the northern regions connected with the ultimate field of my labours. When, however, the vessel was made stationary, and the greatest excitement had abated, I could better examine our visitors, and never shall I forget the first impression they made upon me.

It has been said by a well-known witty writer, now deceased, when referring to the Esquimaux, in an arctic book he was reviewing, that they are "singular composite beings—a link between Saxons and seals—hybrids, putting the seals' bodies into their own, and then encasing their skins in the seals, thus walking to and fro, a compound formation. A transverse section would discover them to be stratified like a rolly-polly pudding, only, instead of jam and paste, if their

layers were noted on a perpendicular scale, they would range after this fashion: first of all, seal—then biped—seal in the centre with biped—and seal again at the bottom. Yet, singular enough, these savages are cheerful, and really seem to have great capacity for enjoyment. Though in the coldest and most comfortless dens of the earth, they are ever on the grin, whatever befals them. When they see a white man and his knick-knacks, they grin. They grin when they rub their noses with snow, when they blow their fingers, when they lubricate their hides inside and out with the fat of the seal. Truly, then, as Sterne says, 'Providence, thou art merciful!'"

The above description must speak for itself; but, without endorsing more than its reference to the good-humour of the Esquimaux, I must say that, whatever they may be physically and socially, they are undoubtedly a kind-hearted, hospitable, and well-disposed race of beings. On my first meeting with them, at the time I am writing of, in Cornelius Grinnell Bay, I was much struck by their peculiar dress and good-natured features. The women especially attracted my attention, and I could not but think of old *Grimes*—"that good old man"—in his long-tailed coat. The difference, however, in the coats of these Esquimaux women and that of old Grimes is that they do not button down *before*. In truth, there is no button about these arctic coats. They have a long, neatly-worked flap behind, with a baby-pouch on the shoulders, and are slipped over the head like a frock. But a full description of their dress will be given in a chapter devoted entirely to the manners and customs of these singular people.

Among the visitors on board when we anchored were a few who will frequently figure in my narrative. *Ugarng*, who has been already named, was a very prominent character, and it seems to me well to give some account of him and his family, especially as the history of most all the Innuits I met is so full of strange adventure, and so indicative of their peculiar customs, that it cannot fail to be interesting. The particulars were gathered only at intervals long after my first acquaintance with the parties.

At the time of which I write there lived in the neighbourhood of my explorations a very aged and singular woman called Oo-ki-jox-y Ni-noo. This patriarchal dame was born on an island named An-nan-ne-toon, situated on the north side of Hudson's Strait, and when I first saw her I believe she could not have been less than one hundred years old. She was an important personage among her people, and, as the reader will find, proved of much service to me from the knowledge she had of Innuit traditions.

Now this woman had been married to a man called *Pier-koo-ne-me-loon*, who had also, at the same time, a second wife, Poor-loong-wong, sister of Ookijoxy Ninoo. By the second wife he had three children, with whom we have nothing to do. But by the former he had eight sons and daughters, and at length died in a good old age, leaving his other wife to survive all her own children except the Ugarng already named.

The progeny of this old woman was as follows:

1*st*. A daughter, that died at its birth, owing to an accidental fall previously received by its mother while playing ball in the spring.

2*d*. A daughter, *Tou-yer-nŭd-loon*, who grew up to womanhood, a large, strong woman. She married a *Pim-ma-in*,[4] or chief, who was considered a very smart Innuit. After many years she had by him two children, and at the birth of the latter she died. The infant was then allowed to die, because, as was told me, "it was impossible to take care of it;" and two or three days afterward the husband also died. With regard to this woman, it was considered among the Innuits impossible to tell which looked oldest, her mother or herself.

3*d*. A daughter, called *Noo-ker-pier-ung*, who was born not far from Newton's Fiord, in Frobisher Bay. She married a man named *Oo-yung*, and these were the parents of *E-bier-bing*, a person who will often appear as a very important character in my narrative. The mother died about 1852.

4*th*. A son, *New-wer-kier-ung*, who married, first, a cousin of Ebierbing's wife, the intelligent Tookoolito, by which cousin

he had a boy; secondly, a woman called *E-ker-too-kong* ("Polly," as we named her), by whom he had many children, who all grew very fast and fat, but died young. He died before his wife, and she then married a fine, bold, and—to white persons as well as his own people—most kindly disposed, humane man, christened by us "Bob"—his Innuit name, *King-wat-che-ung*. The wife was a half-sister to another good but afflicted man, called Pau-loo-yer, or, as I always styled him from his loss of sight, "Blind George." Of him I will speak presently.

The fifth child of the old woman was *Ugarng*, whom I shall bring forward in a moment.

The sixth was a daughter, *An-ner-surng*, who married *Mik-e-lung*. They had two or three children, but one of them, *E-ter-loong*, a little boy, cross-eyed, was almost always by his grandmother's side, and was evidently regarded by her as a pet.

The seventh child was also a daughter, *Kood-loo-toon*, who married a brother of one "Chummy" (a man that visited the States in 1861–2). By him she had two children; one died young, and the other is now living and married.

The eighth and last child was another daughter, *Oo-yar-ou-ye-ung*, who married and had two children, a boy and girl. The latter was named Oo-kood-lear, and I was well acquainted with her.

These were the children and grandchildren of old Oo-ki-jox-y Ninoo. Now let me turn to the account of *Ugarng*.

This man was born at or near Newton's Fiord, in Frobisher Bay, and was about 50 or 55 years old. From his early days he displayed great qualities as a daring and successful hunter. Many of his well-attested exploits border on the incredible, so marvellous did they seem. Not a few, possibly, I shall be able to relate farther on. Perhaps, however, not among the least of them may be considered the fact that he had had no less than *thirteen* wives; and, at the period I formed his acquaintance, had three living with him. His first wife, *Ak-chur-e-yon*, he left, long before she died, because she bore him no

children; his second, *Oo-soo-kong*, gave him a son and daughter; both, with herself, dead. The third wife was alive, but left at *Padley*. Afterward she had two children by another man. The fourth also had two children by another man; the fifth hung herself after giving him a daughter, now 14 years old. The sixth—still alive, and related to Tookoolito—had no children; the seventh was *Kun-ni-u*, whom I shall frequently name. She likewise had no children up to the time of my last seeing her; the eighth was *Kou-nung*, who had two children by another man—the children now grown up and married. The ninth was *Kok-kong*, or *Pun-nie*, his present second wife, but with no children; the tenth was *Ak-chuk-er-zhun*, who, however, left him and went to live with *Kooperneung* ("Charley"), a man I often afterward employed. The eleventh wife of Ugarng was *Nik-u-jar* ("*Polly*"), by whom he had a child called *Menoun*, about three years old when I last saw it. *Nikujar* died while I was up there. She had been the wife of *Blind George*, already mentioned, but left him a few years after he became blind.

Ugarng was a remarkably intelligent man and a very good mechanic. He had several excellent traits of character, besides some not at all commendable.

In 1854–5 he was on a visit to the States, and among his reminiscences of that visit he said about New York, "G—d—! too much horse—too much house—too much white people. Women? ah! women great many—good!"

I now bring forward another man, already mentioned, Pauloo-yer, or "Blind George." Of his parentage there is but little known, even by himself, except that his mother hung herself. He was born about 1819, and when young the Innuits took care of him. He grew up and became one of the first Esquimaux of his place. He was an excellent pilot, greatly attached to Americans, and very desirous of learning their language. He married the Nik-u-jar already spoken of, and by her had three children. The first was born in the spring of——, and had black spots covered with hair on its body. It died before six months old.

60417

In 1852–3 he became blind through an epidemic that took off very many of the natives. His second child also died; and the third, born in 1856, was an interesting girl called *Koo-koo-yer.*

Nikujar continued with her poor blind husband for five years after his affliction, and they were always attentive and kind to each other. But, as he was unable to work, she accepted the offer of Ugarng to become his principal or *family,* that is, household wife. She took with her the little girl *Koo-koo-yer,* and Ugarng became partial to it, and as he was a bold, successful hunter, generally contrived to provide for all his household, and even many more, without stint. "George," though greatly attached to his child, knew it was for her advantage to be with her mother, and thus allowed her to go, though occasionally seeking for her company with him.

I shall frequently speak of this afflicted Innuit in my narrative, and therefore have mentioned these particulars.

Another person to be referred to here is Kok-er-jab-in, the widow of Kudlago. She was born at Kar-mo-wong, on north side of Hudson's Straits, probably about the year 1814. She had had three husbands, the first being a tall, stout man, called *Koo-choo-ar-chu* ("Sampson"), by whom she had one son, *Ning-u-ar-ping.* But this husband she left because he added another woman to his household. Her second husband was An-you-kar-ping, a fine, powerful man. He was lost by the upsetting of his ki-a.* When the ki-a was found it was broken into fragments, and it is thought by the Innuits that he had attacked a hooded seal, which, in return, ferociously attacked and destroyed him and his boat. By this husband she had one son, often mentioned in my journal as "Captain." Her third husband was Kudlago, who had also been previously married to a woman named *Ne-ve-chad-loo,* by whom two daughters, *Kok-er-zhun* and *Kim-mi-loo,* were born to him. The first of these was a pretty young woman, aged twenty-

* The Greenland term for a boat or canoe containing one man is *Ky-ack,* but among the Innuits I was acquainted with *Ki-a* is the word, and such I henceforth use.

three, and married to *Shi-mer-ar-chu* ("Johnny Bull"), who was always exceedingly jealous of her. Kimmiloo was an interesting girl of about sixteen years old. By Kok-er-jab-in no children were born. She and her third husband did not get on happily together. On one occasion this woman was nearly dead from a severe dropsical complaint. The angeko was then called in, and his wife's brother undertook to perform an operation for her cure. This he did in the following manner: Ebierbing held Kokerjabin while the operator, with a sort of lancet having a blade three inches long, stabbed her quickly and forcibly in the abdomen. Water poured forth copiously, and soon after this she recovered.

At the time of my first arrival among these Innuits, several of them were in different places hunting and fishing; but I afterward became so well acquainted with them, and was on such familiar terms, that they and others I shall introduce seemed almost of my own family.

But I will now proceed with my own personal narrative.

In the afternoon, accompanied by Sterry, Gardiner, and Lamb, I went on shore. There I visited several of the natives in their *tupics*—summer skin-tents.

The *honesty* of this people is remarkable. I noticed on the beach coal, wood, four tubs of whale-line, tar, oil-casks, mincing machine, coils of rope, trying kettles, harpoons, lances, &c. all left here since the previous fall, and yet as safe as on board the ship! Another trait of their character, however, is not at all commendable. One of the first things attracting my attention, close to the tents, was the skeleton of an Innuit, or Esquimaux woman, just as she had died some three years before! She had been sick, and was left to take care of herself. The remains of her tent—her skin bedding, her stone lamp, and other domestic articles, were still by her side. This inattention to the sick and dead is a custom of the Esquimaux, and, in another place, I shall again refer to it.

When I returned on board, Kudlago's wife had just arrived. She had heard on shore of her husband's death, and at once,

with her son (the daughter not arriving till next day), hastened to the ship. Sorrowfully, and with tears in her eyes, did the poor Esquimaux widow, Kok-er-jab-in, enter our cabin. As she looked at us, and then at the chest where Kudlago had kept his things, and which Captain Budington now opened, the tears flowed faster and faster, showing that Nature is as much susceptible of all the softer feelings among these children of the North as with us in the warmer South. But her grief could hardly be controlled when the treasures Kudlago had gathered in the States for her and his little girl were exhibited. She sat herself down upon the chest, and pensively bent her head in deep, unfeigned sorrow; then, after a time, she left the cabin with her son.

The following day I again went on shore for an excursion up the mountains, "Captain," a lad about fifteen years of age, accompanying me. My dogs had been landed immediately upon our arrival, and now greeted me with much joy. Poor creatures, how they liked once more to bury their shaggy, panting bodies beneath the snow! They skip, they run, they come and look, as if grateful, in my eye, and then bound away again in the wildest exuberance of animal spirits.

I have before mentioned some particulars of these dogs, and I now relate an anecdote concerning them during our passage across from Greenland.

One day, in feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around me, and gave to each in turn a *capelin*, or small dried fish. To do this fairly, I used to make all the dogs encircle me until every one had received ten of the capelins apiece. Now *Barbekark*, a very young and shrewd dog, took it into his head that he would play a white man's trick. So, every time he received his fish, he would back square out, move a distance of two or three dogs, and force himself in line again, thus receiving double the share of any other dog. But this joke of Barbekark's bespoke too much of the game many men play upon their fellow-beings, and, as I noticed it, I determined to check his doggish propensities; still, the cunning, and the singular way in which he evidently watched

me, induced a moment's pause in my intentions. Each dog thankfully took *his* capelin as his turn came round, but Barbekark, finding his share came twice as often as his companions', appeared to shake his tail twice as thankfully as the others. A twinkle in his eyes, as they caught mine, seemed to say, "Keep dark; these ignorant fellows don't know the game I'm playing. I am confounded hungry." Seeing my face smiling at his trick, he now commenced making another change, thus getting *three* portions to each of the others' one. This was enough, and it was now time for me to reverse the order of Barbekark's game, by playing a trick upon him. Accordingly, every time I came to him he got no fish; and although he changed his position rapidly three times, yet he got nothing. Then, if ever there was a picture of disappointed plans—of envy at others' fortune, and sorrow at a sad misfortune—it was to be found on that dog's countenance as he watched his companions receiving their allowance. Finding he could not succeed by any change of his position, he withdrew from the circle to where I was, and came to me, crowding his way between my legs, and looked up in my face as if to say, "I have been a very bad dog. Forgive me, and Barbekark will cheat his brother dogs no more. Please, sir, give me my share of capelins." I went the rounds three times more, and let him have the fish, as he had shown himself so sagacious, and so much like a repentant prodigal dog!

This dog Barbekark afterward again made himself remarkably noticed, as I shall have occasion to relate. He shared all my labours with me, and was here as my companion in the States, until he died a few months back.

I now return to an account of my excursion on shore.

The day was bright and lovely when I ascended the mountain. Beautiful *crimson* snow lay about by the side of large patches of the purer white, and as I travelled on, my heart felt as light and buoyant as the air I breathed. The scenery was grand and enchanting. Two or three lakes were passed, one of them half a mile long by the same in width, with its

waters at a temperature of 38°, and as clear as crystal, so that the bottom could be distinctly seen. It had deep snow-banks all around it, and yet, to my surprise, musquitoes were floating on and over its surface, breeding by myriads. Some beautiful falls were situated here, walled in by huge mountains and their fragments. Many of these were enormous rocks, apparently capable of being easily set in motion by a man's power with a crowbar, so delicately were they poised upon each other. The frozen waters of winter have been doing wondrous work in throwing down these mountains. If water can find a crack in rocks, they are sure to be broken asunder.

The inventions of men give them easy power to split rocks that are massive and hard. This is done by drilling holes and entering steel wedges, which are acted upon by slight blows. Another way is to drill deep into the rock and charge with gunpowder. But God has *His* way of splitting rocks! He uses the little snow and rain-drops. They find their way into every recess. Crevices are at length filled with solid ice. They are enlarged; chasms now yawn; another winter, and down from their rude heights the cliffs fall, making the earth to quake in her career!

There were many, very many rocks that would be cast from their places, high up the mountains, on the next spring. A person can hardly conceive the quantity of rock that is lifted from its base every season by the freezing of water.

Never can I forget the visit I made on this excursion to the stream that runs wildly down the mountain's side, between the first and second lakelets, near *Kow-tuk-ju-a*—Clark's Harbour.

For one-third of a mile the stream was covered with a huge pile of snow. I crossed to the upper part of this with my Esquimaux boy, and went down to the stream itself to slake my thirst. I kneeled and drank of the sparkling waters. As I looked round before rising, what did I see? a cave of alabaster! snow-arches, numberless and incomparable! At a point where several arches commenced to spring were

pendant finely-formed icicles, from which poured, perpendicular to the earth, unbroken streams of water, having the appearance of inverted columns of crystal supporting the arches. The number of these columns was great. Away, far down the cave, through which the stream passed, all was dark—dark as Cimmerian darkness.

From this I turned my eyes upward. Overhanging my head were pinnacled mountains 1,000 feet above me. Far as the eye could see they extended. On my still bended knees, I thanked God that I lived to behold how manifold and wonderful was the world's creation. None but God and that untutored Esquimaux saw me there, amid the roar of that mountain waterfall, offering up this, my heart's prayer!

While there I gave the dogs some dinner (capelins), and then had my own along with the Esquimaux. A good appetite made me relish the sea-biscuit and Cincinnati pork, and then, after resting a while, I began the return journey. I had ascended to a height of about 1,500 feet above the sea, and two miles from the beach, making a collection of various geological and other specimens; but these latter I unfortunately lost. On my way down, a good snow-slide, for about a quarter of a mile, on an angle of 50°, carried me swiftly on, and, in due time, I got back to the tents, where a score of Esquimaux at once kindly greeted me. Away from all the rest, seated alone among the rocks, I saw *Kudlago's* widow, weeping for the loss she had sustained. Her son at once went and tried to console her, but she would not be comforted, and her grief was allowed to have vent unrestrained.

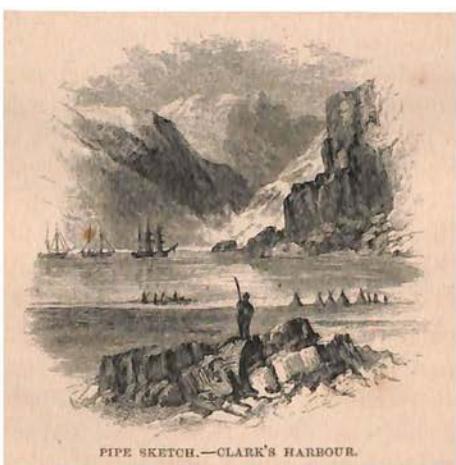
The next day we had for dinner salmon, venison, and bear-meat! It was then I took my first lesson in eating the latter. I found it passable, with a taste somewhat akin to lamp oil, but yet, on the whole, good.

A few days afterward I made another excursion; and as I passed on my way up the mountain steeps, flowers greeted me at every step I took, lifting their beautiful faces from behind the gray old rocks over which I was passing. At

length I reached a height beyond which I could mount no farther. Under the friendly shelter of a projecting cliff, I sat myself down amid the most luxurious bed of sorrel that I ever saw. I made a good feast upon it, and in ten minutes I could have gathered a bushel, it was so plentiful.

While here I had a look around. What a magnificent picture was before me! The bold mountains across the bay, with higher snow-capped ones behind them; the waterfall of 500 feet; the *George Henry*, the *Rescue*, and *Black Eagle*, lying at anchor beneath the shadow of those mountains, and the Esquimaux village low at my feet, was an admirable subject for a sketch.

I seized my pencil, but paper I had left behind, Still I was not to be balked. I had a new clay pipe in my mouth. I took this pipe and inspected the bowl. A little fancy line ran down its centre opposite the stem. This line would serve to represent the dashing, foaming waterfall before me; the plain surface on each side would do for the sketch. This



PIPE SKETCH.—CLARK'S HARBOUR.

I made; and such as it then was is here presented to the reader, even as I hoped I might be able to do, under the title of the "Pipe Sketch."

After this I gathered a bouquet of flowers, some geological specimens, and returned.

On my way I again met Kudlago's widow and another Esquimaux woman. As we passed a place where some tents had formerly stood, *Kok-er-jab-in* called my attention, with tears in her eyes, to the spot where her husband had his tent when he bade her adieu on his visit to the States in 1859. She lifted up a portion of the back-bone of a whale which was bleaching near by, and said it was of one Kudlago had killed. Her tone, her manner as she spoke, was truly affecting, and I have no doubt she felt deeply the loss she had sustained.

On August 11th, among the Esquimaux arrivals was Kudlago's idol—a pretty little girl. She looked sad for the loss of her dear father. But how her eyes sparkled in the afternoon when several things were produced that her father had carefully gathered for her! The account of her first arrival I find in my journal as follows:—

"Kimmiloo has just been Americanized. Captain B——'s good wife had made and sent to her a pretty red dress—a necktie, mittens, belt, &c.

"Mr. Rogers and I, at a suggestion from me, thought it best to commence the change of nationality with soap and water. The process was slow, that of arriving to the beautiful little girl, whom we at length found, though deeply imbedded layer after layer in dirt. Then came the task of making her toilet. With *a very coarse comb* I commenced to disentangle her hair. She had but little that was long, the back part from behind her ears having been cut short off on account of severe pains in her head. How patiently she submitted to worse than the curry-comb process I had to use! This was the first time in her life that a comb had been put to her head. Her hair was filled with moss, seal, and reindeer hairs, and many other things—too numerous to call them all by name. Poor thing! yet she was fat and beautiful—the very picture of health. Her cheeks were as red as the blown rose. Nature's vermilion was upon them.

"A full hour was I before getting that child's hair so that I could draw the coarse end of a coarse comb through it! At last that job was completed. Her little fingers quickly braided a tag of hair on each side of her head. Then I gave her two brass rings (which is the fashion among the Esquimaux women) through which to draw the hair. The skin trowsers and coat were thrown off, and the red dress put on."

Many Esquimaux now visited us, and from them I tried to obtain all the information I could as to my intended journey toward King William's Land. I also discussed the question with Captain Allen, of the *Black Eagle*, who I soon found well capable and willing to advise me. It was, however, too late in the season to attempt *commencing* the journey then, and this all of those with whom I conversed, Esquimaux and white men, told me. I had therefore to wait, and meanwhile make myself well accustomed to the sort of life I should have to endure while actually prosecuting my undertaking.

A day or two afterward I was showing Kimmiloo, Ookoodlear, and Shookok (pretty little Esquimaux girls) the pictorial illustrations in a number of the Family Bible, when "Blind George" came on board. When I asked him his name, he said, in Esquimaux, "George—poor blind George, the Americans call me."

"What is your Innuit name?" said I. "Pau-loo-yer," was the response; and then immediately added, "What is yours?" I told him, and after repeating it several times till he had pronounced it correctly, he was satisfied. I explained that the prefix "Mr." to the "Hall," which I had casually given, was an address applied to men; whereupon, soon afterward meeting the steward and blacksmith, and hearing them called by those terms, he at once said, "Mr. Steward—Mr. Blacksmith." I tried to explain the difference to him, and it was not long before he understood me. He was quick to perceive mistakes, and, when he saw an error of his own, had a hearty laugh over it. He made all his clothes—sealskins; and the

way he threaded his needle was most amusing and singular. He took the eye end of a needle between his teeth, bringing the needle into proper position, and then placed it on his tongue near the end. He next brought the end of his thread toward the eye of his needle, and, after several trials, the thread was finally drawn through the eye by his very sensitive tongue. He then grasped with his lips and teeth the end of the thread, and thus the needle was threaded! I have seen "Blind George" thus thread his needle, time and again, in ten seconds!

Wishing to test his quality as a tailor, I gave him one of my coats to mend in the sleeve. It was full of rents, but to only one did I call his attention. I left him at his work; and being myself afterward busy at something else, I had forgotten him. When I again went to him where he was generally seated in the main cabin, he had *every break* mended, and all his work *well done!*

I took out my little magnet, and put it into his hands. He passed it through and through his fingers, and then I placed the *armature* upon it. This was a mystery to him. The Esquimaux exclamations that escaped his lips were numerous and amusing. I then took the armature and gave him a sewing needle, bringing it and the magnet together. This was also wondrous to him. It was many minutes before he became satisfied it was really so. He would pull one end of the needle off the magnet, and when he let go it would fly back. The approach of an armature to a magnet, both in his hands, also greatly surprised him. As they came near and he *felt* the attractive power, he instantly threw them aside, and it was some time before I could get him to make another trial. Still more careful was he the second time. The contact was at last made, and made quick as lightning, but just as quick did he drop the two. Finding, however, that he was not injured, and that the little girls were enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense—they having before tried it—he at last succeeded. I next tried him with a paper of needles, desiring him to bring the magnet near them. He did so, but at the

cost of my time and patience, as I had to pick them up from all parts of the cabin. On discovering that the needles had sprung from his hand, he acted as if smitten by a thunderbolt, throwing needles, magnet, and all helter-skelter away! and still more, he at once declared I was an *An-ge-ko!*

At this time Ugarng was often on board the ship, and one day I was much amused at his vain attempts to pick up some mercury which I had out upon a sheet of white paper. The metal assumed a globular shape, and looked precisely like shot made of tin. Now the mercury thus presented to his view seemed to be quite beyond his comprehension. Generally, an Esquimaux is stoical under all circumstances, no matter how startling they may be, but here was something that completely upset his equanimity. After nearly half an hour's attempt to understand the lively substance before him, and to grasp it, he gave up, and also lost his temper. He burst out in some broken words, like oaths he had heard on board ship, declaring the d—l was in it, and nothing else.

A short time after our arrival at this anchorage I had a narrow escape of my life. It was most providential. No other arm but the Almighty's could have shielded me from so imminent danger as that to which I had been exposed. In the afternoon I went down seaward for the purpose of examining some rocks. I had with me my revolver, pencil, and portfolio. The stratification of these rocks was very remarkable, and for several rods I saw a quartz vein running as straight as a line N.N.W. and S.S.E. Its dip was 60°, and in thickness one and a half to two inches. Everywhere around, the fallen ruins of mountains stared me in the face. I was perfectly astonished at the rapidity with which huge rocks had evidently been rent to pieces. I also saw, standing by themselves, square pillars of stone, the strata of which were completely separated, so that I could take them off one by one, as leaves of paper. Some were an inch, half an inch, two inches, and others six inches thick. Anxious to obtain some specimens, I was engaged, with my knife, digging out some quartz and gold-like metal, slightly bedded in a fresh-broken

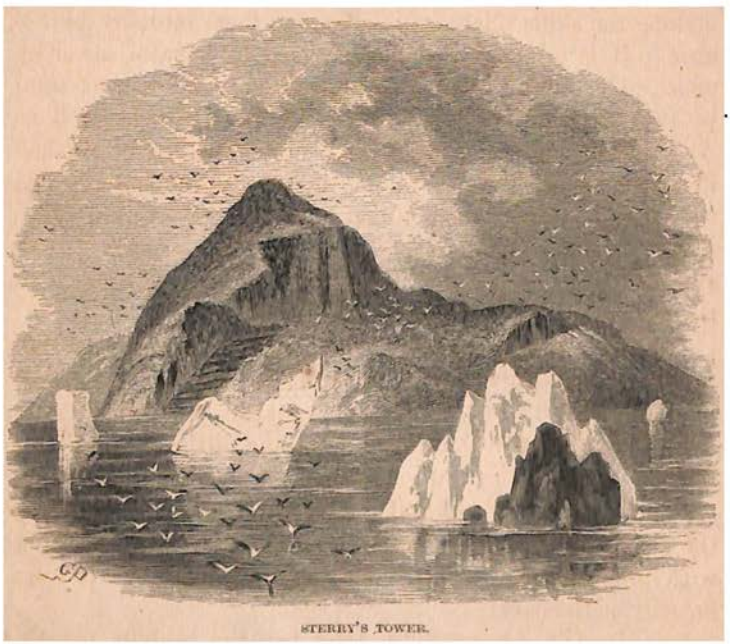
rock before me, when, as I leaned forward, the revolver fell from my belt, and instantly exploded close to my hand and face! For the moment I thought myself dangerously wounded, so great was the pain I experienced in my hand and forehead; but the next instant I ascertained that the ball had just cleared me, merely forcing the powder into my hand, forehead, and round my right eye. It was a narrow escape, and a warning thereafter to be more careful how I left the hammer of any gun or pistol I had about me.

The rocks about here were indeed very remarkable. One pile consisted entirely of mica, quartz, and feldspar; and the nearest approach I can give to its appearance is to let the imagination conceive that the feldspar was in a state like putty, and worked up into various uncouth figures, the spaces between each filled up with mica and quartz. Then would there be an appearance similar to what I observed on these rocks, only that ages and ages should be added to cut out deeply the mica and quartz, leaving the pure quartz veins almost unaffected.

On the 14th of August the brig *Georgiana*, belonging to the same owners as the *George Henry*, arrived from some other whaling ground. Thus four vessels were now near each other, the *Black Eagle*, *Georgiana*, *Rescue*, and our own; and a very sociable and agreeable time was spent, during leisure hours, in visiting each other. But none of us were unnecessarily idle. Preparations had to be made for the coming winter, and for whale-fishing while the season yet lasted. The *Black Eagle* and *Georgiana* had their own plans, but that of the *George Henry* was to visit another and smaller bay on the south side of this inlet. Meanwhile Captain Budington had erected a stone and turf house for the benefit of his boats' crews, when, as was intended, some of the men should be stationed there "to fish." The roof was made from timber, with canvas well coated with tar over all.

On the 16th we sailed for Nu-gum-mi-uke, the intended winter quarters of the *George Henry* and *Rescue*. As we left the bay—which I have named after my kind friend, Cornelius

Grinnell—we passed several prominent places, and among them Sterry's Tower. The following is a sketch of it:—



STERRY'S TOWER.

The next day, in company with many of the natives, we arrived at Nu-gum-mi-uke (a bay that I named after Cyrus W. Field, one of the promoters of my expedition). The harbour we entered was hard to find, but it was thought to be perfectly safe. Soon afterward the ship and her crew made ready for whaling; but for myself, I determined upon mixing unreservedly with the natives, and for this purpose tried to secure Ugarng as a guide and companion. I presented him with a beautiful ivory-handled knife, given to me by Wayne and Son, of Cincinnati, hoping this would lead to good results. He was much pleased with it, and said, in his own tongue, *kuoy-en-na-mik* (I thank you).

Ugarng's wives were really good-looking, and capital workers, chewing more seal, reindeer, and walrus skins for

boots and mittens than any other women of the country. This chewing process will be described at another time; but I may here observe that it is one of the principal modes of making the skins pliable, and changing them into any desired form. It is a labour always performed by females, never by men. The Innuit women also washed clothes, and soon became so proficient that they could do them as well as Americans. One morning I gave my clothes to be washed by a woman called *Nukertou*, and by the evening she returned the articles to me completed and in good order. Ugarng gave me an excellent pair of native boots, made by one of his wives, and, in return, I presented her with some brass rings, which the women greatly prize for doing up the hair.

Wishing to visit some of the innumerable islands that lay scattered about the bay, and also place my dogs on some place best suited for them, where the remains of a whale were found, I took three Esquimaux boys and little Kimmiloo in the boat with me to pull. I accomplished my errand, and, on the return, much enjoyed the sight of my crew, including the girl (all fresh types of the Iron race of the North), smoking with pipe in their mouth, and, at the same time, pulling heartily at the oars!

On Monday, August 20th, after tea, the captain, myself, Smith, Sterry, Morgan, and Bailey took a boat, and went out a ducking. The wind was blowing fresh from the northwest, therefore we beat to windward. On the way we killed five ducks—a sport that was exciting enough, though not remunerative, five or six shot having to be expended in killing one duck. While tacking, I lost my venerable hat—the one I punctured with a pike when raising it high in the air on top of the first iceberg I visited.

On the 21st of August, at 7 A.M. the *Rescue* was got under way for the purpose of taking a party of us over to an inlet on the opposite side of Field Bay. It was intended by the captain to examine this and other places to see their availability for fishing depôts, and I gladly took the opportunity of accompanying him.

While heaving up anchor, an incident occurred that served well to illustrate the character of the Innuit *Ugarng*. His third wife, *Kun-ni-u*, with the captain and myself, were at the windlass brake, and it was quite an amusing sight to behold us. Presently we had to stop for a moment, and, on commencing again, *Kunniu* could not quickly lay hold; whereupon her husband, who was standing by, looking on with a sort of dignity, as if he were lord of all he surveyed, at once ordered her to go ahead; and when she grasped the brake, he turned and strutted about the deck in quite an independent manner.

Two boats had to tow us out of the harbour, owing to there being no wind, and we passed through a channel between two small islands that was probably never navigated before. One man went aloft to con the way, and I stood on the bow to watch for rocks under water. Several I saw far down—some at five and ten fathoms deep, and looking white and yawning; but they were harmless, even had they been much nearer the surface, for the *Rescue* only drew eight feet water.

At 8 A.M. a light breeze filled the sails, and, taking up our boats, away we went across the waters of the bay. A course nearly due south was steered, somewhat westerly of Bear Sound, and in due time we approached the opposite shores, where some wild and rocky, but magnificent scenery was presented to our view. At 2 P.M. we turned into one of three or four entrances that led, by a safe channel, into a long and beautiful bay. On either side of us were towering mountains, one especially of a bold and lofty character, with its peak looking down majestically into the waters below.

The breeze had now somewhat freshened from the N.E. and was sending us along full five knots an hour. Great was the excitement; most exhilarating the whole scene. We were in waters quite new to us, and approaching Frobisher *Straits*—then, at least, so believed by me. Our lady-Esquimaux pilot, Kunniu, guided us safely on, but care was also needed; Morgan, therefore, went aloft to look out, and I

again took my place on the bowsprit end. Occasionally a huge white old rock peered up its head, as if to ask, Who were we that thus disturbed the usual quietude of the place, and unsettled the peace that had reigned during the world's age? But no interruption to our progress was made. We went on and on, creating the most joyous emotions in my breast as we proceeded. My heart leaped within me as the vessel bounded forward.

I had taken my glass in hand and cast my eye to the southwest. There I could see the extent of the bay was limited by a very low coast, but beyond it were the high, bold mountains of *Meta Incognita*, across the olden "Straits" —so termed—of Martin Frobisher. Though in the blue melting distance, and some fifty miles off, yet they seemed like giants close by. Then, too, the lofty hills of rock on either side of us, with the sun-glade, like a pathway of dazzling gold, ahead, made the picture beautiful and exciting in the extreme. It was my first visit and approach to the scenes of Frobisher's discoveries, and well might I be excused for the joyousness of my heart on the occasion.

At length the schooner carried us to the termination of the bay, and in a few moments more we had safely anchored in a good spot, having four and a half fathoms' depth at low water.

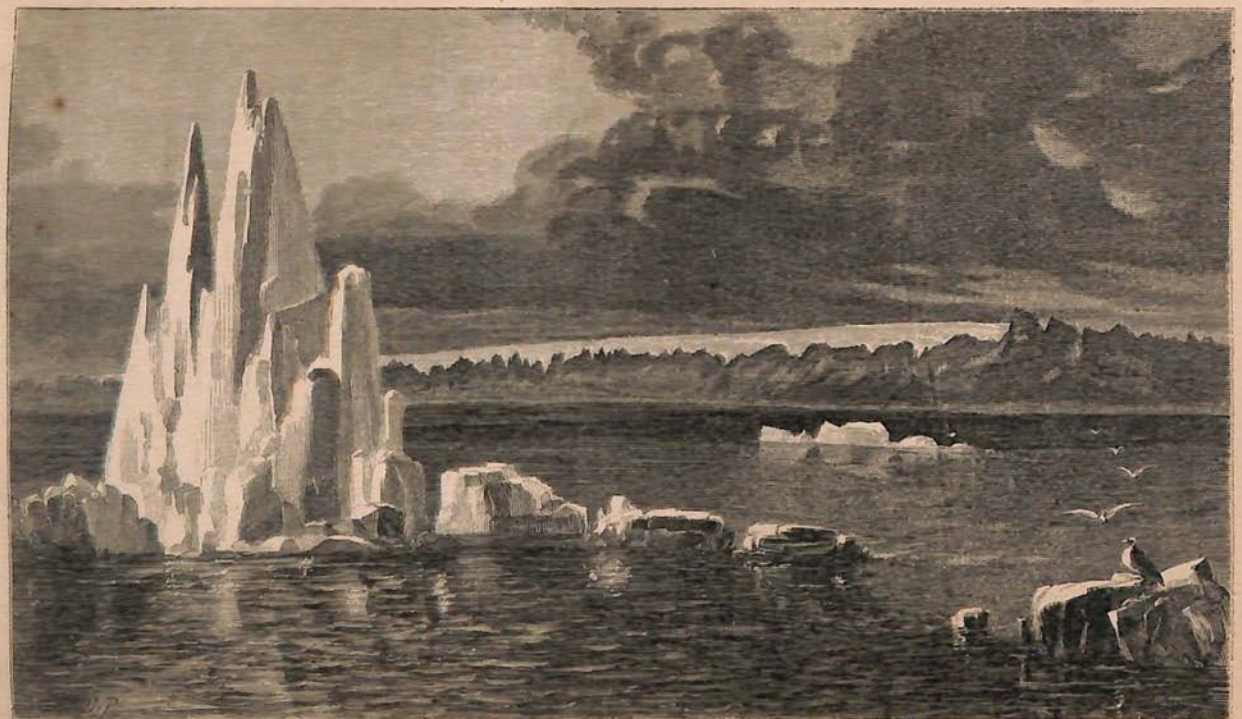
CHAPTER VI.

First Visit to Frobisher Bay—"Meta Incognita"—Fossils—Koo-jesse and his Family—Old Artarkparu—The beautiful Kok-er-zhun—Skinning Ducks—Esquimaux Food—Native Mode of Sleeping—Innuit Head-ornaments—White Man's Grave—Esquimaux Grave—Innuit Skill in Geography—Aurora Borealis—Visited by Numbers of the Natives—Skill of the Women at Work—Trial of the Expedition Boat—Ancient Dwellings of the Innuits—A Mountain Pass—Whale captured—Great Feast for the Natives—Author's first Trial at raw Whale-meat—Discovery of a Frobisher Relic.

It was half-past four o'clock, August 21st, when we dropped anchor in this beautiful inlet, which I name after Richard H. Chappell, of New London, Connecticut. We then had a hurried tea, and immediately afterward took a boat and went on shore. Our party consisted of the captain, Mates Gardiner and Lamb, Morgan and Bailey, besides myself. Four Esquimaux—two of them being Ugarng and his wife Kun-ni-u—also accompanied us.

On getting ashore we found that the neck of land dividing the waters just left from those of Frobisher "Straits" was less than a mile in breadth, and so low that, except in one part where a ridge of rocks occurred, it could not be more than a few feet above the sea, and possibly covered at high tides. Portions of this isthmus were sandy, and the rest full of stones, rocks, and several specimens of shale, many of which I eagerly collected. On one plat of sand we observed some foot-tracks, which Ugarng stated to be of reindeer, though such an opinion seemed to me ridiculous from the appearance before us, and so the event proved on the following day, when we encountered some Esquimaux who had been here.

On arriving at the ridge of rocks, which I call "Morgan's Hill," and which overlooked the whole locality around, I paused a moment to gaze upon the scene before my eye.



PROBISHER BAY—META INCOGNITA AND GRINNELL GLACIER.

There, facing me, was the celebrated "Strait"—so called—of Frobisher, and beyond it in the distance *Meta Incognita**—thus named by Queen Elizabeth, but termed *Kingaite* by the Esquimaux. Two hundred and eighty-two years previously, in that very month of August, the great English navigator, then on his third voyage, was sailing on the waters now within my view, and, after many perils from storms, fogs, and floating ice, he and part of his original fleet (which consisted of fifteen vessels) assembled in "Countess of Warwick's Sound," which I supposed to be not far off. As I gazed, how I longed to be exploring it, then hopefully anticipating it would prove the highway to my ultimate destination, King William's Land. But such was not to be. Disappointment is the lot of all men. Mine afterward proved great; and yet I have reason to be thankful for what I afterward accomplished.

I looked long and earnestly. The land on the opposite side of the "Straits" was clear before me, though at a distance of some forty miles, and it appeared as if a long line of ice or snow topped a considerable portion of it. I hastened from the place whereon I stood, and walked to the beach, where the waters of the so-called Frobisher Strait washed the shores. There, with spy-glass, I again carefully examined the opposite land. The same appearance presented itself. But not till some months afterward, when exploring up the "Straits," did I have positive proof that what I now saw was really an enormous and magnificent glacier, which, when I visited it, I called after the name of Henry Grinnell.

Continuing with my glass to trace the land westerly, it seemed to me that the mountains in that direction united with the land on which I stood, and if so, no "strait" existed. But, as refraction at first was going on, I fancied that I might be deceived. A longer look, however, made me still feel doubtful;† and while I stood charmed and spell-

* "*Meta Incognita*" embraced both sides of "Frobisher Straits," and, in fact, was meant to include the whole of his discoveries.

† A week later, as will be seen, six intelligent Esquimaux positively assured me that this was a bay, and not a "strait."

bound by the picture before me, a crowd of strange thoughts filled my soul as I reflected upon my own position there, and remembered the history of those early voyages made by Frobisher and his companions. But I had not much time to ponder. The party was awaiting me, and I had to return.

On my way back I found many other specimens of fossils, a quantity of which I secured; and as I was well-loaded, Kunniu, Ugarng's wife, offered to assist me in carrying them. The hood of her long-tailed coat was widely opened to receive my load. Some fifty pounds' weight of rock specimens, &c. were placed in this convenient receptacle, now answering the purpose of a geologist's saddle-bag; another time, an Esquimaux lady's bonnet or pouch; and, next, a baby-house! One of the limestones, on being broken in two, exposed to view an imbedded mineral the size and shape of a duck-shot. I tried to cut it with my knife, but it was hard as steel; and no effect was made upon it except by scraping off the oxyd, which then left displayed something like bright iron. Unfortunately, I afterward lost this specimen by dropping it in the ship's hold.

We got on board the *Rescue* about nine o'clock, and had a very pleasant evening in the cabin. The next morning we were again on our way toward the *George Henry*. As we passed out of the bay, taking another channel, it fell calm, and two boats' crews were ordered ahead to tow. There was a strong tide running, and right in the channel some rocks were seen just below water. It was too late to alter the schooner's course, and, though every effort was made to get clear, yet we should have been left upon those rocks had it not been for the swell of the sea and a good pull at the oars carrying us *right over them!*

In the afternoon, while still towing, three ki-as, followed by oo-mi-ens family boats of the natives) filled with women and men, approached. On the present occasion, a highly-intelligent Innuit, Koojesse by name, was boat-steerer of one, while his family and other Esquimaux, with all of their connexions, their tents, cooking utensils, &c. accompanied

him. As soon as they reached the *Rescue*, all came on board, Koojesse having with him one of the finest Esquimaux dogs I had seen. More dogs, deerskins, walrus heads and tusks, with abundance of game, such as ducks, &c., were with the party.

Among the number now arrived was *Kudlago's* eldest daughter, *Kok-er-zhun*, a truly fair and beautiful young woman, already married to a young man called *Shi-mer-ar-chu*, otherwise Johnny Bull. She came alongside full of hope and happiness, expecting to hear of, and perhaps to meet, her father. Both herself and *Tunukderlien*, the wife of *Koojesse*, delayed approaching until they had made a change of dress, and then, when ready, on deck they came. But, alas! how sad was the blow she had to receive! Seeing *Kunniu*, Ugarng's wife, whom she knew, the question was put to her, "*Nou-ti-ma wong-a a-tá-tá?*"—Where is my father? and when Kunniu, in a calm but kindly way, communicated the painful news, it was as if a thunderbolt had riven her heart! That face, a moment before beaming with hope and happiness at the thought of meeting her father, was instantly changed to an expression of deep woe! Tears coursed down her cheeks, and, though the usual calm dignity of Esquimaux nature forbade outcries or noisy lamentation, yet it was evident she most acutely felt the sudden calamity. Her Esquimaux friends, and all who knew her father, sympathized greatly with her, as indeed did we Americans. Every thing in our power was done to alleviate her distress, but it was long before she got over the shock.

In one of the oomiens there were no less than eighteen women and children, an old "patriarch" named *Ar-tark-pa-ru*, who was crippled in both nether limbs, but blessed with the heaviest beard and mustache yet seen among his people—ten dogs, tents, reindeer skins in immense number, venison, seal-blubber, ducks, walrus heads and tusks, hunting instruments, and, in truth, all the worldly goods of some seven families!

Having made fast the oomiens astern, taken the kias on board, hoisted the old man up by a rope, and allowed all the rest to mount as best they could, we soon had our decks

crowded with about thirty good-humoured natives of all ages and sizes, and of both sexes.

It was not long, however, before the female portion were put to work in skinning some of the ducks. While doing so I sat beside them, and eagerly watched their operations. They asked me for my knife, and were delighted with the excellent one I lent them. Taking a duck, and drawing the knife once round the outer joint of each wing and the head, they seized the cut part with their teeth, and stripped the fowl entire! The ducks were very fat, and most of it adhered to the skin. This caused these daughters of the North to rejoice with each other on the feast of fat skins that awaited them on completing their work! After all the ducks had been skinned, they were delivered to the cook as fresh provision for the ship's company. It was understood that for preparing these ducks the native women were to have the skins as pay, and this was considered ample. A short time afterward I saw mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters in bed on deck, with their duck-skins in hand, peeling off the "luxurious" fat with their teeth, each now and then giving a peculiar kind of grunt in great satisfaction! "In bed" among the Esquimaux is to repose *in puris naturalibus* between reindeer skins with the hair on. Being well enveloped in these heat-retaining skins, they proceeded to eat themselves to sleep!

Most of the female portion of those on board had each a really beautiful ornament upon their head, bent like a bow, and extending from points just forward and below the ears up over the top of the head. At the apex it was one inch wide, tapering down to half an inch at the extremities, and it looked and glistened in the bright sun like burnished gold. There were two fastenings to this ornament—a string of variously-coloured beads going under the chin as a bonnet-tie, also one passing down behind the ears at the back of the neck and head. It struck me that this was not only a beautiful ornament to the Esquimaux women, but would also be to ladies at home.

Before Artarkparu came on board he was very anxious to make well secure some drift timber he had found. One piece

was a ship's deck-plank, probably a part of the English whaling vessel *Traveller*, wrecked in Bear Sound in 1858. This vessel was about 500 tons, and was lost by getting upon the rocks, when, the tide leaving her high and dry, she rested amidships upon a craggy point, and so broke her back. Her anchors, oil tanks, and 150 fathoms of chain were said to be still lying there.

In the evening I conversed with Kokerzhun about her father's death. She was deeply interested at the many particulars I mentioned, and I was surprised to find her so intelligent and comparatively accomplished. She was, withal, really handsome, but retiring and ladylike. She understood several words of the English language, and was very solicitous of acquiring more knowledge of it. She and her husband were invited for the night into the cabin, where Mate Gardiner gave them up his berth, and, my wrappers answering for coverlets, they were soon asleep. The next morning we arrived at our anchorage, and I soon returned to my quarters on board the *George Henry*.

That evening I landed for a walk, and about half a mile from the beach I found a white man's grave—a mound of sand —at the head of which was an inscription cut upon a raised wood tablet, and reading literally as follows :

DIED,
ON THE 31ST JULY, 1857,
WILLIAM JAMES, AGED 28 YEARS,
SEAMAN, P. H. D., ON BOARD THE
S. SHIP INNUIT, OF P. H. D.,
J. H. SÜTTER,
COMMANDER.

Dreary was the scene around that solitary grave, the last resting-place of one who was taken away in the prime of life, far from home and all who were dear to him. At the end of each line was rudely engraved a willow branch, a substitute for the cypress, which, in all ages, and in all parts of the civilized world, serves as a memorial of the dead.

Strangely enough, after an hour's walk I came across another grave, but this time that of an Esquimaux. The grave

was simply a steep ledge of rocks on one side, and on the other long stones set up on end. Within this were the bones and skull of the deceased man. At the head was a pile of rude stone covering the utensils that belonged to him when living. Through the openings I saw a powder-flask, a little tin tea-kettle suspended over a blubber lamp, the knives which he was wont to use, and other trifles, all placed in perfect order. Beside this pile were his seal, walrus, and whaling instruments. The grave was without cover, that he might freely roam over the mountains and freely traverse the seas to that world whither he had gone. The grave was situated on an eminence or bluff overlooking the bay, islands, and scenery far and near. As I stood by this grave the setting sun was crimsoning the whole heavens, picturing to my mind the glory that follows death to those who deserve it.

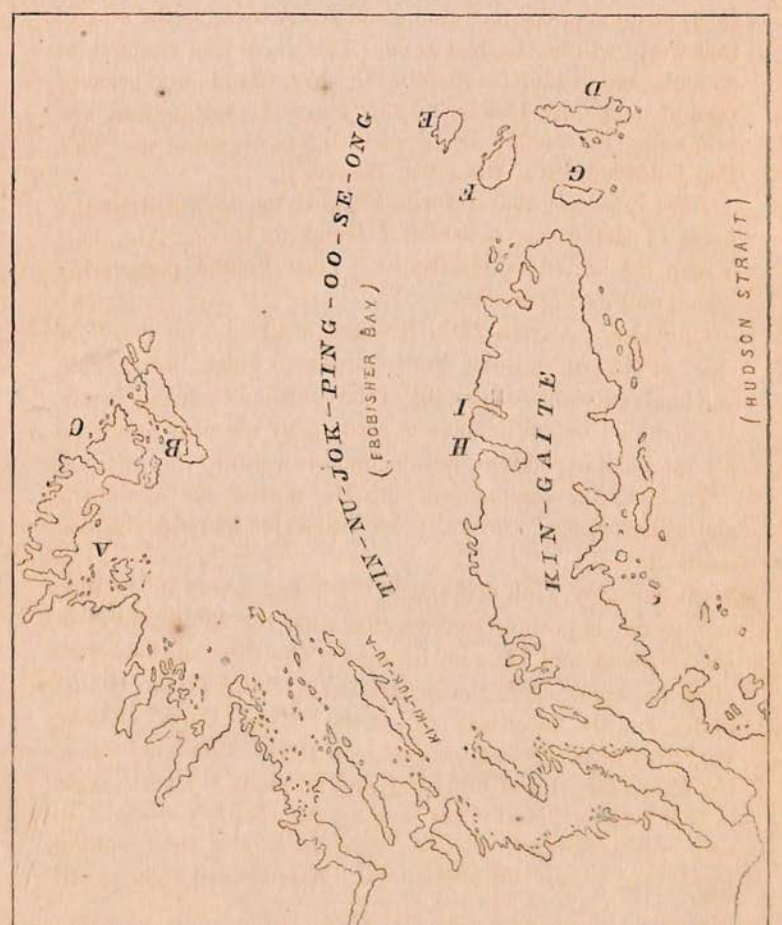
After-inquiries that I made enabled me to ascertain the name of the deceased, which I found to be one Al-lo-kee, a man celebrated in his day as a great hunter, persevering sealer, and daring whaler.

On Friday, August 24th, Koojesse made me an excellent chart of Nu-gum-mi-uke, Northumberland Inlet, Bear Sound, and lands adjacent—especially of the so-called Frobisher Strait. He signified his willingness to accompany me next season on my intended expedition, but declined to venture this year.

Trade to-day commenced with the natives for whalebone and walrus tusks. Several polar bear skins had already been bartered.

On Saturday, 25th of August (1860), had a very interesting, and, to me, important conversation with the intelligent *Koojesse*, *Ugarng*, and his wife *Kunniu*. The three of them were great travellers, both the former having been in the United States, and the latter was born at the "King's Cape" of Luke Fox, discovered by that navigator in 1631. She had been to the *Meta Incognita* of Frobisher, and all along the north coast of that land, which, by her account (as clearly explained to me), was connected with the opposite shores, thus making Frobisher "Strait" an *inlet* or *bay*. *Koojesse* and *Ugarng* had

ESQUIMAUX CHART
No 1
DRAWN BY
Koo jes se
AT
RESCUE HARBOR,
1860 for
C.F.HALL



also visited the land referred to, and each of them declared that there was no other water communication to what we call Fox's Channel except through the Hudson's Straits. This I was very desirous of knowing more about; and at my request Koojesse finished drawing his chart of the coasts, bays, and islands from Northumberland Inlet to Resolution Island, and both sides of the so-called Frobisher Strait to its head. The original of this chart is now in my possession, and it has always astonished me for its remarkable skill and general accuracy of detail. A *fac-simile* of most of it is shown on the previous page, reduced to one-twelfth of its original size.

The charts that I possessed of this locality were such as our geographers at that time believed to be correct, and I pointed out to Koojesse the places about which I desired information. I showed him the route I proposed taking when I got up to about longitude 72°, in what I had supposed to be Frobisher Strait, but he and the others stopped me by saying, "*Argi! argi!*" (No! no!) They then took hold of my hand, moving it around till it connected with "Meta Incognita;" then following south-easterly the north coast of this land till arriving at the channel leading into Hudson's Strait, about longitude 66° W., and, turning round, went thence up Hudson's Strait continuously on to "King's Cape." Of course the names which we place upon our charts are unknown to the Esquimaux, and, consequently, I have endeavoured in this work, where possible, to give both together.

The knowledge that the Esquimaux possess of the geography of their country is truly wonderful. There is not a part of the coast but what they can well delineate, when once it has been visited by them, or information concerning it obtained from others. Their memory is remarkably good, and their intellectual powers, in all relating to their native land, its inhabitants, its coasts, and interior parts, is of a surprisingly high order. In what they related to me concerning Frobisher Strait there could be no doubt, and at once I felt convinced that no passage existed in that direction. However, this I determined to personally examine at the earliest

opportunity. Meanwhile I tried all in my power to persuade *Koojesse* to go with me, without delay, to King William's Land, but in vain. Earlier in the season he would have gone; now it was too late. I had, therefore, no alternative but to wait until the following spring.

At midnight there was a fine display of the aurora borealis, or rather aurora australis, for the direction in which the lights appeared was *south*, not north of us. The barometer stood at 30·05; thermometer, 32°; wind, moderate N.W. and the sky "clear as a bell." I took on deck two delicate compasses to observe if they would be affected by the lights, but they were not in the least. The display was really beautiful; the streams darting up like lightning, and passing the zenith. Some banks of light were so thick that the stars behind were obscured, even those of the first magnitude.

The following day we had a visit from *Artarkparu*, who, I find, is brother to Allokee, the man whose grave I had noticed. *Artarkparu* had a single brass button, as an ornament, pendent from his skin coat. The device on it was a bee with expanded wings, and the motto, "*Vive ut vivas.*"

A young man Esquimaux, whom we called *Napoleon*, from a resemblance in features to Bonaparte, used to visit us daily, dressed in a blue military coat minus the tail (which had been completely torn off), and with a row of big brass buttons running over each shoulder and down in front. The device on these buttons was three cannon on carriages, with a crown for the crest.

Another comical sight was a fat Esquimaux woman who appeared among us dressed in an old calico curtain put on over her seal-skin suit. The number of natives now visiting us was very great, but it was made a rule that all except a privileged few should leave the ship at 8 P.M. During the day much trade was carried on in bartering for skins, walrus tusks, &c. One pair of tusks measured full twenty-six inches in length. The skull of the walrus is very firm and thick. No rifle-ball would have the least effect on it. I have specimens that will show this.

Decidedly the Esquimaux are a happy people. As they crowded our decks, I one day noticed about a dozen women seated and busily engaged at their work. Two were mending one of the boat's sails. Some were chewing *ook-gook* (large seal) skins for soles of *kum-ings* (native boots), others sewing; while one was tending a cross baby. This little fellow, by-the-bye, was generally as good-humoured as the rest, but a piece of raw seal-blubber had disordered him, and hence his troublesome manner. It is rare to find an Esquimaux child but what is very quiet, and only on extraordinary occasions will they raise any cries. One Esquimaux lady, whose husband was as dark as half the negroes of the States, had a very pretty semi-*white* baby, looking true American all over!

On the 29th of August I thought it advisable to try my expedition boat, with a view to preparing her for the trip to King William's Land. Accordingly, she was brought in from where she was anchored near the ship, and Captain B——, myself, and Smith entered her for a sail. She was found to answer admirably, and proved herself of high merit in model and capabilities. Later in the day I again went away in her with Smith and two men. We pushed outside into the bay. A fresh easterly breeze was blowing, and this gave the boat a good test. Two of the ship's boats were also out under sail, but we passed them at such a rapid rate that it surprised every one. Truly glad was I to find my boat so good, and little did I then imagine she was so soon to be lost.

On the 30th of August I went in an Esquimaux boat, with some of the natives, to convey across the bay, Annawa, his wife, their infant, and a son, besides the widow of old Allokee, toward their home, which was at the head of an inlet opening into Frobisher Strait. Koojesse was of the party, which was comprised of fifteen persons.

We left the ship at 9 A.M. and when about two-thirds of the way we landed in a bight of a large island. Here I saw an old Esquimaux settlement, and I should think there must have been no less than fifty huts formerly erected there within a space of 500 feet of where I stood. The Esquimaux

do not make their winter habitations now as in the years when the huts I allude to were built, the remains of which were before me. During the last few years Esquimaux live almost entirely in *igloos*—"snow-houses"—through the winter season. Formerly they built up an earth embankment, or a wall of stone about five feet high, and over this laid skeleton bones of the whale on spars of drift-wood, then on top of that placed skins of the seal or walrus. Many of the ancient embankments where we landed had the largest of whale skeleton bones placed "cob-house" style, and so incorporated with the earth as to keep the whole firmly and enduringly together. The entrances were serpentine tunnels under ground, with side walls, and roofed with slabs of stone. To pass through them one is obliged to go on "all-fours."

I noticed here a dog-sledge, such as the Esquimaux use in their winter excursions. It was ten feet in length, the runners of one and a half inch plank, and shod with the jaw-bone of the whale. The width was thirty inches, and the cross-bars fastened by strings of whalebone.

Allokee's widow had wintered here, and she at once bent her steps to the spot where she had formerly halted, and took from the ground a large pewter plate that had been left there. I asked her where she had obtained the plate, and her reply was "English"—thus probably obtained from one of the whalers. The use she made of this piece of ware was as a receptacle for needles, knives, beads, reindeer sinew for sewing, &c.

After staying here a short time we again started, and arrived at our destination about one o'clock. There the Esquimaux family left us, intending to foot it for about two days over mountains, through valleys, and across rivers before arriving at their home. But not only had they to walk that distance, they had to carry a heavy pack on their shoulders; and I was appalled when I saw the load each one took, especially on such a journey, without the least particle of food with them.

Our return was made without difficulty, and I got on board much pleased with the excursion.

On the 3d of September we were visited by an old gray-

haired Esquimaux woman called "*Pe-ta-to.*" In talking with her she declared that her children had numbered twenty-five, but all were dead except two. She explained this by throwing out both hands, fingers and thumbs widely spread, *twice*, and *one* hand *thrice*, thus making twenty-five. At the time I could not help doubting her, but she was afterward confirmed by other evidence.

Of this kind old woman I shall have more to say farther on, but at the time of her first visit she greatly interested me by her intelligence and excellent memory. *Kunniu*, Ugarng's third wife, also proved herself far more gifted than I should have supposed. Her husband wished me to have her as my own, and then she could go with me to King's Cape, where she was born; and she herself frequently explained that I could not go the way I wanted by boat, owing to land all around the Frobisher waters; but, as I was unable to start that season, I had to decline the offer.

Some of the amusing tricks played by these Esquimaux women are especially deserving notice. The variety of games performed by a string tied at the ends, similar to a "cat's cradle," &c. completely throws into the shade our adepts at home. I never before witnessed such a number of intricate ways in which a simple string could be used. One arrangement represented a deer; another a whale; a third the walrus; a fourth the seal; and so on without end.

This *Kunniu* was a first-rate woman in all relating to work, whether in boat or on shore. She was an excellent pilot, and could pull an oar with any of our men. One day a whale was captured by the *George Henry's* crew at the lower part of the bay, and it was necessary for all aid to be rendered in towing the monster alongside our ship. The natives gave every assistance, and I also went with a boat, rowed by *Kunniu* and three others, to help. But I found they were doing well without us, and accordingly returned. On our way back a strong north-wester was blowing, and it was becoming very difficult to cross the channel. A heavy sea prevailed, and the tide was strong, causing a commotion in the waters anything

but pleasant. In the boat was that Esquimaux woman I have mentioned as possessing the semi-white child, and never did mother more dote upon a babe than she upon this. Her care and solicitude for its preservation were truly affecting. It lay in the bow of the boat as she pulled and pulled, seemingly with the strength of six men, and every now and then she would look at it with a tender glance, while renewed force was placed upon her oar. Mother? Yes, she was a true mother; and *Kunniu* evidently must have been the same, for she pulled like a giantess. How they watched to see if we progressed! How they turned their eyes to the sleeping babe, as a wave would occasionally mount up and top its white crest clear over our heads!

At length we were able to get the boat under the lee of an island, and so make more headway in smoother water; and finally, after some very severe labour, we got on board.

As for the whale, during the afternoon it was brought alongside, and a most interesting sight it was to see the seven boats towing this "king of fishes" toward the ship. I was reminded by it of the way in which old Rome celebrated her "triumphs" over great kings and kingdoms. We of the white race were proud of our victory over such a monster of the deep, and they of the darker skin were rejoiced at having aided in the capture of what would very soon give them an immense quantity of "black skin" and "krang" for food.

The skin of the *Mysticetus* (Greenland whale) is a great treat to the Esquimaux, who eat it raw; and even before the whale was brought to the ship, some of the skin, about twenty square feet, had, by permission, been consumed by hungry natives. The "black skin" is three-fourths of an inch thick, and looks like India-rubber. It is good eating in its raw state even for a white man, as I know from experience; but when boiled and soused in vinegar it is most excellent.

I afterward saw the natives cutting up the *krang* (meat) of the whale* into such huge slices as their wives could carry;

* The blood of this whale, a short time after its death, was rising 100° Fahrenheit. Forty-eight hours after, its krang was still quite warm.

and as they worked, so did they keep eating. Boat-load after boat-load of this did they send over to the village, where several deposits were made upon islands in the vicinity. All day long were they eating; and, thought I, "Whatmonstrous stomachs must these Esquimaux have!" Yet I do not think, on the whole, they eat more than white men. But the quantity taken in one day—enough to last for several days—is what astonishes me! They are, in truth, a peculiar people. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the whole face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations." Take the Esquimaux away from the arctic regions—from the shores of the northern seas, and they would soon cease from the face of the earth. The bounds of their habitations are fixed by the Eternal, and no one can change them. Thus these people live.

My opinion is, that the Esquimaux practice of eating their food *raw* is a good one—at least for the better preservation of *their* health. To one *educated* otherwise, as we whites are, the Esquimaux custom of feasting on uncooked meats is highly repulsive; but *eating meats raw or cooked is entirely a matter of education.* "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," is an old saw as applicable to the common mind of a people in regard to the food they eat as to any thing else. When I saw the natives *actually feasting on the raw flesh of the whale,* I thought to myself, "Why cannot I do the same?" and the response to my question came rushing through my brain, independent of prejudice, "Because of my *education*—because of the *customs* of my people from time immemorial."

As I stood upon the rocky shore observing the busy natives at work carving the monster before me, my eye caught a group around one of the *vertebræ*, from which they were slicing and eating thin pieces of ligament that looked *white and delicious* as the breast of a Thanksgiving turkey! At once I made up my mind to join in partaking of the inviting (?) viands actually smoking in my sight. Taking from the hands of Ugarng his seal-knife, I peeled off a delicate slice of this spinal ligament, closed my eyes, and cried out "Turkey!" But it would not

go down so easy. Not because the stomach had posted up its sentinel to say "no whale can come down here!" but because *it was tougher than any bull beef of Christendom!* For half an hour I tried to masticate it, and then found it was even tougher than when I began. At length I discovered I had been making a mistake in the way to eat it. The Esquimaux custom is to get as vast a piece into their distended mouths as they can cram, and then, boa constrictor-like, first lubricate it over, and so *swallow it quite whole!*

"When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do." Therefore I tried the Esquimaux plan and succeeded, but that one trial was sufficient at the time.

A day or two afterward I again went on shore to where a portion of the whale's carcass remained.

The natives were so careful of the prize that numerous piles of stones, covering deposits of krang and blubber, were seen on the islands around. This would seem to bespeak a *provident* instead of an improvident trait in their character; but I am inclined to think the former is more the exception than the rule.

One old woman kindly came to me and offered a generous slice of the "*whale-gum*" she was feasting on. Reaching out my hand, with one stroke of her "ood-loo" (a woman's knife —an instrument like a mincing-knife) she severed the white, fibrous strip quick as thought. It cut as old cheese. Its taste was like unripe chestnuts, and its appearance like cocoa-nut meat. But I cannot say this experiment left me a very great admirer of whale's gum, though, if the struggle was for life, and its preservation depended on the act, I would undoubtedly eat whale's gum until I got something better to my liking.

On September 5th, while taking a walk on *Look-out* Island, half a mile south of the ship, I discovered a large piece of what I supposed to be iron mineral, weighing 19 pounds, and "in shape and appearance resembling a round loaf of burned bread." Circumstances afterward furnished me with many interesting particulars of this piece of iron, and ultimately I ascertained it to be an undoubted relic of Frobisher's Expedition.[5]

CHAPTER VII.

Boat Incident—Life hanging on a Shoe-string—Courage of Esquimaux Boys—Arrival of the "Georgiana"—Author's Sickness and Recovery—Attention of the Natives—A fearful Gale—The "Rescue" and the Expedition Boat wrecked—The "Georgiana" on Shore—The "George Henry" in great Danger.

THE incidents connected with my every-day life for some time at this period, though never without novelty to myself, would, I fear, seem to present a sameness of character if too often brought forward in the disjointed form in which they occurred. I will, therefore, occasionally throw together several matters that refer to the same subject, though scattered over the next two or three weeks.

Of these not the least interesting to me were the native habits and customs as displayed in their beautiful villages. I was never tired viewing them, and at every opportunity was on shore among their tupics—summer tents.

At other times I would make an excursion to some of the many islands around the ship, for the purpose of exercise and collecting specimens. I took one or more of the natives with me generally, and, on a certain occasion, the following incident occurred :—

In the morning of September 8th, I went over in a boat to an island. I had with me a little "one-eyed" Esquimaux companion, and, after about three hours' ramble, we returned to the landing only to find the boat entirely out of our reach. The tide had risen so much that approach to it was quite out of the question. The fastening of the boat was to a rock now far out, and beneath the waters! Here was a dilemma. What was I to do? The dashing waves threatened every moment to surge away the boat; and if that went, and we were left upon that solitary, barren island for a night, the probability was we

should both suffer greatly. There was no other way of getting off but by the boat, and the tide was still fast rising. For a time I was puzzled what to do. But, as "necessity is the mother of invention," I at length bethought me of a plan. If I had a line long enough to allow of a stone attached to it being thrown into the boat, all would probably be right. But I had no line. What then could I do? Presently an idea struck me. The telescope-case, containing a spy-glass (which swung to my side), had a long leathern strap. My marine (opera) glass was also pendent from my neck by a piece of green curtain-cord. The native boots on my feet were made fast by strong thongs of sealskin. Quickly these were tied together and made into a line some twenty feet long. To this a moderately heavy stone was attached, and with a good throw I managed to cast it into the boat. With a steady, gentle pull, the boat was once more within reach, and my Esquimaux companion and myself able to rejoin the living world!

It is said that "our lives often hang upon a brittle thread!" True, indeed. Certainly it was something like it in the present case, and I believe there can be no impropriety in saying that mine and my little Esquimaux's depended for once upon a *strong shoestring!*

Another boat adventure may be here worth narrating. About a month after the previous occurrence I went on "Look-out" Island to spend the day making observations, &c. Two young Esquimaux accompanied me; but, though the place where I landed was only about half a mile south of the ship, we were some time getting there, and on arrival I found, from the high breakers ashore, it would be better to send the boat back. The troubled sea was such that in a little time the boat, if left there, would have been pounded to pieces. I wrote a note to the ship, asking for one of the working boats to call for me at evening. As the two boys went off in the boat, no small anxiety was caused by witnessing the difficulty and delay they experienced in reaching the ship. And no wonder. The boat they had to manage was twenty-eight feet

long and six feet beam, and this to take across a channel where the sea is often very considerable. However, the tide helped them, and in time they got alongside.

In the evening one of our whale-boats came for me under charge of Mr. Rogers, who also found much difficulty in approaching any place where I could get on board. He neared a rock upon which I stepped, but instantly found myself slipping. I had in hand and about my person sextants, artificial horizon, nautical and surveying books, tape measurer, &c. &c., and there I was, poised upon the edge of a precipitous rock, fixed in deep water, with furious surf around it! I felt alarmed, more, perhaps for my instruments than myself, for the former would be lost, while I might readily be saved. All of the boat's crew were anxiously bending their eyes upon me as I kept slipping, and for a moment unable to help myself. But, thanks to my Esquimaux boots, which had been well "chewed" by the native women, I was able, by a great effort, to press my feet and toes upon the ice-covered rock, until *Keeney*, the "boat-header," managed to spring on shore to my assistance, and in another moment I was in the boat. Thus I was saved on this occasion simply by the flexibility of Esquimaux boots!

One Sunday after dinner I took the dingey, a small boat belonging to the ship, and, accompanied by four Esquimaux boys, directed it to the foot of the mountains north of our harbour. The mountains are God's temples; to them I like to bend my steps on Sundays.

"God, that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

I used, therefore, to say, "To what place shall I go where I can better worship my God than on the mountains? How can I so well learn His power as looking upon and contemplating His almighty works?"

After leaving the boat in a safe little harbour, we began our upward tramp, and I was much interested in a pile of rock which seemed nearly undermined by old Father Time. The

remaining stone was feldspar; that which had been eaten out —a stratum of five feet thick—was composed of mica and a small proportion of quartz. The distance excavated in some places could not have been less than three or four fathoms! At first it seemed decidedly venturesome to go under this rock shed; but, on witnessing the firmness of the feldspar, its immense height, length, and breadth, it restored my confidence.

I greatly enjoyed my walk, and returned on board without mishap by the evening.

On the 10th of September we were visited by some newcomers—an Esquimaux called *Tes-su-win*, and his family and boat's crew. They had left *Ookoolear*—Cornelius Grinnell Bay—on the previous day, bringing a letter from Captain Allen, of the *Black Eagle*, which vessel was still where we had left her on the 16th of August, when sailing for this place. The number in Tessuwin's boat was eleven, including four females. He had with him his wife, *Neu-er-ar-ping*, and a sister's child called *Og-big*, meaning whale. Tessuwin and his wife had both been to Fox Channel from Kemmisuite, in Northumberland Inlet, and the information they gave me concerning those parts, and all around the Frobisher waters, was very interesting, fully confirming the other reports. Tessuwin had often seen, and, with many others, visited in his kia the Hudson's Bay Company's ships, as they passed up Hudson's Strait. He said that very few Innuits now dwelt on *Kingaite* (Meta Incognita), and nearly all the native inhabitants were fast dying off.

Soon after Tessuwin's arrival another boat from Captain Tyson's ship, then at the same place as the *Black Eagle*, came on board, and after a stay of two days returned, taking back several of the natives, among whom was Kookoodlear, the young wife of one of the *George Henry*'s hired Esquimaux crew. Tessuwin left us on the 15th, he having engaged himself and family to Captain Allen for the whaling season.

A few days after this, on the 18th, we were much surprised at the sight of a vessel coming up the bay, and soon afterward we ascertained she was the *Georgiana*, Captain Tyson.

It was evening when she neared, passing on the opposite side of some small islands that inclosed us in our harbour. As she was going along about three or four knots an hour, suddenly I perceived her upon a rock, and in another moment her bow was raised some four feet higher than the stern. All was then confusion. A boat was seen to take a line out, but the increasing darkness prevented much being observed, and I felt great anxiety as to her fate. Fortunately, the tide was on the flood, and in less than an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing her again free. In ten minutes more she dropped anchor about two cable lengths from us.

The following days an interchange of visits took place, and new life was diffused by the friendly spirit of emulation created between the two ships' companies in whaling. One day, when the boats were out, it was seen by those of us who remained on board that a whale had been captured, but at first we could not tell which ship's company were the victors. By-and-by it was ascertained to be the *George Henry*'s, and I here mention it to relate an instance of generous feeling on the part of Captain Tyson.

When Smith, who was the lucky captor, had fastened to the whale, and was looking for means to secure his prize, Captain Tyson, in his boat, came up, and, without a word, proceeded to lance the huge monster so as to render him incapable of further resistance. Directly this was done, Tyson left, to go cruising for others; nor did he once make any proposition in reference to a claim for a share, as customary among whalers. His act was most friendly, especially so where whaling has so much to create strife.

About this time I was very sick—indeed, had been quite prostrated for several days by severe rheumatic pains. The cause originated with myself in consequence of needless exposure. I had experienced no material illness before since leaving home; and I believed, even as I now believe, that what Governor Elberg, of Holsteinborg, said to me about the healthy condition of all who reside in the arctic regions, as compared with other parts of the world, was true. But I had

neglected even the commonest precautions during wet, cold, and fogs, and thus I now suffered. I allude to it for the purpose of showing the great sympathy evinced for me by the Esquimaux whenever they came on board. In moving about near my cabin they would walk on tiptoe, as though instructed in our customs at home; and on one occasion, two little girls, *Ookoodlear* and a companion, were so careful lest they should disturb me, that they would hardly turn over the leaves of an illustrated atlas that had been placed before them for their amusement.

This sickness of mine continued, with intermissions, for several days; but eventually I triumphed over it, and was able to move about again as I had been accustomed to. During my sickness various dishes were prepared for me from game that was captured, but I well remember the joy I felt on eating a portion of a reindeer's tongue, brought on board by some of the Esquimaux after a successful hunt. The previous day all hands had been eating (and relishing it too) some soused "black skin" of the whale, and I had freely taken of my share, but the satisfaction was nothing compared to that produced by the reindeer tongue. Nevertheless, I still assert that the black skin is good, *either raw or cooked;* and when prepared as pigs' feet are in the States, it is luxurious.

At this time the *George Henry* was feeding and employing in the whaling service thirteen Esquimaux—that is, two boats' crews and one over. They got three meals a day in the cabin. The ration to each was one sea-biscuit, a mug of coffee, and a slice of salt junk. Besides this, they were furnished with all the pipes, tobacco, clothing, guns, and ammunition they wanted. In return, they generally went out cruising for whales just when they pleased, came back when they pleased, and did as they pleased. If one or several took an idea to go off deer-hunting, or for any other object, away he or they would go. They *would* be independent in the fullest sense of the word, and restraint was what they could not brook.

We Americans talk about "freedom and independence," but we are far behind these Northerners. While we are pleased

with shadows, the dusky sons of an arctic clime enjoy the substance. They *will* do as they please, without any one having the acknowledged right or power to say to them, "Why do you so?"

I could say much, very much upon this subject, but perhaps it may be considered out of place, therefore leave it for another opportunity. Still, I must make one remark. The Esquimaux really deserve the attention of the philanthropist and Christian. Plant among them a colony of men and women having right-minded principles, and, after some patient toil, glorious fruits must follow. I cannot realize the fact that here is a people having much of nobleness and even *greatness* in their composition, yet unvisited and apparently uncared-for by the missionary world. Nothing, however, could be done toward their good until a course is adopted similar to that pursued by the King of Denmark with Greenland. It is a painful, but too evident fact, that the Esquimaux on the west of Davis's Straits are woefully debased, and fallen from their original virtues—though possessing many still—owing to the visits of reckless white men on their coasts. In Greenland the case is different. There, under the Danish king's control, Christian colonies, churches, schools, store-houses, and stores of every needful variety, are to be found interspersed from Cape Farewell to Upernavik, and the inhabitants comfortable and happy. Priests and catechists, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, are educated to their several posts, and are well paid for their services from his majesty's coffers. Danes emigrate to the land, marry and intermarry with the Esquimaux. Knowledge and virtue, industry and prosperity, are the results. And, notwithstanding the expenses for the support of all this, including the salaries of inspectors, governors, and several scores of employés, yet the net proceeds of this apparently desolate land exceed ten thousand dollars, federal money, per annum! This is well for Greenland. Paying for all her imports; paying the expenses of some ten ships annually from and to Copenhagen; paying all the other expenses named, including missionaries, and yet realizing an

annual return of net profit for the King of Denmark of ten thousand dollars! How many nations of this modern day do better? And, with this fact before us, why shall not the same occur (adopting the same plan) in the land of the Esquimaux on the west side of Davis's Straits? Let my countrymen look to it whenever the first opportunity arrives.

On the 27th day of September (1860) there broke upon us that fearful gale which caused the loss of my expedition boat and the far-famed *Rescue*, drove the *Georgiana* on shore, and came near proving the destruction of the *George Henry* and all on board. As it was of so serious a character, I will here give the particulars in detail.

Wednesday, the 26th, commenced with light winds from the N.E. At noon it began to snow, with an increasing breeze. At 1 P.M. all the boats came on board from their cruising-ground, and preparations were made for bad weather. The wind now rapidly increased to a gale, and at 8 P.M. the second anchor was let go, with all the cable given that could be allowed without letting the *George Henry* get too near the rocky island astern of us. The schooner *Rescue*, at this time, was about fifty fathoms distant on our starboard bow, and the brig *Georgiana* a little more easterly. At 9 P.M. the gale was still increasing, and a heavy sea rising. At this time the deck watch came in the cabin and reported that the *Rescue* was dragging her anchors, and as we looked upon her dark form through the thick darkness of the night, it seemed, as she kept moving by, that her destruction was inevitable and immediate. But, when abeam of us, she held on, though pitching and surging heavily. The *Georgiana* was seen but faintly, and it appeared as if she, too, was in great danger.

At 11 P.M. it was blowing a perfect hurricane, with thick snow, and just then we could perceive the brig driving astern toward the island. She had, as we afterward learned, broken her small anchor, and dragged her large one. On she went, driving heavily, amid the wild stir of the elements, and the awful darkness of that snow-storm night—on and on, with nothing to save her, until presently we could see she had

struck upon the island leeward of us, where, after "worrying" her anchor round a point of land, she got into some slightly smooth water, and there continued pounding her larboard side on the rocks. The crew now left her and went on to the island, expecting every moment that she would part her remaining chain, and so be driven out into the bay, where there would be no possible chance of saving their lives.

Meanwhile, we ourselves were momentarily expecting destruction. It did not seem possible that our anchors could hold. Wind, and storm, and a raging sea appeared to be combined against us. Thirty souls, besides near a score of natives, were on board, and all preparing for the moment when it was probable the *George Henry* would be adrift on the rocks. But thanks to Providence and our good anchors, we did not stir, though at no time very far from the rocks. Every now and then I was on deck, not to hear the howling winds, for the whole cabin below resounded with their roar, but to gaze upon the terrible scene. And what a scene! It was truly awful. Never before had I seen its like—never had I pictured to my imagination the reality of such a night. As I tried to steady myself by holding fast to some fixed rope, my eyes were spell-bound by the fearful sight before me. There behind was the brig pounding away upon the rocks; and here, closer to us, was our consort, the schooner, plunging and chafing at her anchors as if mad at the restraint put upon her, and insanely desirous of letting go her hold to rush upon the shore. Ever and anon would she throw her bows low down, taking up the briny sea, and then, swiftly surging to and fro, spring fearfully on her chains. On the rocky, desolate island astern, the moving figures of those belonging to the brig could be discerned, evidently doing their best to keep warm in that bitter night. Through the rigging of our ship came the howling wind and the driving snow, while the fierce waves played and leaped about in the wildest fury. Yes, it was indeed a fearful sight, especially as it was increased in horror by the dread uncertainty of own and our consort's continued safety.

At length these our fears were in part fulfilled. Toward morning the hurricane became stronger. Every blast seemed as if about to tear us from our hold, and then lift us into the air and hurl us upon the rocks for destruction. Presently our eyes caught sight of the *Rescue* in a moment dashing before the storm toward the dreaded shore. She had parted chain, and, with one bound, went hopelessly broadside on, amid the breakers at her lee. Thump! thump! crash! crash! away the tottering masts! the ropes, the bulwarks, the all of what was once the noble-looking, beautiful, and renowned schooner *Rescue!* In and among the rocks, with their jagged tops tearing her to pieces, and the boiling surges driving over her decks, as the snow-storm poured its heavy drift around, even as if it were a wondrous funeral shroud, so did the doomed craft meet its fate.

So, too, was my expedition boat torn from its moorings, and, sharing the *Rescue's* sad end, doomed me also to a wreck of disappointment in the hopes I had cherished concerning her. And all this we saw as, with startled gaze and anxious thought, we stood on deck, powerless to save, and equally powerless to avert our own doom, if it should come.

The night passed on. The morning light slowly and cheerlessly pierced through the increasing thickness of falling snow as it flew past us on the driving wind. Dimly at first, then more distinctly, but still in dread spectre-like form, loomed up the rugged island scene, with its wrecks and desolation. Figures all but indistinct were moving about, and the two ships were pounding upon the rocks, tearing at their anchors as if in the most convulsive death-throes. The *Rescue* was on her broadside, with her bow easterly, and evidently breaking up. The *Georgiana*, being in a more sheltered spot, appeared to be less hurt. But it was necessary to do something, if possible, to release the men from their position on shore, and get them on board of us, for we seemed now likely to hold on. Accordingly, the moment a lull in the wind took place, which was at 9 A.M. of the 27th, a whale-boat was carefully lowered and passed astern. Into it

two brave hearts, Mate Rogers and a seaman, stepped, with a view of venturing through the boiling waves and surf to try and assist their wrecked comrades. Cautiously the boat was allowed to drift off toward the island, a strong and good line of great length attached to it from the ship. Skilfully was it guided over the seas and through the breakers. Mate Rogers and his bold companion well and nobly did their work. In a few moments the boat was under the *Rescue's* projecting bowsprit, and speedily, though requiring exceeding care, Captain Tyson, his crew, and those who had been on board of the schooner, got into her. A short time more, and all were standing safely on the *George Henry's* deck.

At noon both the stranded ships were pounding very heavily on the rocks, and jumping their anchors in such a manner as to cause the two vessels to move their position more round the island, though in opposite directions. Thus it continued throughout all of the 27th, the wind increasing rather than the contrary. But on the following morning the gale abated, and at nine o'clock a party of our people managed to get on shore. We found the larboard side of the *Rescue* badly stove, but the *Georgiana*, by being in a much less exposed place, was perfectly tight, and comparatively uninjured. Her crew soon afterward took possession of her again, and ultimately she was got off the rocks, and once more anchored in deep water.

As for the *Rescue*, after a careful examination, it was found she was too far damaged to be repaired with any means at our command. Accordingly, it was determined to totally abandon her; and this was put in execution the following day by clearing her hold of all the contents, and saving whatever was valuable of her material.

I went on shore to examine what remained of the schooner, and also to look after my expedition boat. I found my boat totally wrecked, nothing remaining but the stern-post fast to a three-inch cable. It appeared that during a part of the gale she had been driven high up on the rocks, and though the *Georgiana's* crew endeavoured to save her by additional



WRECK OF THE RESCUE AND EXPEDITION BOAT.

fastenings, her fate was sealed. The tempestuous elements would not allow her to escape, and she was broken to pieces in the fury of the storm.

I need not say how much I grieved at the loss of my boat. To me it was irreparable, and for a time I was nearly overcome by the blow; but I reasoned that all things were for the best in the hands of a good Providence, and I therefore bent submissively to His will.

The natives who had been on board of the *Georgiana* were on the island when I landed. They had found the sail of my boat, and turned it to account as a shelter, and now were as happy and merry as though nothing unusual had occurred.

The *Rescue*, when I examined her, was high and dry on the rocks, with her bottom stove in. I mounted her side (her decks were inclining to the shore at an angle of 45°); I entered her cabin, and looked into her hold, and again descended outside, going under and around her. Then as I gazed at her battered hull, grieving at the end she had come to, what a number of interesting associations crowded upon my mind. She had been of the "United States' Grinnell Expedition" in search of Sir John Franklin in 1850-1, being the consort of the *Advance*, in which latter vessel Dr. Kane afterward made that memorable voyage (the second Grinnell Expedition) in search of Franklin in 1853-5. The *Rescue's* quondam consort, after having given forth freely of its planks and timbers for the preservation and warmth of Dr. Kane and his party, was finally given up to the ices of the North which unrelentingly grasped it. The *Advance* was abandoned Sunday, May 20th, 1855, in Rensselaer Harbour, lat. 78° 37′ N. and long. 70° 40′ W. Five years, four months, and seven days after this occurred the total wreck of the *Rescue*, in a harbour named after her, situated in lat. 62° 52′ N. and long. 64° 44′ W. nearly due south of her former consort.

After well examining the *Rescue*, I went to the wreck of Koojesse's whale-boat, lying on the windward side of the island. This boat had been fast to the schooner's stern, and, of course, went on the rocks at the same time. She had

originally belonged to Kudlago, having been given to him in 1858. When Kudlago left for the States in 1859, he gave the boat to Koojesse to use until his return.*

I may add here, that an oomien (woman's or family boat) belonging to the natives went adrift during the storm and became a total wreck. A boat of this kind is of great value to the Esquimaux, and, when lost, is to them something akin to the loss of a first-class ship to us at home.

I must now say a few words concerning myself. Even in the midst of the howling tempest, when our own safety on board the *George Henry* was a matter of doubt, my thoughts kept turning to what I should do, now that my expedition boat was lost. But it did not take me long to consider. I was determined that, God willing, nothing should daunt me; I would persevere if there was the smallest chance to proceed. If one plan failed—if one disaster came, then another plan should be tried, and the disaster remedied to the best of my power. Thus, without delay, and while yet the hurricane blasts made the ship tremble beneath us, as the captain and I stood on her deck, I asked him if one of the ship's boats could be spared me to prosecute my voyage to King William's Land, now that my own little craft was wrecked. His reply, after some consideration, was favourable; but, when the time approached for my departure, it was found the one that alone could be spared to me was frail, rotten, and not seaworthy.

On the 1st of October the *Georgiana*, having made good her defects so far as she could, left the harbour under all sail, for Northumberland Inlet to winter. By her I forwarded letters to friends at home, should she meet, as was expected, with whalers returning to England.

* Before I close this account of the *Rescue's* wreck and the loss of my expedition boat, with the escape of the *George Henry*, it may be interesting to mention that this latter vessel did not live through another voyage after her return to the States in 1862. She was wrecked on the 16th day of July, 1863, on one of the lower Savage Islands in Hudson's Strait, about 100 miles farther south than Rescue Harbour. The particulars will be found in the Appendix (P).

CHAPTER VIII.

Splendid Displays of the Aurora—Arrival of Captain Parker in the "Truelove"—Visit to his Ship—Nikujar the Pilot—First Interview with the Innuits Ebierbing and Tookoolito—Their previous Visit to England and Presentation to Royalty—Snow-storm—A natural Causeway—Fluctuations of the Compass Needle—Tookoolito at Work—She tries to Educate her People—Her Power to do Good—Advantages of a Mission Colony—"Carl Petersen," M'Clintock's Interpreter—Tookoolito rebuking Swearers.

For several days now our life was of a very monotonous description, except so far as varied by the visits of Esquimaux, who were frequently on board performing different avocations more or less useful to us. Scrubbing the cabin floor, sewing and dressing sealskins, were some of the occupations that engrossed their time. Occasionally the younger members were ready pupils under my hand in trying to learn whatever I could teach them of civilized education.

But at this time the phenomena of Nature frequently gave me intense delight. The aurora, in all its glorious brilliancy, shone forth on several nights, and often did I linger on deck gazing upon it, with my soul entranced by the sight. It is impossible for me to give a just and full description of the immeasurable beauty and grandeur of such a scene. All I can attempt to do is to put before the reader my thoughts and sensations at the several times, as recorded in my journal.

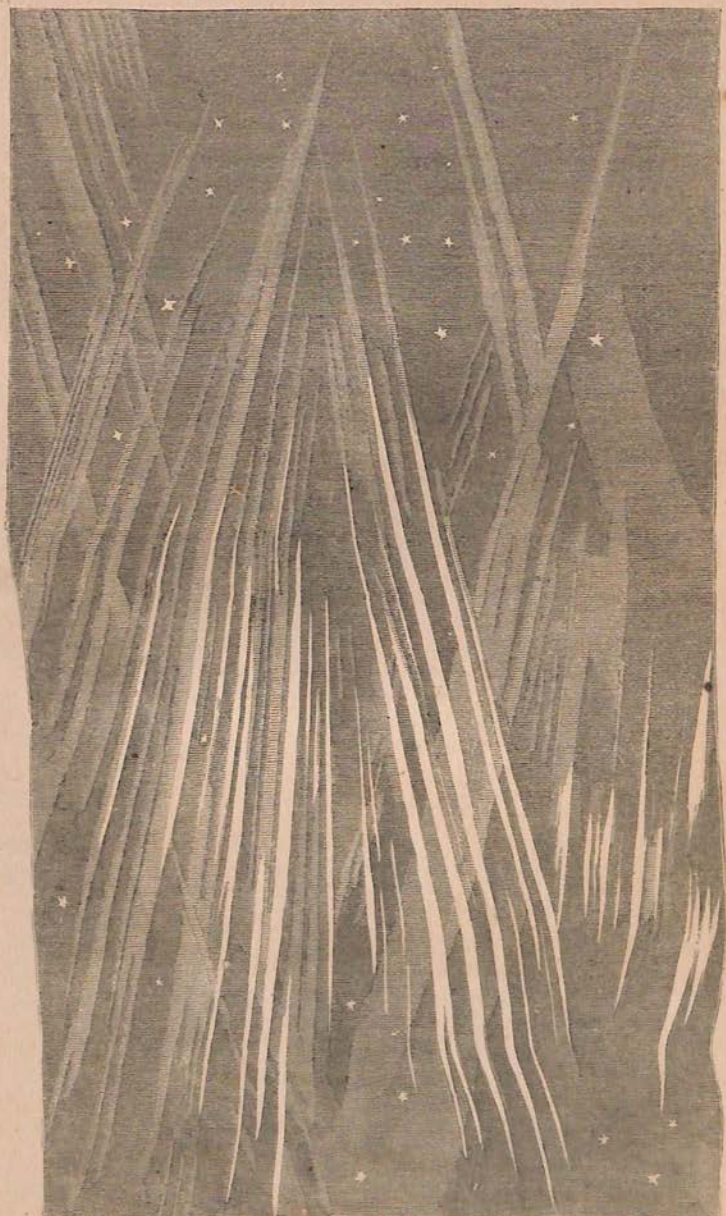
"*November* 23, 1860.—A few places at six o'clock this evening where the cerulean sky and stars can be seen. While standing on deck near the bow of the vessel, viewing Mars in its meridian passage at this place, all at once a bright, beautiful beam of aurora shot up midway between the star and the moon. The moon—some 39° or 40° east of Mars—was shining brightly, but above and below it were *cirri cumuli* clouds. Between the planets all was clear. The aurora beams

increased rapidly. They were of prismatic colours to-night, pea-green predominating. Oh that I could pen or pencil the beauty of this display! The kind of clouds which I have named are the most distant of any. The aurora, as it frequently ascended high in the heavens, plainly painted its golden rays upon the face of the clouds, thus proving it was at play *between* me and them. *Blind George*, the Esquimaux, was standing by my side. I told him what was going on in the heavens. I said the moon was shining, and the aurora showing off finely at the time. He wished me to place him



THE AURORA, NOV. 23, 1860.

in position that his face might be upturned toward what I saw and so admired. This I joyfully did. *Joyfully*, do I say? No, no! For, as *Paulooyer* (Blind George) asked me, I saw that he was possessed of an uncontrollable yearning, seeming to me like that of a pinioned eagle, to soar away to the regions of the stars. He sought to tear away the curtains



AURORA, DECEMBER 17, 1860.

which God, in His own dispensation, had seen fit to place before his eyes, that he might again see the handiwork of Him who made the stars, the world, and all that is therein.

"My ecstasy in the beauty of the scene before me was caught up by the spirit of George, thus making him an object worthy of a poet's pen—worthy of lasting remembrance."

On another occasion, December 3d, I find myself saying, "The aurora commenced its fantastic dances at 5 P.M. It now stretches its arch across the heavens from S.E. to W. the whole *southerly* of the vessel. Though not at first so, yet now their base is of prismatic colours. I know of no phenomenon more deeply interesting than that which is to be seen here every fair night in the aurora."

Again, on another morning, December 17th, at six o'clock, I write, "The heavens are beaming with aurora. The appearance of this phenomenon is quite changed from what it has been. Now the aurora shoots up in beams scattered over the whole canopy, all tending to meet at zenith. How multitudinous are the scenes presented in one hour by the aurora! This morning the changes are very rapid and magnificent. Casting the eye in one direction, I view the instantaneous flash of the aurora shooting up and spreading out its beautiful rays, gliding this way, then returning, swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a mighty clock. I cast my eyes to another point; there instantaneous changes are going on. I close my eyes for a moment; the scene has changed for another of seemingly greater beauty. In truth, if one were to catch the glowing heavens at each instant now passing, his varied views would number thousands in one hour. Who but God could conceive such infinite scenes of glory? Who but God execute them, painting the heavens in such gorgeous display?"

At another time the aurora presented a *new phase*, rays shooting athwart the south-western sky parallel with the horizon.

Later still, March 11th, I say: "It seemeth to me as if the very doors of heaven have been opened to-night, so *mighty*,

and *beauteous*, and *marvellous* were the waves of golden light that a few moments ago swept across the 'azure deep,' breaking forth anon into floods of wondrous glory. God made His wonderful works to-night to be remembered. I have witnessed many displays of the aurora since making anchorage in this harbour, a great many of them of surpassing magnificence, yet what I beheld this night crowns them all. I could never have anticipated the realization of such a scene!

"I was not alone enjoying it. Captain Budington and Mate Gardiner were with me, and we all looked on in wondrous yet delighted awe.

"The day had been fine, with a moderate wind from the north-west. When the sun went down behind the ridge of mountains limiting the bay, a perfect calm followed, with a sky absolutely cloudless. At 4 P.M. there had been seen one solitary and peculiar cloud hanging in the heavens to the north about 15° above the horizon. This cloud was a deep dark blue, looking much like the capital letter S. This at last disappeared, and the night set in, still beautiful and mild, with myriads of stars shining with apparently greater brilliancy than ever.

"I had gone on deck several times to look at the beauteous scene, and at nine o'clock was below in my cabin going to bed when the captain hailed me with the words, '*Come above, Hall, at once!* THE WORLD IS ON FIRE!'

"I knew his meaning, and, quick as thought, I redressed myself, scrambled over several sleeping Innuits close to my berth, and rushed to the companion stairs. In another moment I reached the deck, and as the cabin door swung open, a dazzling, overpowering light, as if the world was really a-blaze under the agency of some gorgeously-coloured fires, burst upon my startled senses! How can I describe it? Again I say, *no mortal hand can truthfully do so.* Let me, however, in feeble, broken words, put down my thoughts at the time, and try to give some faint idea of what I saw.

"My first thought was, 'Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto

Thy works!' Then I tried to picture the scene before me. Piles of golden light and rainbow light, scattered along the azure vault, extended from behind the western horizon to the zenith; thence down to the eastern, within a belt of space 20° in width, were the fountains of *beams*, like fire-threads, that shot with the rapidity of lightning hither and thither, upward and athwart the great pathway indicated. No sun, no moon, yet the heavens were a glorious sight, flooded with light. Even ordinary print could have been easily read on deck.

"*Flooded* with rivers of light. Yes, flooded with light; and such light! Light all but inconceivable. The golden hues predominated; but, in rapid succession, *prismatic colours leaped forth.*

"We *looked*, we SAW, and TREMBLED; for, even as we gazed, the whole belt of aurora began to be alive with flashes. Then each pile or bank of light became myriads; some now dropping down the great pathway or belt, others springing up, others leaping with lightning flash from one side, while more as quickly passed into the vacated space; some, twisting themselves into folds, entwining with others like enormous serpents, and all these movements as quick as the eye could follow. It seemed as if there was a struggle with these heavenly lights to reach and occupy the dome above our heads. Then the whole arch above became *crowded.* Down, down it came; nearer and nearer it approached us. Sheets of golden flame, coruscating while leaping from the auroral belt, seemed as if met in their course by some mighty agency that turned them into the colours of the rainbow, each of the seven primary, 3° in width, sheeted out to 21°; the prismatic bows at right angles with the belt.

"While the auroral fires seemed to be descending upon us, one of our number could not help exclaiming,

"'Hark! hark! such a display! almost as if a warfare was going on among the beauteous lights above—so palpable—so near—seems impossible without noise.'

"But no noise accompanied this wondrous display. All was silence.

"After we had again descended into our cabin, so strong was the impression of awe left upon us that the captain said to me,

"'Well, during the last eleven years I have spent mostly in these northern regions, I never have seen anything of the aurora to approach the glorious vivid display just witnessed. And, to tell you *the truth*, Friend Hall, *I do not care to see the like ever again.*'"

That this display was more than ordinarily grand was evidenced by the testimony of the Innuits, particularly Tookoolito, who, when she came on board a few days afterwards, stated that she had been much struck by its remarkable brilliancy, and that "it had exceeded in beauty and magnificence all displays ever before witnessed by her." I would here make the remark that the *finest* displays of the aurora only last a few moments. Though it may be playing all night, yet it is only now and then that its grandest displays are made. As if marshalling forces, gathering strength, compounding material, it continues on in its silent workings. At length it begins its trembling throes; beauty anon shoots out here and there, when all at once the aurora *flashes* into living hosts of *powdered* coruscating rainbows, belting the heavenly dome with such gorgeous grandeur sometimes that mortals tremble to behold!

On October 13th we had an unexpected arrival. A *steamer* and a sailing vessel were observed coming up from sea, and in the evening both vessels anchored on the opposite side of Field Bay. In a short time we ascertained that the strangers were well-known English whalers, being no less than the famous Captain Parker, of the *True-love*, and his son, commanding the steam-ship *Lady Celia*. They had come from Cornelius Grinnell Bay in less than a day, leaving Captain Allen, of the *Black Eagle*, there. Intelligence of our schooner's wreck had reached them at that place a few days after it had occurred, an Esquimaux and his wife having travelled by land and carried the news.

Directly there was an opportunity I paid a visit to the

new-comers, starting from our ship early in the morning. Ugarng's boat and crew took me there. The party consisted of himself, his wife Nikujar and child, Kokerjabin (Kudlago's widow), Sterry, and myself, besides other Esquimaux.

When we were one mile from *Look-out* Island the sun was lifting his bright face from the sea. The whole ridge of mountains, running south-easterly to "Hall's" ISLAND of Frobisher, was in plain sight, covered with white, and as we approached them, no opening into the harbour where the vessels were supposed to lie could be seen. But *Nikujar* being a capital pilot, knowing every channel and inlet within



NIKUJAR, THE BOAT-STEERER AND PILOT.

two hundred miles of our anchorage, the steering-oar was given to her; and there, seated upon the logger-head, with her pretty infant in its hood behind her neck, she steered us correctly to the spot.

With a few good strokes of the oars, we soon entered the snug little cove where the Parkers had taken shelter. In a moment or two after passing the steamer we were standing

on the deck of the *True-love*, most kindly welcomed by Captain Parker, senior, and shortly afterward by his son, who came on board. I there found "Blind George," who immediately recognised my voice, calling me by name, and saying, "How do you, Mitter Hall?" and then, without waiting for reply, adding, "Pretty well, I tank you!"

I was, indeed, right glad to again meet this noble but afflicted Esquimaux. The four times I had seen him at Cornelius Grinnell Bay caused him to be much impressed upon my memory, and now, strangely, here he was, and actually in presence of Nikujar, who was his former wife, before Ugarng took her away and made her his. Ugarng, however, *could* support the woman, and poor blind George could not; hence the latter had to submit, and be content with an occasional visit of their only child, as an idol which he cherished even more than his own life.

Captain Parker soon took me into his cabin, and had an excellent breakfast spread on the table. After this, conversation turned upon many subjects of a most interesting nature. He had brought his ship, guided by an Esquimaux pilot—Ebierbing—from Niountelik, in Northumberland Inlet, to Cornelius Grinnell Bay, through a channel 128 miles long, and not above one to two miles broad, behind a line of islands facing the sea. The steamer towed the sailing ship, as no vessel of their size could pass up or down such a channel unless with a fair wind. In the channel the flood tide runs south, while elsewhere it runs north. Captain Parker said the scenery was most magnificent, and there was plenty of salmon, deer, and other game. Altogether it was a trip, as he expressed it, that I would have been delighted with.

Among the many incidents related to me by Captain Parker, one or two may be worth recording here. He said that in 1833–4 he had been down Prince Regent's Inlet as far as Cape Kater, in company with the *Isabella*, Captain Humphreys, who rescued Sir John Ross and his companions after their four years' abode in an icy home. Parker had seen Ross's boats while on their way to escape, but supposing them to be

the *Isabella's*, took no especial notice. In Regent's Inlet, he said, there were hundreds of whales between Cape York and Cape Kater. He had caught five off Cape Kater, and twenty-three more between there and Cape York. Seals, narwhals, white whales, and the walrus, were also in great abundance.

He likewise described to me, in a most graphic manner, the terrible storm of 1830 in Baffin's Bay, when twenty-two vessels were wrecked, and yet his own ship escaped without the slightest damage. One thousand men had to make good their retreat upon the ice toward the Danish settlements, some 600 miles distant, and all arrived safely with the exception of two, who died from the effects of spirituous liquors they injudiciously drank.

Captain Parker, at the time I saw him, was sixty-nine years of age, and good, to all appearance, for half a score more in the arctic regions. He had been navigating those northern seas (whaling) for forty-five years, with an interval of about five years, when he rested. He commenced in 1815, and was a commander in 1820. He had never lost a ship. On the present voyage *neither vessel had a chronometer.* They depended upon dead reckoning for their longitude.

There was a doctor on board, quite a young man, and apparently of merit. He had been one year in Springfield, Ohio.

The *True-love* is well known in arctic history as connected with the late searching expeditions. In 1849 she landed some coals at Cape Hay, in Lancaster Sound, as requested by Lady Franklin, who sent them out, that fuel might be deposited at every likely spot where her husband and his companions might possibly visit. This remarkable vessel is 100 years old, and was built in Philadelphia, Pa.

I explained to Captain Parker all about my plans, and he expressed himself much interested in them, promising to let me have a boat I desired, as an additional one to that I should get from the *George Henry*, and which would be needed to carry my stores.

On Captain Parker's invitation I remained to dinner, and

then, after a most agreeable visit, returned to the *George Henry*.

In a few days after this both the Parkers suddenly went to sea—as we supposed, driven out of their anchorage by a gale that had been blowing, and, owing to this, I did not receive the boat promised me, nor were we able to send home the letters that had been prepared.

It was about this time I was visited by two Esquimaux, man and wife, who will henceforth often appear in my narrative, and who, together with a child afterward born to them, accompanied me to the States. The man's name was Ebierbing—otherwise called by us "Joe"—his wife's Too-koolito, or "Hannah."

I was informed that this couple had been taken to England in 1853, and presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and that the female was a remarkably intelligent, and what might be called an accomplished woman. They had remained nearly two years in Great Britain, and were everywhere well received. I heard, moreover, that she was the sister of *Toto* and *Ee-noo-loo-a-pik*, both celebrated in their country as great travellers and intelligent men, and the latter well known in England from his visit there in 1839, and from a memoir of him published by Surgeon Macdonald, of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition. Ebierbing was a good pilot for this coast, and had brought Captain Parker's ship through the channels, as already narrated. At the time of the gale, when my boat and the *Rescue* were wrecked, he was up in Northumberland Inlet, and also lost a boat of his own.

When I visited Captain Parker "Joe" was not on board, nor did I know much of him until the above particulars were furnished to me. I was, therefore, naturally anxious to see this couple, and looked forward to our meeting with much hope that it would prove not only pleasing, but useful in many ways. The first interview I had is recorded in my journal as follows:—

"*November 2d*, 1860.—While intently occupied in my cabin, writing, I heard a soft, sweet voice say, 'Good morning, sir.'

The *tone* in which it was spoken—musical, lively, and varied—instantly told me that a lady of refinement was there greeting me. I was astonished. Could I be dreaming? Was it a mistake? No! I was wide awake, and writing. But, had a thunder-clap sounded on my ear, though it was snowing at the time, I could not have been more surprised than I was at the sound of that voice. I raised my head: a lady was indeed before me, and extending an ungloved hand.

"Of course, my welcome to such an unexpected visitor in these regions was as befitting as my astonished faculties for the moment could make it. The doorway in which she stood leads from the main cabin into my private room. Directly over this entrance was the skylight, admitting a flood of light, and thus revealed to me *crinoline*, heavy flounces, an attenuated toga, and an immensely expanded 'kiss-me-quick' bonnet, but the features I could not at first make out.

"'Coming events cast their shadows before them.' Ladies are events casting *umbra and penumbra* along wherever their pathway be, thus bespeaking glory about them constantly. Knowing the philosophy of all this even before leaving the States, I immediately tried to do honour to my unknown visitor. But, on turning her face, who should it be but a *lady* Esquimaux! Whence, thought I, came this civilization refinement? But, in a moment more, I was made acquainted with my visitor. She was the Tookoolito I had so much desired to see, and directly I conversed with her she showed herself to be quite an accomplished person. She spoke my own language fluently, and there, seated at my right in the main cabin, I had a long and interesting conversation with her. Ebierbing, her husband—a fine, and also intelligent-looking man—was introduced to me, and, though not speaking English so well as his wife, yet I could talk with him tolerably well. From them I gleaned many interesting particulars of their visit to England, and I was gratified to hear that they had actually dined with Prince Albert, who treated them very kindly, and with much consideration.

"Ebierbing, in speaking of the Queen, said he liked her very

much, and she was quite 'pretty.' He also said that Prince Albert was a 'very kind, good man, and he should never forget him.'"

The following conversation, as copied from my journal, written at the time, will show the sentiments of Tookoolito on civilized life:—

I asked her how she would like to live in England. She replied, "I would like very well, I thank you."

"Would you like to go to America with me?" said I.

"I would indeed, sir," was the ready reply.

In reference to the Queen of England, she said,

"I visited her, and liked the appearance of Her Majesty, and everything about the palace. Fine place, I assure you, sir."

Tookoolito was suffering with a cold, and I noticed that whenever she coughed she threw her face on one side and held her hand before her lips, the same as any lady of good manners would. Her costume was that of civilization, being a dress with heavy flounces, an elegant toga made of young tuktoo fur deeply fringed, and a bonnet of the style invented on the principle "cover the head by a rosette on its back!"

As Tookoolito continued speaking, I could not help admiring the exceeding gracefulness and modesty of her demeanour. Simple and gentle in her way, there was a degree of calm intellectual power about her that more and more astonished me. I felt delighted beyond measure, because of the opportunity it gave me for becoming better acquainted with these people through her means, and I hoped to improve it toward the furtherance of the great object I had in view.

After a stay of some duration she went on shore, and the following day I visited her and her husband at their tent. She was then in native costume, and it seemed to me that this suited her even better than the other.

Some short time after this, I made an excursion by myself to the island on which was situated the Esquimaux "North Star" village.

The day became stormy after I had landed in one of the

native boats, but I continued my walk, accompanied by the dogs, to a part of the island I wished to visit. On arriving there, I found a sort of natural *causeway*, formed of stones, leading to a smaller islet, and, crossing it, I continued examining the locality for some time. At length the snow-storm increased so much as to compel my return, and I made my way back to the south side of the main island.

But now I could hardly see my way. The snow came down so thick that I was fain to take shelter under the lee of some rocks near me, and, while there, I examined my compass to ascertain if I was going right. To my astonishment, I found the course I had pursued was exactly the reverse of the right one. I looked again and again, and yet the needle pointed exactly opposite to what I had expected. What was I to do? retrace my steps? For a moment I hesitated; but at length moving on, I was about walking back as I had come, when, on looking at the compass again, I found it just the opposite of what it was before! Strange, thought I. Surely there must be local attraction in the rocks where I took shelter. But still it made me anxious, especially as the weather was becoming worse. Indeed, I felt it very possible I might be lost in the storm, and perhaps have to wander about all the coming night, or be frozen to death by remaining stationary, should the compass play me another trick; but at last, thanks to my faithful dogs, they actually guided me straight to the village, where I arrived without any mishap.

The one I entered was Ebierbing's. He himself had gone out, but Tookoolito welcomed me as usual, soon entering into lively and instructing conversation. Two native boys were there at the time, and Tookoolito herself was busy KNITTING *socks for her husband!* Yes, to my surprise, she was thus engaged, as if she had been in a civilized land and herself civilized, instead of being an Esquimaux in her own native wilds of ice and snow!

It was a strange contrast, the sight within that tent and the view without. The latter presented a picture of barrenness and storm; the former much that tended to the idea of

warmth and home. Knitting stockings for her husband! How much of dear home was in that favourite domestic occupation! Then, too, her voice, her words and language, the latter in my own vernacular, were something more than common in that region. I have before said that she was peculiarly pleasing and refined in her style and manners; and now, while sheltering me beneath her hospitable roof, with the bright lamp before me, the lively prattle of the two boys came in strong contrast to the soft tones of her partly civilized tongue as my mind opened to receive all she uttered.

What she said, and what my impressions were at the time, will be found in the following extract from my journal:

"*November 14th*, 1860.—Tookoolito, after returning from England five years ago, where she and her *wing-a* (husband) spent twenty months, commenced diffusing her accomplishments in various ways, to wit, teaching the female portion of the nation, such as desired, to knit, and the various useful things practised by civilization. In all the places around Northumberland Inlet she has lived, and done what she could to improve her people. A singular fact relative to dressing her hair, keeping her face and hands cleanly, and wearing civilization dresses—others of her sex, in considerable numbers, follow these *fashions* imported by her. This shows to me what one person like Tookoolito could accomplish in the way of the introduction of schools and churches among this people. To give this woman an education in the States, and subsequent employment in connexion with several of our missionaries, would serve to advance a noble and good work. And yet I must state that, unless a *working colony*, or several of them, were established, co-operating in this work, and laws were made by the fundamental power that *should be as rigid* relative to whalers visiting the coasts as those of Denmark to Greenland, *all would be as nought.*

"The working or trading colony would make its government, school, and church institutions self-supporting. *Let the plan of Denmark for Greenland be followed. It is a good one, and works well.*

"While in the tent, Tookoolito brought out the book I had given her, and desired to be instructed. She has got so far as to spell words of two letters, and pronounce most of them properly. Her progress is praiseworthy. At almost every step of advancement, she feels as elated as a triumphant hero in battle. She is far more anxious to learn to read and write than Ebierbing. I feel greater confidence (allowing it were possible to feel so) in the success of my mission since engaging these two natives. They can talk with me in my own vernacular, are both smart, and will be useful each in the department they will be called upon to fill. Tookoolito will especially fill the place of an interpreter, having the capacity for it surpassing Karl Petersen, the Dane, who has been employed as Esquimaux interpreter by various expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin—1st, by Captain Penny, 1850–1; 2d, by Dr. Kane, 1853–5; 3d, by Captain (now Sir Leopold) M'Clintock, 1857–9.

"Tookoolito, I have no doubt, will readily accomplish the differences in language between the Innuits of Boothia and King William's Land, and that of her own people around Northumberland Inlet and Davis's Strait. The pronunciation of the same words by communities of Esquimaux living at considerable distances from each other, and having but little intercourse, is so different that it is with difficulty they are understood one by the other. I should judge, from the very great difference of the language as spoken by the Greenlanders and the natives on the west side of Davis's Strait, that Petersen was of little service to M'Clintock as an Esquimaux interpreter. This conclusion would be arrived at by any one reading the narrative of M'Clintock's interviews with the natives on King William's Land.

"The Greenlanders have a mixed language consisting of *Danish and Esquimaux*. . . . Even the intercourse of the whalers with the Esquimaux around Northumberland Inlet has introduced among them many words that are now in constant use. Tookoolito informed me to-day that the words pickaninny, for infant; cooney, for wife; pussy, for seal;

Husky, for Innuit; smoketute, for pipe, and many other words, are not Esquimaux, though in use among her people.

"I now complete the tupic interview. Before I was aware of it, Tookoolito had the 'tea-kettle' over the friendly fire-lamp, and the water boiling. She asked me if I drank tea. Imagine my surprise at this, the question coming from an Esquimaux in an Esquimaux tent! I replied, 'I do; but you have not tea here, have you?' Drawing her hand from a little tin box, she displayed it full of fine-flavoured black tea, saying, 'Do you like your tea strong?' Thinking to spare her the use of much of this precious article away up here, far from the land of civilization, I replied, 'I'll take it weak, if you please.' A cup of hot tea was soon before me—capital tea, and capitally made. Taking from my pocket a sea-biscuit which I had brought from the vessel for my dinner, I shared it with my hostess. Seeing she had but one cup, I induced her to share with me its contents. There, amid the snows of the North, under an Esquimaux's hospitable tent, in company with Esquimaux, for the first time I shared with them in that soothing, cheering, invigorating emblem of civilization—T-E-A! Tookoolito says that she and her winga (husband) drink it nearly every night and morning. They acquired a taste for it in England, and have since obtained their annual supply from English and American whalers visiting Northumberland Inlet.

"By-the-bye, Tookoolito said to me during the entertainment just described, 'I feel very sorry to say that many of the whaling people are very bad, making the Innuits bad too; they swear very much, and make our people swear. I wish they would not do so. *Americans swear a great deal—more and worse than the English.* I wish no one would swear. It is a very bad practice, I believe.'

"How think you, beloved Americans, I felt with these hot coals on my head? Oh that every swearing man, and every saint, could have seen and heard that Esquimaux woman as she spoke thus! I had just returned from a hard encounter with deep snow—falling snow, driven by almost a hurricane;

but, O God, give me a thousand storms—worse, if they could be—rather than have the like *thundering* in my ears again! Her words, her looks, her voice, her tears, are in my very soul still. Here, one of the iron daughters of the rocky, ice-ribbed North, standing like an angel, pleading the cause of the true God, weeping for the sad havoc made and making among her people by those of my countrymen who should have been, and ever should be, the glorious representatives of freedom, civilization, and Christianity! It was too much; I was a child. I confess, I blushed for this stain upon my country's honour—not only this, but for the wickedness diffused almost throughout the unenlightened world by the instrumentality of whalers hailing from civilized lands.

"This I am ready to admit, that some commanders, some officers, and some crews of whaling ships are as they should be, exemplary men—men who take pleasure in doing good wherever they are—who seek to extend the bounds of civilization, planting philanthropic and Christian institutions where darkness and ignorance had before reigned universal.

"Being now ready to return—three o'clock P.M.—Ebierbing kindly gathered a crew from among his friends to convey me aboard. Much seko (ice) had set into the cove, causing us great trouble and delay to get out. Once clear, a few strokes brought us alongside.

"10 o'clock, night, thermometer 29°, barometer 29.525; wind south—fresh; cloudy."



BONE SLEDGE-RUNNER.

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to Esquimaux Village—First Specimen of domestic Life among the Innuits —Female Tongues good Cleaners—The Angeko's Power—Mysteries of Innuit Worship—Choice of Wives — Curious Guide Poles to Travellers—Charley's Independence of Angeko—Ship beset in the Ice—Sudden Movements of the Ice—Frozen in — A Bear-hunt — Visit the Tupic of Ebierbing—Scarcity of Innuit Food and Fuel—The Esquimaux Lamp—Patience and Perseverance of an Innuit Hunter—An Igloo.

AT this time I frequently paid visits to the Esquimaux village, and one trip I find recorded in my journal as follows:—

"*October* 30.—After dinner a boat was sent from the ship to obtain some fresh water at the head of the bay, and I availed myself of the opportunity to go on shore. Smith had charge of the boat, and in less than an hour we arrived at a beautiful little harbour, two and a half miles distant northwesterly from the vessel. Here there was a complete Esquimaux village, and all the inhabitants, men, women, children, and dogs, rushed out to meet us. Our crew consisted of five white men, and each of them soon engaged a native to carry water to the boat, while he himself sought amusement among the tents. Smith and I walked on for about an eighth of a mile to the lakelet where the water was obtained, and put the Esquimaux fairly to work. We then returned, and called at one of the tents. Smith, being first, intended to pass in, but had no sooner lifted the folding door (pendent skins) and introduced his head, than he rapidly withdrew it again, exclaiming, 'Whew! By thunder, I'm not going in *there!* It's crowded, and smells horribly. How it looms up!' He then turned away, but I, having more inducements to bear the infliction, determined to pass in.

"Bowing down almost to a horizontal position, in went head, shoulders, body, and all. The next second I found

myself butt up against a dozen Esquimaux, all lusty fellows, and crowded together in a heap, each armed with a knife! But there was no cause for alarm. The knives were not for any warlike or evil purpose. They were being used simply for cutting off strips of seal, to be shoved into the widely-extended mouths of the hungry people before me. Quite at the back of the tent I perceived my Esquimaux friend Koojesse seated between two pretty females, all three engaged in doing full justice to a dish of *smoking-hot seal-blood!* Seeing me, Koojesse at first seemed abashed; but, on my expressing a readiness to partake of any food they had to spare, one of the women immediately drew forth from the stew-pan about four inches of seal vertebræ, surrounded by good meat. I managed to eat the latter, and then determined to try the seal-blood. To my surprise, I found it excellent.

"On first receiving the dish containing this Esquimaux stew, I hesitated. It had gone the round several times, being replenished as occasion required; but its external appearance was not at all inviting. Probably it had never gone through the cleaning process, for it looked as though such were the case. But I screwed up courage to try it, and finally, when the dish came again to those by my side, I asked Koojesse, 'Pe-e-uke?' (Is it good?) '*Armelarng, armelarng*' (Yes, yes), was the reply.

"All eyes were fixed upon me as I prepared to join with them in drinking some of their favourite soup.

"Now the custom of the Esquimaux in drinking seal-blood is to take one long s-o-o-o-p—one mouthful, and then pass the dish on to the rest till the round is made. I followed suit, and, to my astonishment, found the mixture not only good, but really excellent. I could not have believed it was so far superior to what my previous notions had led me to expect.

"Seeing I was pleased with it, she who presided at the feast instantly made ready a pretty little cup, which was clean outside and in, or clean as an Esquimaux can make it, and filled it with the hot seal-blood. This I sipped down

with as much satisfaction as any food I had eaten in my life; and, in return for the friendly act of my Innuit hostess, I gave her a highly-coloured cotton handkerchief. She was in ecstasies with it, and the whole company joined with her in expressions of kindness and goodwill toward me. Clearly I had ingratiated myself with one party of the natives here, and this I was determined to do in like manner elsewhere.

"Soon afterward I left them, and crawling out of their tent on all-fours, passed through the village toward the beach. On the way I heard a voice calling out 'Mitter Hall—Mitter Hall;' and, on turning round, perceived poor 'Blind George.' I went to him, and found that he was in great trouble. He tried to tell me all his grief, but with difficulty could he give utterance to his words. 'Ugarng,' said he, 'Ugarng home to-day? My pickaninny away go. Mitter Hall, speak-um, my pickaninny—speak-um, my pickaninny here.'

"The fact was that, as already stated, Ugarng had got his child, and the poor blind man wanted her to be with him for a while. I therefore spoke to Ugarng, and often afterward little Kookooyer was seen by her father's side.

"While in the village I called at another tent, and was treated to a liberal piece of 'black skin' after it had been well cleansed of foreign substances by the free application of a lady's tongue!"

On November 10th I again visited the shore, accompanying the water-boat. We found the lakelet frozen over, and that our ice-axe by mistake had been left on board. This would have proved a great annoyance to us, had not one of the Esquimaux (Charley) brought his seal-spear to our aid, and speedily opened a good-sized "well-hole." In helping to carry the water, I fell into line with the natives, joining them in their mirthfulness of heart as they went along. As we passed the tupics, every woman and child gave a joyous smile and kindly word to the stranger. It was on this occasion, after I had been about two hours on shore, that I noticed something unusual had occurred. An excited crowd of natives were rapidly gathering round a young man who appeared to

be frantically addressing them. Whatever his object, I soon perceived that he contrived to greatly affect his hearers. One moment he made them like infuriated demons; at another, they were melted to tears. *Now* they were clenching their fists, and gesticulating in a maddened way; presently they were calm, and full of joyful repose. It was astonishing the hold he had over the people round him. So complete was this power, that a simple motion with the tip of his finger would be followed by demonstrative movements on the part of the audience. An Esquimaux might be quietly enjoying a smoke, when a word from the orator would bring the pipe from the smoker's mouth to the speaker's pouch, or into the man's own pocket, just as directed.

I soon ascertained that the orator was an *angeko*, or wizard-man, and that his name was *Ming-u-mai-lo*. Though young, he was very much credited by the whole population of that and the neighbouring village. As I approached, his eye soon caught mine, and immediately leaving his snow rostrum, he bounded like a deer toward me. With a face of innocence, and full of smiles, he grasped my hand and welcomed me to his magic home; but, though returning the salutation in a friendly manner, I could not so cordially evince pleasure at his acquaintance as I generally did with others. It appeared to me that he was one of those who lived upon the credulity and ignorance of his race, and this thought probably made itself perceptible on my features; at all events, in a moment or so he left me, and, throwing his arm round Ugarng's neck, he walked with him into a tent, whither they were soon followed by Charley and the rest of our hired water-carriers. Koojesse was of the number; and, while I was looking on, much surprised, loud and exciting words were heard from within. Presently Koojesse came out; and, upon my making inquiries, he told me, in a cautious manner, that the *angeko* was at work, as we should call it, exorcising and otherwise performing various spiritual exercises!

Fearing to be considered intrusive, I walked away toward the boat, Koojesse again taking up his water-bucket and con-

tinuing his work; but hardly had I reached the landing-place when down came Mingumailo with a proud and excited step. He took me by the arm and beckoned me to go with him. I did so, being desirous of witnessing some of the farther acts of this curious and important personage.

We walked, arm in arm, toward what, though only a *tent*, I might well style his *temple*, for toward it several of his worshippers were bending their steps. As we passed along, Koojesse was seen in the distance with a bucket of water in each hand. In an instant, at one word, one motion of my companion, Koojesse, though otherwise a man of great intelligence and strong mind, left his water just where it was, and joined us. On approaching the tupic, Mingumailo ordered Koojesse to go in first, and then directed me to follow. I did so by falling upon my hands and knees, and, in this necessary posture, entered the abode of our Esquimaux prophet. The angeko followed, and immediately directed Koojesse to take a position on one side of the bed that was within, and me to be on the other side. Next to Koojesse was seated a pretty Esquimaux woman, one of the nulianas (wives) of the angeko, the other wife—for he had two—not then being at home.

Now commenced the solemn exercises of the peculiar worship of these people. Mingumailo sat facing us. He began by rapidly clapping his hands; so rapidly, indeed, that it was impossible to count the strokes. Then he accompanied this clapping by some metaphorical expressions beyond the power of ordinary intelligences to divine; and, indeed, no one but an *angeko* is considered capable of divining them. In fact, the word *angeko* signifies '*he is very great*,' and this is given as a reason why none but *angekos*—the really great—*should understand*. Of course, I demeaned myself accordingly, and was as quiet and serious a listener as any one there. Occasionally the *angeko* would cease his voice and the motion of his hands. Then all became still as death. Presently, with renewed vigour he would recommence his services, patting his hands—which were moved around during the operation—now in a circle, now before *my* face, now before Koojesse's.

Another minute he would pat the chest on which he sat, first on one end, then on the other, next on this side, then on that, afterwards on the top, and so repeating all the operations again and again. Every now and then, with his eyes staring into the farthest recesses of the tent, he would become fixed as marble, and looking quite hideous.

At such times Koojesse was brought into active use. He was directed, as much by the angeko's signs as by the sudden and sharp words uttered, to fix his eyes upon this point of the tent, then that, but more particularly to where it was said by the wizard, *'Kudlago's spirit shook the skin coverings.'*

"Poor Koojesse! I could not help pitying him, though myself hardly able to control the laughter reigning within me. There he sat, large drops of perspiration streaming from his nose (Esquimaux sweat profusely only *on the nose*), and as earnest as though life and soul were the issue. All at once came unusual efforts. The climax was at hand. A grand finale was to take place, and this was done with a sprinkling of clear words in Esquimaux, just enough for Koojesse and myself to understand. The angeko spirit spoke: 'He was in want. The *kodluna* (*white man*) could relieve his wants. Would not the kodluna give the spirit one of the double-barrelled guns in his possession?'

This was enough. I saw through the scheme in a moment; but, though astounded at the impudence of the proposition, I betrayed nothing to show surprise. I merely turned to Koojesse, and quietly asked if that was really the angeko's meaning. The reply, in subdued tones, was 'yes;' whereupon I farther asked him if this man would be very useful in my future explorations to King William's Land; and on being answered in the affirmative, I said aloud, 'Well, if Angeko goes with me next season, he shall have a gun—one of my best.' This made the wizard-man leap for joy; for he thought, as I afterward found, that I meant to give it him at once. He grasped my hands, he threw his arms about my neck, he danced about the tent, and did many other extravagant things, which showed his gratification on making such a triumph of

skill and strategy. He had, as he chose to believe (though I immediately explained, or tried to explain, that the gift was not intended for the moment), accomplished a great feat in charming a *kodluna* into giving him a gun as recognition of his magical power. So complete was his happiness, that he told me I should have the choice of his two wives, all his *tuktoo* skins (reindeer furs) that I might need, and sealskins for making boots, and other articles in abundance. That he had great riches of this description, probably obtained from his credulous worshippers, was evident from the rolls of beautiful skins I saw around me.

While the angeko was thus expressing himself, his second wife came in, and quietly took a position near the household lamp, which she began to renew with fresh seal-blubber. This gave Mingumailo the opportunity to again press the offer of one of his wives to me. He begged of me, there and then, to select either of them; but I soon gave him to understand I was already supplied with a wife at home.

This, however, neither satisfied his ideas about matrimony, nor, as it appeared, those of his wives; for both of them at once decked themselves out in all the smiles and blandishments that they possessed. I asked them if they really coincided in the offer their husband had made, and was immediately told that they gladly did. However, I was about again declining the offer, when the angeko suddenly made a sign to Koojesse, leaving me alone with the proffered wives. I uttered a few kind words to them, and, giving each a plug of tobacco with a friendly grasp of the hand, left the tupic and went toward the boat.

On my way, and just outside the angeko's tupic, I noticed an oar of a kia stuck upright in a drift of frozen snow. Upon it were suspended little packages done up in red woollen rags, differently and ingeniously arranged. On one side hung a portion of a well-dressed sealskin, beautifully variegated by parti-coloured patches sewed on to it, as if for signs. I inquired of several Esquimaux the meaning of this, but none would inform me till I met Koojesse, who said it was for a

guide to any Innuit stranger travelling that way, and who was thus welcomed, as well as directed what to do.

As soon as Koojesse had left the tent, he immediately set to work in completing the operation of filling our water-cask. He had been told by Captain B—— to find, fill, and send off another cask, left on shore during some stormy weather a few days back, and this he now did by directing nearly the whole inhabitants of the village to aid in the task. Every conceivable article possessed by the natives that would hold water, from a pint up to a gallon, was brought into requisition. Most of the articles were made of tin, supplied by the various whaling ships visiting Northumberland Inlet, but it would have puzzled a white man to detect any difference between their colour and a negro's. Some of the vessels, however, were made of *oolygook* skins, and were excellent affairs, water-tight, light, but strong, and in no danger of being broken or indented.

As soon as the one cask in our boat was full, we were ready for starting, when it was ascertained that Ugarng and Kunniu were absent. Seeking for them caused some slight delay, and, meanwhile, Angeko began his tricks again. By signs he first ordered one and then another of the Esquimaux to do this and do that, and, with a single exception, all obeyed. The exception was Kooperneung (Charley), who, standing in the boat's stern, was smoking a pipe. He was told by the angeko to put away his pipe; but Charley, with the same smiling face that he generally possessed, laughed loud and heartily as he laid hold of his pipe, gave it a swing, and replaced it, smoking away as before. Evidently Charley was an Independent, though I imagined, from what I had seen of him before going to the wizard's tent, that his bravado now was more because he was under present civilized rule than from any real strength of mind in the matter.

The other natives pulling the boat were servilely obedient. At a signal from the angeko, who swung his arms on high, my Innuit crew tossed up their oars, and turned their attention to the shore. There we saw him surrounded by the villagers, and making signs for us to return.

Now Ugarng had on his neck a coloured kerchief, given him by some civilized hand. This was stated by the angeko to be a great encumbrance, and would be better off than on—in fact, would be better in his, the wizard's, possession, than the present holder's. Accordingly, with great reluctance, Ugarng unwound it from his neck and cast it on shore to his master. Mingumailo swung it proudly in the air, wound it around his waist, and expanded it between his outstretched hands, all the time making his way toward the village like a conqueror, followed by his people!

After this we were allowed to depart, and in due time I got on board.

"*November 19th,* 1860.—Last night the ice from the head of the bay set down upon the ship, completely closing us in. We are now cut off, for the present, from all the world. We cannot approach the land, nor can any one from the shore approach us. This will continue until the ice becomes solid enough to make a pathway upon it."

Such is the record in my journal under that date, and I here transcribe it to note the day when we were *first* "beset."

The temperature at this time was + 5°, and the weather moderate and clear. In the day it was cloudy, but we had the sun shining upon us for a few moments, to show me how prettily its soft light could play with the crystal white of the ship's rigging. Again and again did I look upon the scene. It was truly beautiful! Hoar-frost crystals—piles upon piles of crystals standing out boldy to windward, six inches from the masts and rigging!

Two days afterward the ice had hardened sufficiently to form a good protection to the ship during a heavy gale that came on, and which probably would have driven us from our anchorage had we not been thus guarded. The next day, however, we had *open water all around us,* the ice having been broken and driven out to sea by a change of wind when the gale abated. But toward evening it again came in, though not strong enough to inclose us. Thus it continued setting in from seaward until, on the 23d we were again fast bound and

firmly fixed by a solid pack for the winter. To me the change seemed almost magical. At noon of Wednesday, 21st, we had been bedded in ice that seemed fast for the winter. At 6 P. M. of that day, in some places the ice began to give way. During the ensuing night all of it had left the harbour and bay.

Morning of the next day saw us clear. At 3 P. M. the wind being southerly, some pieces of ice were seen floating toward us from sea, but still we were free. This morning of the 23d, however, the harbour and bay, save a narrow channel of water, formed one complete mass of ice. Up to the extent of the bay, running N.N.W. full fifteen miles from its entrance, all was quite a solid pack, much of it five to seven feet thick, though in some parts only from one to three feet.

The temperature of the sea water at this time was 26°, and the air 18°; the barometer 29.55, and wind fresh from the west.

On this day, finding it impossible any longer to use the boats, they were dismantled for the season. Nearly nine months must elapse before they can be used again.

Sunday, the 25th of November, we had a heavy gale from the eastward, bringing with it a remarkably warm air (the thermometer 32°), and breaking up some of the ice in such a manner that one time we expected to be driven out to sea with it. We were, however, preserved by the pack in one portion remaining firm, and thus giving us a shelter, though not more than a hundred yards from where the disruption was taking place. On the 1st of December there was a great calm, lasting till the 4th; but finally, on the 6th of December, we were no longer under any doubt as to being well secured in the solid ice for the winter. In all directions, the harbour and bay were completely frozen over.

On November 24th I had my first sight of, and encounter with, a polar bear. I was engaged writing in my cabin, when a shout was heard on deck, "A bear! a bear!" and immediately relinquishing my pen for the rifle, I went up and joined a party who started in chase.

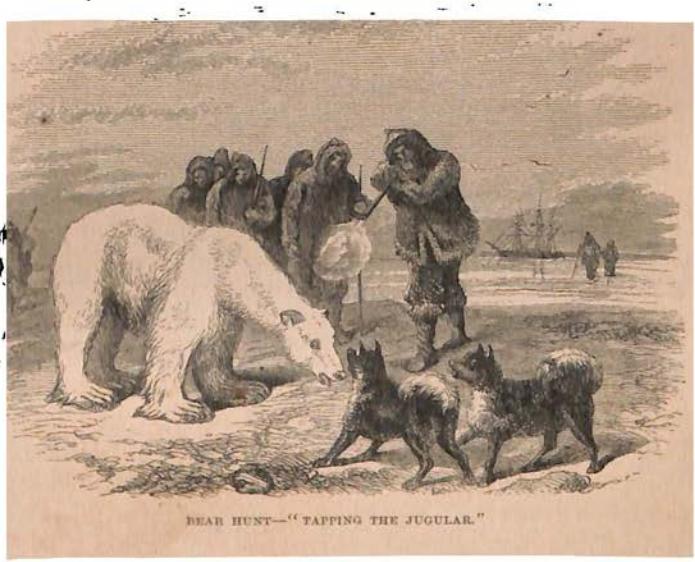
Sterry and the Esquimaux Ugarng had already gone off to

the hunt, and I rapidly followed, accompanied by "Charley," while all the natives that had been on board, and several of the ship's crew, came after us. The bear took a direction near the island where my dogs had been placed, and the howling they made was truly terrible.

As Charley and I neared one of the outer islands, about half a mile from the ship, bang went the first gun. Then a second report, and soon afterward I could see the bear retreating across a channel to another island. He had received some severe wounds, for blood was pouring out on either side of him, crimsoning his white coat and the ice beneath. The channel was covered over with ice that appeared too frail for us to make passage upon. Down through this ice every now and then the bear would plunge. But soon returning to the same hole, he slid himself out of it upon the ice in a very sprawling, but to me interesting manner. Once out, he immediately rose upon his haunches, knocked his tormentors (the Esquimaux dogs) to the right and left with his fore paws, and then ran on. But the dogs were again upon his track, surrounding and cutting off his retreat to the shore. Thus we were soon up with him, though keeping at a respectful distance from the wounded prey. Charley desiring to try his hand at my rifle, and knowing he was a good marksman, I allowed him to do so. He fired as the bear was again on his haunches engaged with the dogs. The shot took effect in his breast, and the brave beast fell kicking and tumbling; but, after a moment's struggle, was once more on his feet again, flying away. Morgan, of our ship, now tried his double-barrel, with three bullets in each, but both barrels missed fire. Another shot was then fired, and this time the bear tumbled over, as we all thought, *dead*. A cheer from us followed; but hardly had our voices died away, when the poor beast was again on his feet struggling to get off, white men, Esquimaux, and dogs all after him. Once more a heavy charge—this time from Morgan's gun—went into him, striking his face and eyes, and down went Bruin "dead again." One cheer was given, then another commenced, when, lo! as if the noise had revived

him, the brute, seemingly with as many lives as a cat is said to have, went off again, running feebly, but still with some remaining vigour. Spears were now thrown at him by the natives, but these rebounded from his tough hide, proving as harmless to him as tooth-picks.

Once more he was down. Then raising his head, and looking round upon his foes, which numbered a full score without including the dogs, he seemed as if preparing for the



BEAR HUNT—"TAPPING THE JUGULAR."

last fight and death-spring. It was a dangerous moment, and so all felt. But now was the time for me to try my hand Hitherto I had not fired. This, then, was the moment to do so. I stepped out, and placed the hair-trigger as it should be, and levelled my gun.

"Shoot at his head! give it him in the skull!" was the cry of those around; but I watched my opportunity, and, when he gave a certain downward throw of his head, fired, tapping the jugular vein. It was enough. One convulsive move-

ment, as the blood oozed out from the keen cut made by my rifle ball, and the life of the polar bear was ended.

The next task was to get the carcass on board, and at first we intended to drag it there. A line of sufficient length was upon the ground, ready for placing round the bear's neck; but this was finally abandoned, as his weight (near that of an ox) would break through the treacherous ice around the island where we were. It was then decided that the Esquimaux should skin the animal on the spot, quarter it, and thus carry it piecemeal to the ship. Accordingly, we left them to the task, and had not long been back to our cabins when the prize arrived, the carcass still smoking hot, though the skin was already frozen stiff.

I should mention that, as soon as the bear was discovered, Ebierbing hastened after it with his dogs, which were regularly trained to keep bears in check until rifles and spears should arrive. The dogs which I had brought from Greenland never had been "educated" for bear fights, therefore they seemed to act upon the principle that "distance lends enchantment to the view" by getting upon the most distant and highest part of the island on which the bear was killed.

As regards the use made of our prize, I have only to say that we divided it with the Esquimaux, and had a capital dinner off a portion of our share. I liked it better than the best of beefsteaks.

A day or two after this bear-hunt I paid another visit to *North Star* village, accompanied by Ebierbing, who took me direct to his tupic. After passing on all-fours through the low snow-passage which he had made, leading to the interior, I found myself facing Tookoolito, seated near a lamp, and herself covered with skins, she having been taken sick on the last occasion of visiting our ship. Mittens, boots, stockings, and articles of clothing, all in a wet state, were on the "dry net" that always hangs over the lamp, but on this occasion the lamp was not performing its usual heat-giving functions. Owing to the backwardness of the cold season in freezing up

the bay, the condition of the natives from want of blubber and food was in an alarming state. Many of them could have no friendly lamp to give light and heat.

The Esquimaux lamp is the "all in all" to these people. By it their igloo is lighted and kept warm; by it they melt ice or snow for their drink; and by it they dry their clothing, mittens, boots, stockings, &c. Without the *lamp*, Esquimaux could not live—not so much because of its warmth or use for cooking, but because it enables them to dry their skin clothing, melt ice for drink, and gives them light during the long arctic night of winter.



KOOD-LIN AND IK-KU-MER,
the Stone Lamp and Fire of the Esquimaux.

When I called upon Tookoolito the lamp was without oil, and could not give either sufficient light, heat, or drying power, hence the melancholy aspect of her otherwise happy abode. Ebierbing, however, intended very soon to make a sealing excursion, and obtain blubber at any risk.

When obliged, Esquimaux do not hesitate in undergoing the greatest privations to get food for their families. They will watch over a sea-hole for one hour or fifty, if need be, in the coldest weather, waiting for the seal to come up and breathe. *Kudlago* in this manner caught the first seeds of the complaint which carried him off. His family were starving; and after bearing the pain of seeing them suffer for a few days, he could endure it no longer. He went out in

some of the worst and coldest weather known here, and exposed himself for nearly two days and nights continuously, patiently watching for a seal, which he eventually captured. Ebierbing now intended to do the same thing rather than allow his home to be wretched much longer.

I need hardly say that everything in my power was done for *Tookoolito*, as also for poor *Nukertou*, who was very sick.

From Tookoolito's I walked a little way on, and found two Esquimaux, "*Charley*" and "*Miner*," making an igloo, or snow-house. In a short time more it was finished, and I was quite surprised at its beauty. With the exception of a single stain upon its spotless snow at the apex or centre of the dome, it was one of the most chaste pieces of architecture I ever saw. The exceptional stain was, I am sorry to say, something emanating from civilization. It was the juice of tobacco! I seized the long snow-knife from the hands of one of the Esquimaux, and scraped away that which so marred the beauty of the whole, while the inmates looked on, and then applauded me when it was done.



EK-KE-LU-YUN,
The white-stone salmon-bait used by Esquimaux.

CHAPTER X.

Remarkable Echo—Visit of "Sampson"—Innuit mode of Washing the Face—"Bridge of Sighs"—Mothers nursing their Children—Serviceable Hoods—Tails of Innuit Dresses—Extraordinarily mild Weather—Kelp used for Food—Christmas and New Year's Day—Sick Nukertou—Cruel Abandonment—Innuit Superstitions—Author's lonely Watch—Kooperarchu's Death—Innuit Idea of a Future State.

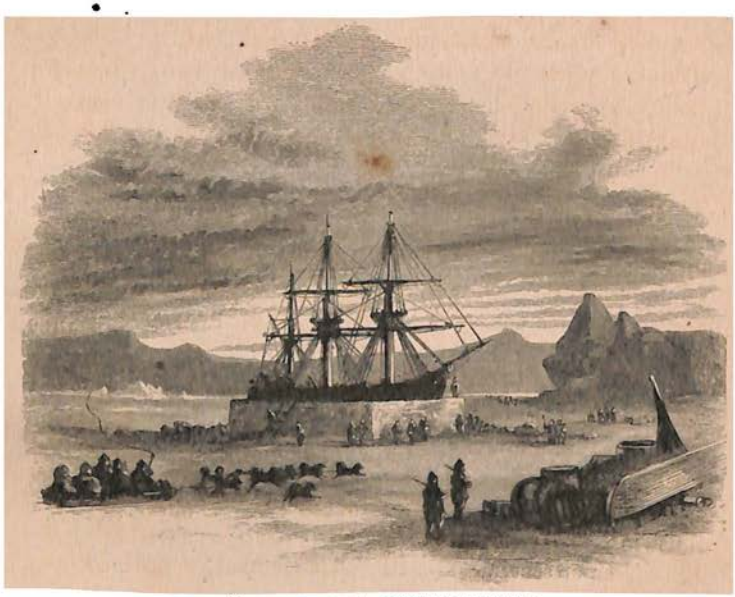
THE month of December came in, as I have previously said, with a great calm of four days, and though the ice was then much broken up, making a transit to the shore difficult, yet I contrived to frequently land for exercise, and to see more of Innuit life.

One day, while walking near a channel between two islands, I heard a very remarkable echo, of so striking a character that an Innuit boy and three dogs, near at hand, could hear my voice only through its reflected sound. The tide was out, leaving a rock bluff on the opposite side of the channel, whence the sound was reverberated. After giving utterance to my voice, in one second of time the echo came back to me, thus making the distance across 550 feet, as sound travels 1100 feet per second.

On December 8th, at noon, the thermometer was at zero, and on the 9th, 15° below zero, or 47° degrees below the freezing point. Yet, strangely to me, the cold was not felt so much as I should have supposed. The ice was solid around us, and our good ship quite laid up in winter quarters. Now and then we could hear some heavy and startling cracks, as if disruption was about to take place; but nothing of any note occurred to disturb or to vary the usual monotonous life on board. Visits from the Esquimaux were made daily, and often we had several sleeping on the cabin floor and on sea-chests in impromptu beds made of sails, thick wearing apparel, &c.

and a curious picture it was thus to see them. Frequently, accompanied by some of these visitors, I went to their village and to the islands around us, always being received by the natives in the most friendly manner.

Once we had a stranger arrive who had formerly lived near "King's Cape," at a place called by Esquimaux *Se-ko-se-lar.** This man's name was *Koo-choo-ar-choo*, but known by us as



THE "GEORGE HENRY" IN WINTER QUARTERS.

"Sampson," from his great size and strength. He was large and muscular, five feet six inches high, and weighing over 200 lbs. He was famous, too, as a great hunter, and had even *captured whales by himself, with only the aid of a boy!* When he visited us, his pretty little daughter *Puk-e-ne-yer*, of about

* From various sketches drawn for me by Esquimaux, I concluded Se-ko-se-lar to be a place on the north side of Hudson's Strait, near a large bay as yet *undiscovered* by white men. This bay is somewhere between the longitude 72° and 75° west, making far up, due north, and abounding in seals, walrus, white whales, and the *Mysticti*, or Greenland whales.

ten years old, accompanied him, and I was much amused with the nimble way in which she undid and then rebraided her hair. The use of a comb she did not know until I gave her one and showed her. As for the father, I found him very intelligent, and, through Tookoolito, who acted as my interpreter, he gave me much geographical information.

Another of our visitors was *Puto,* the mother of a *white* child. This woman had once been considered handsome, and even now showed some signs of her former beauty. She was about 35 years old, and, though she had a hard time of it alone, supporting herself and child, yet she was generally cheerful, smart, kind, and industrious. On one of my visits to Tookoolito's igloo, Puto with her child was there, and I then witnessed the operation—very rarely performed—of washing a child's face. This was done by *licking* it all over, much as a dog would do the hand that had just contained a fresh beefsteak. She did this twice while in my presence, and the true colour of the child's face was then more clearly seen.

Owing to some cause or other which I could only surmise, *Puto* suffered more from various privations than the other women. She was often a week with hardly anything to eat, and, in consequence, her poor child was nearly starved. On the occasion I now refer to, after I had left the igloo and wandered about to other dwellings, I came across Charley and Ebierbing, just arrived with a sledge-load of frozen krang, whale-meat, for the dogs. *Puto* at the moment also came to the spot, and immediately asked for some. They gave her about twenty-five pounds of it; and this she slung on her back, along with a pack of equal weight already there, besides the child!

Ye mothers of America! what say you to taking an infant, besides an additional pack of fifty pounds on your back, and starting off on a tramp of several miles—such was the distance to Puto's home—with the thermometer 40° or 45° below the freezing point?

This, however, reminds me that at the same time I was

obliged to be very careful, and especially of my nose. An instance had already occurred—a few days previous—of one of the ship's crew getting his nose frost-bitten, without discovering the serious fact until pointed out to him, and thus just saving it in time. Accordingly, I had to protect mine by as much covering as I could; but, as I then said, deliver me from any more of "Job's comforters"—boils—especially if there be any signs of them approaching that bridge below my eyes, which, from late experience, might indeed be termed "the bridge of sighs!"

On the visit just mentioned, I met a sister of Ebierbing, and also another woman, just taking up their quarters in the same place. In fact, it was a matter of mutual accommodation, for the purpose of creating more warmth within, and economizing light and fuel. They arrived, bringing their worldly goods, while I was talking to Tookoolito, and at once the new comers proceeded to place their lamp on the opposite side to that of the mistress of the igloo. They first filled it abundantly with seal-blubber, then putting in large wicks of moss, soon brought forth a long, even train of light and a glorious heat. The new-comers, it appeared, had managed to procure some of the precious seal-blubber so much needed.

At Ugarng's igloo, which I visited the same day, I there encountered several women and children congregated together. I was welcomed at once by Nikujar, "Polly," the *first* or family wife of Ugarng, and by *Punnie*, his *third* wife—No. 2 wife, *Kunniw*, being absent, though her lamp was bright and in full trim. Little Kookooyer (the child of Blind George) was also there, and, with her fat cheeks, laughing eyes, and pleasant voice, greeted me as I entered.

"Polly," in speaking to me, could only raise her voice to a whisper, for she was suffering from a pulmonic disease, and almost unable to utter a word without pain.

While waiting at this igloo, in came Puto and her child—Puto finding it necessary to re-arrange the pack at her back prior to a final start for the upper village. Her infant was given to little Kookooyer to hold: but, as it was rather noisy, I

thought to pacify the babe by taking it in my own hands, and, in doing so, tried to show them how civilized mothers carry and nurse their children. This, however, only produced a hearty laugh; and I was made to understand that, in all the matters relating to the tending of infants—even in the very minutest, as there and then shown to me—the Innuit custom was the best.

I could here mention one or two facts, but it will be unnecessary more than to say that mothers here at home will comprehend all my meaning when I tell them that an Innuit infant is carried naked in the mother's hood, yet in close contact with the parent's skin. Thus every childish necessity is generally anticipated in good time by the ever-sensitive, watchful mother.

On the 18th December we heard of an arrival at the upper village from *Annawa*, the Esquimaux who, with his family, it may be remembered, went away on the 30th of the previous August. This Esquimaux was a brother of some of the most enterprising Innuits in the North. He lived almost the life of a hermit—that is, he resided with his small family in a distant part, away from other people, his abode being at an island called *Oo-pung-ne-wing*, in the Countess of Warwick's Sound, on the north side of Frobisher's Bay. It was his son who had now arrived, with a view of doing a little trade, if he could.

Many of the Esquimaux came to me, not only as ordinary visitors and to see what they could get in the way of presents, but also to do some trading. At the same time, several of the younger ones gladly received instruction from myself in the civilized tongue. As regards trading with them, it was generally done for articles of use, reindeer-skin dresses especially being necessary for me for winter, and no one could be more expert or more tasteful than the Innuit women in making them.

On one of my visits to the upper village, a daughter-in-law of Artarkparu was just finishing off her winter coat with a long tail, the universal fashion there among the ladies. It

was prettily ornamented (?) with federal coin of the United States—old copper cents—eight in number, arranged in rows, and fixed as pendents to the tail.

On another occasion, when Kokerzhun came on board with her husband, she had on a beautiful *tuktoo* (reindeer) fur dress, having a skirt standing out hoop fashion! The variety of colours of the tuktoo was prettily arranged, and so well did she appear, that it was said by some of us that she would pass at home for a "Broadway belle."

So excellent were the dresses made for me by these Innuit women, that I did not hesitate paying tolerably "liberal" for them, particularly as they were rather scarce. I obtained a native jacket for a knife, two small skins for another knife and some powder, and a good deerskin for more powder, buckshot, and caps. Many of the natives had guns, obtained from the whalers of Northumberland Inlet, either by barter or as returns for services rendered. I could not, at that time, get all I desired in the way of Innuit apparel, though it was useless to attempt travelling in any other costume, as nothing but that could withstand the cold; but from my first arrival I had been obtaining several articles, and thus I was now tolerably well supplied.

About this time, and toward the end of November, I was much astonished at the changes in the temperature. On the 19th the thermometer, on this glorious fair and calm morning, was – 20°, barometer 30.175. Cold indeed; by thermometer, 52° below the freezing point. Yet so calm was the weather, that to my person it seemed no colder than at the commencement of the season, when the thermometer indicated 32° above 0. But let a smart breeze spring up coming from the N.W. then how like hot iron it will burn! The weather was such that, unless we soon had snow, the ice would freeze thick and solid throughout the regions. Snow upon the ice serves to keep it *warm*, the same as snow on the ground in the Northern States of America.

In my journal at this date I find as follows: "I have just been out walking and running, exposing myself, my face and

hands, to the cold air. A light breeze prevailing from N.W. I am confident there is something yet to be discovered relative to air and cold. The human system is not such a *liar* as three excellent thermometers I have would make it, if I gave full credence to their story this morning. My three thermometers say 20° below zero, and yet far greater exposure now than at other times with a higher register of temperature, leads to no unpleasant results. I am aware moisture in the air makes a great difference as affecting the human system; but a fact is a *fact*. The cold air from the same direction—equally charged with aqueous matter at different times—shows a difference of ten to twenty degrees in the thermometer; and yet the air at the lowest temperature affects the human system less than the highest.

"*December 20th*, 5.30 A.M.—Thermometer – 5°, barometer 30.200. Wind *very light*, N.W. Yet there must be a storm prevailing not far from us, as a tremendous roar of waters and cracking of ice comes from the direction of Davis's Straits. The ice around the shore of this harbour is constantly 'singing,' indicating that a heavy sea is now affecting us even here . . . 7 A.M. the wind went round to the N.E. when it commenced snowing; thermometer 4°, barometer 30.100. At 10 P.M. we had the thermometer 14° above zero, barometer 30.050, wind N.E. blowing a gale, the ice breaking up in Field Bay, and also in our harbour.

"*Friday, December 21st.*—Thermometer 21 above zero, barometer 30.012. Wind light from east. The bay is nearly clear of ice. What little there is fastens up our harbour. The weather is too warm for the igloos; they have commenced dripping. If the like continues, down will come snow-houses.

Saturday, December 22d.—The thermometer is actually + 32½°; barometer 30.100. Wind N.E. During the night considerable *rain* fell. The natives are in sad plight. There has been not exactly a *conflagration* in the Esquimaux village, but disruption, and a melting down. Nearly every igloo is in ruins, owing to the unexpected storm of rain. Some have

fallen, others about to. The men Innuits are busily engaged in erecting outer walls, filling in snow between the old and the new. I visited nearly every habitation, and found the natives exclaiming, '*pe-ong-e-too!* pe-ong-e-too!'—bad! bad! '*Karg-toon*'—very hungry.

"At Ebierbing and Tookoolito's there was great distress. Their igloo was nearly destroyed. In the night the whole of the dome had fallen in, covering their bed, furs, dresses, &c. in wet snow. Ebierbing was busy in making a canvas tent over the ruins, while Tookoolito cleared out the snow from beneath. He was wet through, and had not a dry skin upon his back, having been out all the morning trying to save his igloo from the almost universal ruins around him.

"*Dec.* 22*d.*—Raining hard throughout this day, with occasional sleet and snow. Tookoolito visited the ship, and upon her return I let her have an umbrella, which, though *she* well knew the use of it, was really a novelty to others of her people, who considered it a '*walking tent.*'

"The extraordinary mildness of the season has caused a most sad state of things among the natives. They cannot obtain their accustomed food by sealing, as the ice and cold weather alone give them the opportunity. Hence in many of the igloos I have seen great distress, and in some I noticed kelp (sea-weed) used for *food.*

"Whenever I visited the natives, such small quantities of food as I could spare from my own slender but necessary stock were taken to them, and on one occasion I gave Tookoolito a handful of pressed 'cracklings' which I had brought with me from Cincinnati. They were given me by a friend there for dog-food, and I can now record the fact that Cincinnati pressed 'cracklings' made as rich a soup as ever I had eaten."

The preceding extracts from my diary about the weather, and its effects upon the condition of things around me, will show that almost the very existence of these children of the icy North depends upon the seasons being uniform with the time of year. The high temperature we had experienced,

however, did not long continue. A few days afterward, on the 30th of December, the thermometer was down to zero; and on the 5th of January it was sixty degrees below freezing point! The bay and harbour had again been coated over with solid ice, and parties of Innuits were out in all directions seal-hunting, but with such slight success that several of them departed for other quarters, where they hoped seals would be more abundant. Among these were Ugarng and his family. They started for Cornelius Grinnell Bay, but, before leaving, a few cakes of hard bread were given them, that the party might have something to fall back upon in case of success not following immediately.

It was not long, however, before Ugarng returned very sick. He left in the morning, and arrived at the ship about 4 P.M. thus making a rapid journey on his sledge of about forty miles. Two days afterward, having received extra aid and medicine, he once more started, and, as will be presently related, when I made an excursion to where he had gone, I found him busily engaged sealing.

Among the other incidents to be mentioned as occurring about this period of my narrative, I must not forget to say that Christmas and New Year's Day were celebrated by us in our winter quarters with all the honours it was in our power to show. A few of the natives were on board to dine on Christmas Day, and I took the opportunity to give Tookoolito a Bible that had been placed in my hands by the Young Men's Christian Union of Cincinnati, and which I thought could not be devoted to a better purpose. I inscribed upon it the following:—

"*Presented to Tookoolito, Tuesday, December 25th,* 1860."

Her first act was to read the title, "Holy Bible," then to try and read some of its pages, which she still longs to understand.

The new year of 1861 was welcomed by me at its very earliest commencement, having been up throughout the night. The previous evening I had been paying visits on shore

among the natives, and at 1 A.M. of the first day of January I was engaged in writing, in the midst of the sleeping forms of Esquimaux made warm and happy for the night in our main cabin. *Paulooyer* (Blind George) and his little girl, Kookooyer, were there, well wrapped up, and Kimmiloo, in my sleeping bag, was asleep on a sea-chest. Koojesse and his wife Tunukderlien were in my berth, and two other Esquimaux were on the cabin floor. Ebierbing and Tookoolito were on shore in their own igloo, and it was to them that, at half-past 5 A.M. I made my first New Year's "call." Various other "calls" were made, all with a view to some beneficial result, and, if possible, to do the poor people good in their then wretched state, and throughout the day sundry manifestations among our own men were given, akin to those adopted at home.

On this day, January 1st, 1861, we had the thermometer −1°, barometer 29.20, and the weather calm, with light clouds. We did not, therefore, feel the cold as might have been expected, and thus our New Year's day passed off most agreeably.

I have now to relate an occurrence that was as startling to me in its terrible yet solemn character as anything I had ever before known or heard of.

I have mentioned that another Esquimaux woman, called Nukertou, was found to be very sick, and I therefore determined to again call upon her, taking some medicine, and a little quince jelly that had been given me by loved ones at home.

I left the ship, and, after crossing some very broken and dangerous ice, which formed a sort of unstable and disjointed causeway, arrived at the village during the morning. I asked Tookoolito to accompany me, which she cheerfully did, and together we went to the tupic of Nukertou. She had been left alone in her sickness, all uncared for, as was customary, I regret to say, with the Esquimaux when any of them were helplessly ill.

The poor woman was very glad to see me, but she was so

weak and suffered so much that she could hardly move. I gave her medicine, which soon relieved her, and for this I received many thanks; but I thought her end near. I could see by her wasted form and utter prostration that she had not long to live. Perhaps, had she received such early attention from her own people as is shown among families in civilised life, she might have survived; but from no one did she get this, and only by chance did her illness reach my ears.

I have before mentioned her kindly nature, ever ready to do anything she could for all of us on board without looking for fee or reward, and, so long as she had strength, she was to be seen at some friendly task; but her absence was not particularly noticed, owing to the fact that Innuits are of a character so thoroughly independent that they come and go just as they please.

On the present occasion, Nukertou was living in an igloo occupied by *Shimerarchu* (Johnny Bull), with his wife *Kokerzhun*, and her little sister *Kimmiloo*. The latter came in while I was speaking to Nukertou, and when Tookoolito left, the girl showed much attention to her.

The sick woman lay on skins of the reindeer placed on the snow platform opposite the entrance of the igloo, and, though in the usual condition of Esquimaux when in bed, said she felt quite warm. The medicine, and perhaps the kindly words, had done her good. But some days afterward I found her snow bed had become unfit for sleeping upon. Some unusually high temperature of the weather for that time of the year, added to the heat—though not much—of her own body, had melted the snow couch, and she had sunk in an awkward position. Accordingly, one day (December 21), assisted by her friends, I made her a fresh bed by procuring blocks of drifted snow, crushing them finely as flakes, and making the same into a soft, smooth basis, upon which was placed the usual layer of the small dry shrub, and on top of that some reindeer skins. This, then, was the new bed for poor sick Nukertou, and for a time she seemed more comfortable. But neither the attentions of Tookoolito or myself

availed. Gradually she declined; and, though we administered to her such food as was necessary (all the Innuit people, at this period, being near a state of starvation, owing to a very bad season for seal-hunting again), her death rapidly approached.

On December 30th, I find the following in my journal concerning her:—

"Invited Tookoolito to go with me and make a call upon sick Nukertou. We found her as yesterday. I had a talk with her, Tookoolito acting as interpreter. What a scene for my memory! There sat Kokerzhun before her fire-lamp, drinking in every word, as Tookoolito interpreted to sick Nukertou what I had requested to be said. Tookoolito went on talking to Nukertou all that I had taught her of God, Christ, heaven, the good, &c., and there she stood, weeping over the form of her whom we all love as a sister—noble Nukertou.

"After this interesting interview Tookoolito and Kokerzhun proceeded to the vessel, while I went to the former's igloo, and obtained my spirits of camphor for the purpose of laving the temples of Nukertou. Here I remained, chafing the hot, tattooed brow of this afflicted but resigned Esquimaux—here I remained alone with this dear one, whose spirit may soon be in the presence of God and angels. Oh that she may go to that happy land where all is rejoicing, and the song is, 'Glory to God in the highest!'"

The day but one afterward I paid my usual visit to Nukertou, and found that Shimerarchu was building a new igloo for her. Upon inquiry, I found that it was to be *her living tomb!* I was thunder-struck. A living tomb! And so, Tookoolito said, according to custom, it must be; and so it was.

On the 4th of January, 1861, Nukertou was removed to the new igloo. She was carried thither upon reindeer skins by four women, who took her in through an opening left for the purpose *at the back,* not by the usual entrance. Snow blocks were then procured, and the aperture well closed, while a woman stood by and gave instruction what to do. An ordi-

nary entrance was then made, and, as soon as completed, I went into the igloo.

Nukertou was calm, resigned, and even thankful for the change. Of course she knew that it was to be her tomb; but she was a child of her people, and as she had now become a helpless burden to them, with only a few days more to live, it seemed to me that she took it as a matter of right and justice, and no one could object. Therefore she was thankful that her last moments were being so carefully seen to.

A new igloo of stainless snow, a well-made bed of the same material, where she could breathe her last, would make her few remaining hours happy. True, she would be alone—for such was the custom of her people—but she did not fear it. She was content, and appeared cheerfully resigned.

It may be asked by some, Why did I not try to prevent such an outrage upon the feelings of any Christian person? If so, I reply that I did try to get her on board the ship, but I soon found in no one thing are the native tribes more sensitive than interference with their superstitious rites and ceremonies, especially in relation to death. Hence it might have been most unwise, even if possible, to have taken Nukertou on board. Therefore I did my best for her in the igloo, where she would have been literally entombed alive,* but for my request to attend upon her.

On the 8th of January she died; and as the incidents connected with her death were very striking, I will transcribe them from my journal as entered down at the time:

"*Monday, January* 7.—This evening, fearing that Nukertou was wholly neglected, I went on shore about five o'clock. Of course it was then quite dark, with the thermometer 57° below the freezing point, and it was necessary for me to have a lantern in hand, besides some of the natives to guide me across the ice. On arriving at the igloo, Ebierbing and the others remained outside, while I, pushing aside the little snow door, drew myself through the low, narrow-tunnel entrance, which was just of size sufficient to admit my

* Hereafter I shall have occasion to relate an actual occurrence of this kind.

squeezed-up body, and neared the inner part. A strange and solemn stillness pervaded the place, only interrupted by the perceptible, but irregular and spasmodic breathings of the dying creature within. I raised myself up, looked toward her, and gently uttered her name. She answered not. A second call from me was alike unresponded to. I therefore went to her and felt her pulse. It still beat, but told me too surely that she was dying. Immediately I cried out for Ebierbing and Koodloo (the latter a male cousin of Nukertou) to come in. They did so reluctantly. I informed them that Nukertou was dying. The announcement seemed to be overwhelming in sadness. Watching intently each breathing of this friend of all, for a while we were silent. At length it occurred to me that Tookoolito would wish to be informed of Nukertou's condition. I therefore indicated the same to her husband, who immediately ran with all haste to send her here. A few moments found Tookoolito in the presence of the dying. No call from her familiar voice could arouse a recognition from the one who was now about to depart. Alas, for us! Nukertou was surely on her way to the land of spirits.

"Tookoolito, remaining here as long as was required, and finding the change going on with Nukertou was by slow degrees, returned to her igloo, leaving me and Koodloo with Nukertou. In one hour I left Koodloo alone in charge, and stepped over to Ebierbing's for a few moments. Upon my return to Nukertou's, what was my astonishment when I found the igloo sealed up—blocks of snow placed firmly in and around the entrance-way. It seemed to tell me that she was dead. I had but a short time before learned it to be the usual custom among the Innuits, when one of their number is dying, for all to retire from the igloo or tupic, whichever it might be, and not return to it. But I thought, 'After all, perhaps not dead!' I threw back block after block of unspotted snow, till at length I made my way into the main igloo.

"*Nukertou was not dead!* She breathed, and was much

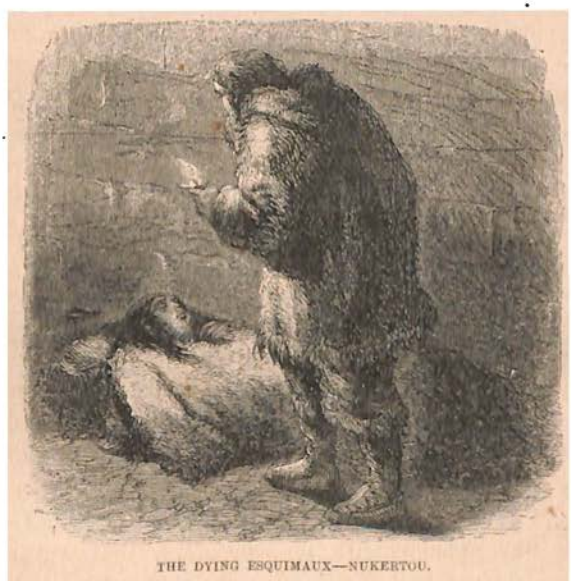
about the same as when I last saw her. I determined then to remain, doing what I could to smooth the pillow of the dying. The lamp was nearly out; the cold was intense, the thermometer outside being 51° below the freezing point; and though I had on the Esquimaux dress, it was with difficulty I could keep my blood from congealing. There I was, the lone, silent watcher of a dying Esquimaux, encircled within snow walls that were soon to become her tomb. Thank God I was there! It did my soul good to hold communion with high heaven at such a time. It did me good to be where angels, just from heaven, came to greet and bear away a soul precious to God. What a scene! Indeed, to me it was one that has become ineffaceably fixed on memory's tablet.

"About twelve, midnight, I heard footsteps approaching. Soon the sound as if the entrance was being closed up again. I thought, Can it be that I am to be imprisoned here, doomed to have this *my* living tomb? I listened a while. I found it true that I was being shut up as though dead. Of course those who were doing this knew not I was there. At length I cried out 'Turbar! turbar!' Stop! stop! At this, all was again silent *as the grave* for a moment. I then said, 'Ki-ete' —come in; and in came the two who were performing the last sad act of respect to the dead. But what shall I say of *their last act to the living?* The two proved to be *Koodloo* and a woman called *Koo-ou-le-arng*, or *Suzhi*, as we named her. Here they remained half an hour with me, then departed. I was again alone with the dying Esquimaux. Nearer and nearer drew her end. Coldness was creeping over her. Indeed, I found the cold taking hold of me. The native lamp, which serves for light and fire, had ceased from want of blubber or oil. There was only my lantern-lamp to give light, and the oil of this was kept fluid by the caloric of my encircling hands.

"During the day my fur stockings had become damp from perspiration, therefore my feet were nearly frozen. Every few minutes I was necessitated to jump and thrash myself— to do anything I could to keep my limbs from frostbites.

"How intently I watched each change in Nukertou! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven did I slowly count in the intervals of her breathing, and these increasing to even double that number. At last I could count nineteen between her inspirations, but her respirations were short and prolonged —irregular. At length Nukertou ceased to live. I exclaimed, 'She's dead! Receive back her spirit, I pray Thee, O God, for she is Thine.'

"I placed the lamp before her face. She breathed not. And there I sat on the platform of snow by her side, her dishevelled locks matted and tangled with reindeer hair,



THE DYING ESQUIMAUX—NUKERTOU.

falling in wild disorder over her tattooed brow. I called to her, 'Nukertou! Nukertou!' but no response came back. The silence of the dead alone remained.

"I now left for another part of the island, to call her cousin Koodloo. He was asleep in an igloo, and, on awaking him, he accompanied me back. But I could find no one willing to lend a helping hand; no one would touch the dead. I

therefore determined to lay the corpse out myself. Koodloo would do nothing but hold the lamp, and I had to perform the whole. I put her on a snow bed, crossed her hands upon her breast, closed her lips, and placed lumps of the pure snows of heaven upon her eyelids, with a snow pillow under her head. This done, I then left for the ship, having first taken the precaution to seal up the igloo so as to prevent the dogs from eating up her remains.

"It was three in the morning when Nukertou died, and as I left her, so did her body remain, unvisited, uncared for, within that igloo tomb."

My journal continues: "It might as well be here stated what occurred in Nukertou's igloo on the arrival of my valuable and esteemed friend Tookoolito, when her husband informed her of the dying condition of Nukertou. To my mind the incident goes to show how strongly are fixed among any people *customs*, however absurd they may appear to others.

"Tookoolito, on arriving last evening, proceeded to examine Nukertou's condition—feeling her pulse, listening to her breathings, watching her every motion. Too true, indeed, did she find what I had said. Tookoolito gently spoke words that astonished me, because they came from one who is not only conversant with my vernacular, but with the belief and practices of civilization. She said Nukertou was dying, and that we must all retire at once; that if we delayed till Nukertou's death, the skin dresses we had on would never do to be put on again.

"This was spoken with an *earnestness* that wanted no guarantee of her *firm belief* in what she said. Under the circumstances, I had no hesitancy as to my course *then and there*. I knew she had confidence in me; that she knew I always treated her people as well as I could my own; that she knew I never endeavoured to cast a slur or make light of any of the customs of her country. Therefore I said, 'Tookoolito, listen to *wong-a* (me) a moment. On Christmas day I gave you a good book—the Bible. *That book is the Word of God.* It tells

you and me—everybody—to visit the sick, the afflicted, the widow, the helpless, the poor.'

"Kindly I proceeded, to the best of my poor ability, to show her wherein it was wrong thus to leave the sick—the dying. Her astonishment at what I said seemed as great to her as was mine at her recorded remark. During this important conversation, allusion was made as to working on tuktoo furs during the season of catching walrus. It is a fact that, when the Innuits begin to catch walrus, no work is done on reindeer skins; therefore all winter clothing is made up before any attempts are made to get walrus. The reasons *why* will be stated some time hereafter.

"In my arguments with Tookoolito I told her it was not to be wondered at that she and her people believed many unreasonable things, when there had been no one to teach them better—no one to tell them of the Bible. I told her that some people of America and in England believed a great many ridiculous things, but that did not make them true; told her that I only wished to do her good; that whenever I could kindly show where they—her people—were doing wrong, I should do so; that if she or her people could prove to me her or their ways were all the best, then I would be one to do as Innuits did. After this interview under the snow roof of the dying, I heard Tookoolito, in her igloo, earnestly engaged in telling her wing-a all that I had told her. They both seemed thankful for what I had said."

In connexion with the preceding account of Nukertou's death, and the Innuit customs referring to it, I may here mention another occurrence somewhat similar, which took place about the same time.

There was a sick native, whom I visited on two or three occasions, named *Kooperarchu*, who suffered greatly from ulcers on the neck. His case was desperate, and no remedies we applied availed him. As his end approached, the *angeko* took possession of him altogether, and when I once tried to see the patient, all the natives assured me it would be useless while the angeko was there. But I determined to make the

trial, and, after some persuasion, and as a great favour, was admitted by the dying man's family.

This time the angeko was a woman, and when I entered, her position was at the farther side of the igloo, with her back to me, but seated, cross-legged, under a pile of skins. At her side was the poor man, Kooperarchu, kneeling, and in a state of complete nudity, though snow and ice were above, beneath, and around him.

At first I was startled at this; but, remembering what great wonders have been and can be accomplished by a sick person's complete faith in his physician, I made no attempt at interference except motioning for one of the brothers to place some covering over the patient's shoulders.

The angeko was constantly engaged in addressing some unknown spirit, doing it in as varied a way as could be well conceived. The whole family participated in the scene, placing themselves in position, responding, ejaculating, and doing whatever the angeko required; and all this with a solemnity that was particularly striking, so much so, indeed, that the exercises reminded me, in some respects, of what is known as a Methodist "love-feast."

When the exercises were through, the angeko turned round, appearing to notice me, and expressed surprise; but I soon mollified her rising anger by a slight present, which made her and the family very friendly.

Notwithstanding all the efforts made by this angeko, they availed nothing in arresting the rapid strides disease was making on this poor man's life. On the following day, myself being sick on board, I requested Tookoolito to see the patient, and took to him certain medicines I gave her. She did so then, and likewise on the next day, remaining half an hour with him. Soon after she had returned to her igloo, "Jack," a brother of Kooperarchu, called and said the sick man was dying. Immediately Tookoolito went back, and, feeling his pulse, found it almost gone. Kooperarchu felt himself dying, and said to her, as, in our language, she explained it to me, "I going to die—I cannot help it—I wish to die. My mother

and father in *kood-le-par-mi-ung* (the Innuit heaven)—I go to meet them—I must go—I cannot stop!" She asked him, "Go now?" He replied, "Yes." This was the last word he spoke. Thus Kooperarchu died.

Kooperarchu was buried soon after his death. His friends and relatives wrapped him in two tuktoo skins and carried him away. The frozen corpse was suspended across the shoulders of his brother by a strap placed under the arms and across the breast, as one would carry a gun. Tookoolito headed the funeral train, and a married sister of the deceased, with a younger brother, and a couple of dogs, besides some of the natives, followed him to the grave. This grave was but a little distance from the village, and merely consisted of a recess made in the snow, with the same material piled over the dead body.

* * * * * * * * *

Three days after Kooperarchu's deccase I was able to visit his family igloo. There I found his relations all sitting in a close group on the snow platform. They were bemoaning the loss of a brother and *excellent seal-hunter*. For three days from the death his family had thus to mourn, according to Innuit custom. At the end of that time they expected their lost brother would be in "kood-le-par-mi-ung," there for ever to enjoy its pleasures, feasting on reindeer meat, and wandering from star to star.

CHAPTER XI.

Rough Travelling overland—High Cliffs—Descent of the Sledge on to the frozen Sea—Camp on the Ice—First Night in an Igloo—Dangerous Travelling—Second Night on the Ice—An icy Beard—Hair-cutting—Fearful Peril—Deep Snow—Treacherous footing—Arrive at Rogers's Island—Great Thirst—Innuit Welcome—A Cup of Water—Night's Rest—Disappearance of the Ice—Remarkable Preservation—Frostbites—A serviceable pocket Mirror—Whale-skin eaten as food—Innuit Seal-hunting—Starving Condition of the Party.

HAVING a great desire to try and do something in the way of exploring, and particularly to accustom myself to actual life among the Innuits, I at length determined to venture on an excursion by sledge and dogs to Cornelius Grinnell Bay, whither Ugarng had already gone. Accordingly, after due preparation, myself and party were ready on the 10th of January, 1861, and away we went.

The following account of the first day's journey is from my journal, as written every evening in an igloo—snow hut:—

"*Thursday, January 10th,* 1861.—Thermometer 30° below zero, or 62° below freezing point! My company consists of self, Ebierbing, Tookoolito, and Koodloo, the cousin of the deceased Nukertou. By 4 A.M. I was up, and, with lantern in hand, went and called Ebierbing and his wife. They arose, and at once proceeded to gather up whatever things they would require during our stay. I then returned to the ship and packed up my own material. The outfit for this trip consisted, in provisions, of 1½ lb. preserved boiled mutton in cans, 3 lbs. raw salt pork, 15 cakes (4 lbs.) sea-bread, ¼ lb. pepper, 2 lbs. ground burnt coffee, 1 quart molasses, 1 quart corn-meal, and 3 lbs. Cincinnati cracklings for soup. Then, for bedding, 1 double wool blanket, 1 sleeping-bag, 1 cloak and 1 shawl for bed-covering. For clothing, besides my native

dress upon me, I took 1 extra under-shirt, 1 woollen shirt, 2 pairs extra stockings, 1 pair extra pants, 2 towels, and 2 pairs mittens. My books were Bowditch's Navigator, Burrit's Geography and Atlas of the Heavens, Gillespie's Land Surveying, Nautical Almanac for 1861, a Bible, and 'Daily Food.' My instruments were, 1 telescope, 1 self-registering thermometer, 1 pocket sextant, 2 magnetic compasses, and 1 marine glass. I had also a rifle and ammunition, oil for lamp, and a hand-saw, besides paper, ink, pens, memorandum and journal book.

"At 10 A.M. we were in readiness—Ebierbing with the loaded sledge and team of dogs (five of his and five of my Greenlanders)—alongside the *George Henry*. Tookoolito was gaily dressed in new tuktoo skirt, tuktoo pants, jacket, &c. Bidding adieu to our friends on board, we then started, Tookoolito leading the way—tracking for the dogs—for about one mile to the shore, in a north-easterly direction. Thence our course was that which Ugarng had evidently taken the day before. Over hill and mountain, through vale and valley, away we went.* Sometimes, when on a descent, our speed was rapid. Now and then we all got on the sledge for a ride. My spirits were high, for this was my first sledge-travelling trip. Ebierbing managed the dogs admirably. Indeed, I should consider him a capital dog-driver. I think I never perspired so profusely as I have this day. Some of the events during our journey have been most amusing. Once we were descending a steep incline, all of the company holding on to the sledge, so as to prevent its too great speed downward, when, one of my feet breaking through the treacherous snow-crust, headlong I went, and, like a hoop, trundled to the bottom of the hill. Tookoolito hastened to my relief, and, seeing a frostbite on my face, she instantly applied her warm hand, the Innuit way, till all was right again. Another steep incline caused the sledge to descend so rapidly that at length

* For route of this sledge-trip, see track on Chart. From Rescue Harbour, lat. 62° 52′ N. long. 64° 44′ W. over land to Tuk-e-lik-e-ta Bay; thence on the sea ice to Rogers's Island, lat. 63° 12′ N. long. 64° 32′ W.

it went over three or four of the dogs, who were unable to keep ahead of it though running at great speed.

"By 3 P.M. we neared the frozen waters of the ocean, after passing over some very abrupt and rocky ground. On the margin of the sea the cliffs were almost perpendicular, and it was necessary to *lower* the sledge down to the ice below. Accordingly, the dogs were detached, and while Tookoolito, whip in hand, held on by their traces, which were from twenty to thirty feet long, we lowered the sledge. The tide, however, was out, and it caused some difficulty in getting on to the main ice. At length all was safely accomplished, and once more we started on our way, Tookoolito again leading. Then we proceeded for about five miles, when we came to an igloo out on the ice, which had evidently been erected and occupied the night before by Ugarng and his party. Here we should have stopped; but, as the igloo was too small for us, we went on another mile, and then, finding good material for building a snow house, we encamped at 5 P.M."

Ebierbing and Koodloo at once commenced sawing out snowblocks, while I carried them to a suitable spot for erecting the igloo, which took us one hour to make. And a right good one it was, as I soon found. The door sealed up, and the cheerful lamp in full blaze, with a hot supper preparing, made me feel remarkably comfortable, though in a house of snow, built so speedily upon the frozen surface of the treacherous ocean. I will here give this matter more in detail.

Soon as the igloo was completed, Tookoolito entered and commenced placing the stone lamp in its proper position. It was then trimmed, and soon a kettle of snow was over it making water for coffee and soup. She then proceeded to place several pieces of board we had brought with us on the snow platform where our beds were to be made. Upon these pieces was spread the canvas containing some of that small dry shrub I have already alluded to. Over this went the tuktoo skins, and thus our sleeping accommodations were complete.

I should mention that every article on the sledge is passed in through an opening at the back of the igloo, for the purpose of convenience. When all is thus within, then this opening is closed, and a proper entrance made on the side opposite the beds. The dogs are left outside.

The drying of whatever has been worn during the day, or whatever has become wet with perspiration, falls to the lot of the "igloo wife." She places the things on the *in-ne-tin* (a net over the fire-lamp), and through the night attends to the turning of them, as occasion requires. Her other duties consist in the repairing of such clothing as may be needed. Nothing is allowed to go one day without repair. Everything, where *care* is required, even to pipes and tobacco, is placed in the igloo wife's hands—in this case, Tookoolito's. These matters I particularly noticed on the occasion of *my first night* spent in an arctic igloo.

Presently our evening meal was ready. It consisted of Cincinnati crackling soup, a small piece of raw salt pork for each of us, half a biscuit, and coffee. Tookoolito proved herself an excellent cook; and I soon felt convinced that no party should think of travelling in these regions without an Innuit man and his wife, for the latter, above everything, is the "all in all," or at least the "better half."

After supper, myself and the two male Esquimaux had each a pipe, and then turned in, my position being between the hot-blooded Innuits Ebierbing and Koodloo.

I slept as well as I would ever wish, and on the following morning, about nine o'clock, after breakfast and repacking the sledge, we again started. Our proper course was due north, but, owing to hummocky ice, we could not follow it. In truth, sometimes we were obliged to make a retrograde movement to get out of "a fix" that we were occasionally in among icebergs and hummocks. Owing to this, we made but five miles direct toward our destination during the day.

It had been expected that we could reach Cornelius Grinnell Bay in one day from the vessel, but too many obstacles existed to allow it, and thus a second night came upon us

while still upon the frozen sea. A storm was also gathering, and its darkness, with the howling wind, which had changed from off the land to right upon it, was foreboding. We were likewise much wearied with the day's labours, and it was some time after we stopped before a suitable place was found and our second igloo erected. At length, though long after dark, we were comfortably located, enjoying a hot supper beneath the snowy dome, the foundation of which rested on the frozen



STORM-BOUND—ENCAMPMENT ON THE FLOE IN DAVIS'S STRAITS, JANUARY 11TH AND 12TH, 1861.

bosom of the mighty deep. But not too soon were we under shelter. The storm had burst in all its fury, and we could hear the wind roaring outside as we warmed ourselves within.

All night long the gale continued, and the next morning—the third of our journey—it was found impossible to go on. It was blowing a strong gale, and continued so all day, with snow in impenetrable thickness. We were therefore obliged to keep inside our shelter, wrapped in furs.

While thus detained, I took the opportunity to have my hair cut by Tookoolito. It had grown to a great length, even to my shoulders, and I now found it very inconvenient. My beard, whiskers, and moustache were also shorn nearly close to my face. In musquito time they were serviceable, but now they had become quite an evil, owing to the masses of ice that clung to them. Indeed, on the previous night I had to lose a portion of my whiskers. They had become so ice-locked that I could not well get my reindeer jacket off over my head, therefore I used my knife, and *cut* longer attachments to them.

I may here mention that, after this, when we vacated the snow-house, our dogs rushed in to devour whatever they could find, *digestible or not digestible*, and my locks were a portion of what they seized. In went my discarded hair to fill up their empty stomachs! A few days later, I saw the very same hirsute material, just as clipped from my head, lining a step leading to another igloo, having passed through the labyrinthian way from a dog's mouth onward.

About 4 P.M. Ebierbing ventured outside to see how matters looked, but he soon returned with the astounding news that *the ice was breaking, and water had appeared not more than ten rods south of us!* I looked, and, to my dismay, found that a crack or opening extended east and west to the land, distant about three miles! The gale had evidently set the sea in heavy motion somewhere, and its convulsive throbs were now at work underneath the ice close to and around us. It still blew very hard, but as yet the wind was easterly, and so far good, because, if a nearer disruption took place, we should be forced toward the land, but if it changed to north or north-west, away to sea we must go and perish!

Seriously alarmed, we consulted as to what was best to do —whether at once to hasten shoreward, or remain in the igloo and stand the chance. On shore, nothing but rugged precipices and steep mountains presented themselves; on the ice, we were in danger of our foundation giving way—that is, of being broken up, or else driven to sea. At length we decided

to remain while the wind lasted in its present quarter, and, to guard as much as possible from any sudden movement taking us unawares, I kept within sight my delicately-poised needle, so that the slightest shifting of the ice on which we were encamped might be known.

In the evening the gale abated, and by 10 P.M. it was calm, but the heavy sea kept the ice creaking, screaming, and *thundering*, as it actually danced to and fro! It was to me a new but fearful sight. When I retired to bed I laid down with strange thoughts in my mind, but with the conviction that the same protecting hand would watch over me there as elsewhere.

The night passed away without alarm, and in the morning Koodloo made an opening with a snow-knife through the dome of the igloo for peering out at the weather. He reported all clear and safe, and, after a hot breakfast, we packed and started, though under great difficulty and hazard.

The ice had given way, and was on the move in every direction. The snow was also very deep—sometimes above our knees—and moreover very treacherous. We could hardly get along; and the poor dogs, which had been near starving since we had left the ship (Esquimaux dogs endure starvation, and yet work, amazingly), had to be assisted by us in pushing and hauling the sledge, while constant precaution was needed against falling through some snow-covered ice-crack. Every now and then we came to openings made by the gale and heaving sea. Some of these were so wide that our sledge could hardly bridge them, and a *détour* would have to be made for a better spot. At other places we had to overcome obstructions caused by high rugged ice that had been thrown up when masses had been crushed together by the tremendous power of the late storm.

To guard against and extricate ourselves from these dangers, yet find a track amid the hummocks around, each of us by turns took the lead, and in this manner we proceeded on our way; but it was evident we had hardly strength enough to persevere in reaching our destination that night. By 2 P.M.

we were so exhausted that I deemed it best to make a halt, and use a little more of the slender stock of provisions I had with me, and which, owing to our being so much longer on the way than expected, had become very low. Each of us, therefore, had a slice of *raw* salt pork and a quarter of a biscuit. This, however trifling, gave renewed strength, and again we pushed forward, hauling, scrambling, tumbling, and struggling almost for our lives.

It was dark ere we got near the locality where our next encampment was to be made, and where, in fact, we intended to remain a while for the purpose of hunting and sealing, and myself exploring.

At length we caught sight of an igloo which afterward proved to be Ugarng's, and, as soon as we saw it, fresh efforts were made to get nearer, but we found our passage more and more obstructed by the broken, upturned ice. Often the sledge was carried onward by making it leap over these impediments, sometimes from one point of ice to another, and at others down and up among the broken pieces. Finally we succeeded in reaching the shore ice, which we found all safe and sound, and in a short time more we were alongside of Ugarng's igloo, encamped on the southwest side of Rogers's Island, overlooking Cornelius Grinnell Bay and the mountains surrounding it.

Immediately I ran into Ugarng's igloo, and obtained some water to drink, for I must mention that all day long we had been famishing on account of thirst. The material to make water had been abundant around us—beneath our feet, here, there, and everywhere—but not a drop could be obtained, owing to our fire-lamp and equipments not being in use. Thus it was most thankfully I received the warm-hearted welcome given me by Nikujar, family wife No. 1 of Ugarng, as she handed a cup of refreshing cold water. Then I remembered how, on one occasion at the ship, this same woman, with her infant, came and asked *me* for water, which I gladly gave to her, with something else. Now *she* gave it to me.

I should mention that, in winter, water is most precious to the natives. It is made only by melting snow or ice over the

ikkumer (fire-lamp), which is an expensive heat and light when oil and blubber become scarce; and in this case our materials for fuel were all expended.

While our own igloo was being erected, Ugarng and his second wife arrived from sealing, and, to the joy of all, brought with him a fine seal. He generously supplied us with what we wanted, and thus an excellent supper was added to cheerful light and genial warmth from the now well-fed lamp.

My fourth night in an igloo, on this journey, was spent more comfortably than the previous two had been, and on the following morning I rose greatly refreshed and strengthened. As I looked upon the expanse over which we had passed, I was startled to find the ice all gone out to sea. This was confirmed by a view shortly afterward obtained from the top of a mountain behind our igloos, and I felt truly grateful to HEAVEN for having so preserved us.

During the day I took a walk on shore, and the two Esquimaux went sealing. They returned at night with a fine prize, which made us an excellent feast; and, as my own stock of provisions was exhausted, except a trifle I reserved in case of sickness, this supply was most timely.

On the following day, January 15th, Ebierbing and Koodloo departed, with the sledge and dogs, on a hunting excursion, and I went away to examine the locality around. During my walk over the hills I came across numerous tracks of rabbits, and I also saw in the distance several prominent headlands that were familiar to me from noticing them when we first arrived here in the ship.

While rambling about, I fortunately preserved myself from a severe frostbite in the face by taking the precaution of carrying a small pocket mirror which belonged to Tookoolito. I had asked the loan of it, knowing how necessary it was, when one is alone in those regions, to have a detector of frostbites; and I found the use of a mirror in such a case equivalent to the companionship of another person.

That night I was alone with Tookoolito and Punnie; the

latter Ugarng's third wife, she having come to our igloo to keep company with us until the husbands returned. It was very cold—the thermometer down to 57° below freezing point. Now my usual sleeping-place was between Ebierbing and Koodloo; but they being absent, I had to lay on the general bed, wrapped in my furs and blankets. During the early part of the night my feet were almost frozen. I tried all I could to keep them warm, but in vain. At last a smooth low voice reached my ear:

"Are you cold, Mr. Hall?"

I answered, "My feet are almost frozen. I cannot get them comfortable."

Quick as thought, Tookoolito, who was distant from me just the space occupied by little Punnie (that is, Punnie slept in the middle), got down to the foot of her bed; thence she made passage for her hands directly across my feet, seizing them and drawing them aslant to her side. My modesty, however, was quieted when she exclaimed,

"Your feet are like ice, and must be warmed *Innuit* fashion!"

Tookoolito then resumed her place beneath her tuktoo furs, intermingling her hot feet with the ice-cold ones of mine. Soon the same musical voice said,

"Do your feet feel better?"

I responded, "They do, and many thanks to you."

She then said, "Well, keep them where they are. Good-night again, sir."

My feet now were not only glowing warm, but *hot* through the remainder of the night. When I awoke in the morning, as near as I could *guess*, there were no less than three pairs of warm feet all woven and interwoven, so that some difficulty was experienced to tell which were my own.

Ebierbing and Koodloo did not return until the next evening, bringing with them some black skin and krang—all the success attending them—which was obtained from a *caché* made the previous fall by the natives when our ship was in the bay. The black skin was compelled to be our food, as

nothing better could be had; and at supper I ate heartily of the *raw frozen whale hide.*

The following noon a very heavy snow-storm came on, and continued throughout the next and two following days, confining us almost entirely to the igloo, myself obliged to live on black skin, krang, and seal.

On Sunday, the 20th of January, ten days after leaving the ship, we found ourselves in a sad state from actual want of food. The weather continued so bad that it was impossible to procure any by hunting, and all we had hitherto obtained was now consumed, except a very small portion held in reserve. I had intended sending Koodloo back to the ship for supplies, but waited for more suitable weather. This morning, however, it was absolutely necessary an attempt should be made, and as Koodloo refused to go alone, I decided upon proceeding with him.

We expected to be obliged to make one night's encampment on the sea ice, now again, so far as we knew from that around us, compact, and we hoped to reach the ship on the following day. My only preparation was a sleeping bag and shawl, with a carpet sack of sundries, and half a pound of baked mutton, which I had carefully preserved to the present moment.

At 8 A.M. we were in readiness, with a sledge and team of 12 dogs, most of them nearly starved. Bidding adieu to Ebierbing and Tookoolito, Koodloo and I started on our journey.

At first, much hummocky ice impeded the way, but this we got through, and I anticipated a speedy trip. I was, however, disappointed. Soon, deep snow appeared; and though we struggled for some miles due south, it was at length evident that to go on like that would be impossible. Occasionally the sledge and dogs contrived to get forward pretty well, but often they were so buried as to be almost out of sight. Koodloo seemed to think of giving it up, and I was so weak as to be hardly capable of dragging myself along. While in this dilemma as to what we should do—go on, or return to the

igloo—I perceived Ebierbing and Ugarng on their way toward us.

They had noticed my difficulty, and Ebierbing now came on snow-shoes to offer his services in going to the ship in my stead. I accepted the proposal, and he, with Koodloo, went forward, Ugarng going in another direction, seeking for seal-holes, while I, slowly and with difficulty, owing to my weakness, returned to the igloo. I was a long time getting back, and when I arrived there was obliged to throw myself on the snow platform quite exhausted.

Toward evening, the weather then being fine, I walked on to a hill that overlooked the bay, and with my glass saw Ebierbing and Koodloo slowly wending their way along near where our second igloo had been erected, the former leading. That night and the following day I was hardly able to move. My weak state, owing to want of food—all my daily fare being a small piece of black or whale skin—had become very serious.

In the evening I went to Ugarng's. He had just returned from sealing, having been out *two days and one night* over a seal-hole. All the reward he had, however, for his patient exertions was the seal coming up and giving a puff; then away it went, leaving Ugarng a disappointed Innuit. But he bore his disappointment very philosophically. He said, in his native tongue, "Away I go to-morrow morning again!"

The next morning, which was very fine, Ugarng and Jack went out sealing again, while I visited several portions of the island. The following day Ugarng returned once more unsuccessful, though he had remained all night over the seal-hole. This was very bad for the whole of us. We could not now have even a fire-light until another seal was captured; and when I called at Ugarng's, I found they were in the same condition. Nikujar (Polly) was alone, except her infant and Kookooyer, their daughter by George. They were without light. Her child was restless, and she said the cause was hunger. "Me got no milk—meat all gone—blubber too—

nothing to eat—no more light—no heat—must wait till get seal."

While I waited, the second wife came in and said Ugarng was still watching over a seal-hole. Jack soon afterward returned without success. Sad—very sad! My own state was bad enough, and I felt it severely; but I could not bear to witness the wants of the poor people around me, having no power to relieve them, unless Ebierbing should soon come back with some provisions from the ship. All that I had to eat was my piece of black skin, and this I relished. Indeed, I could have eaten anything that would have gone toward keeping up the caloric within me, and make bone and flesh.

One night I asked Tookoolito if I might try the taste of some blackened scraps that hung up. I knew that she had reserved these for the dogs, but nevertheless I had an uncontrollable longing for them. I was very hungry. Tookoolito replied that she could not think of my eating them—the idea made her almost sick; therefore I did not urge the matter more; but soon afterward I saw they were gone, Punnie (Ugarng's third wife) having taken them, and passed the whole into her own stomach!

Ugarng came in late again unsuccessful, and Tookoolito gave him a cup of tea, such as it was, for, owing to the absence of proper light and fuel, it could not be well made. Directly he had it, off he went once more to try for seal.

The next morning Ebierbing had not returned, and we were all at our wits' end to find something to eat. At length Tookoolito made out to cut off some of the white from a piece of black skin. From it she "tried" out sufficient oil to use for heating some snow-water, which, when warmed, was thickened with Indian meal, a few handfuls having been found remaining of the small quantity I had brought with me. The quantity of meal did not weigh above two ounces, yet it seemed to "*loom up*" as it was incorporated in the tepid water,

and the incident strongly reminded me of the good woman and Elijah of Bible history. Tookoolito, with whom I shared the meal, thought the "pudding" excellent, and so did I. Indeed, I shall not readily forget that breakfast, even—as I wrote at the time—"if I live to enjoy a thousand more dainty ones in my native home."



HEAD AND ANTLERS OF THE ARCTIC REINDEER.

CHAPTER XII.

Writing under Difficulties — No Fire or Lamp — Only two Inches of Black Skin for Food—Ravenous Hunger of the Dogs—Ebierbing's Return—A Seal captured—Supplies from the Ship—Great Consumption of Food at a time——Old Ookijoxy Ninoo's Dream—Tobacco-juice useful—Watching for the Seal—Innuit Endurance of Cold—Mode of cooking and partaking of Innuit Food—Burning the Fingers with cold Brass—First Reindeer seen—Author visits Kowtukjua, Clark's Harbour, and Ookoolear, Allen's Island—Tookoolito's Sadness—Quick Journey—Plaintive Look of a Seal—Arrive at the "George Henry."

At this time, though I kept in general good health and spirits, I was fast losing flesh. But almost worse than want of food was the want of light and fuel. On several occasions, the only way I had to keep myself from freezing was by sitting in bed with plenty of tuktoo furs around me. The writing of my journal was done with the thermometer + 15° to less than 0, while outside it was from – 25° to – 52°. During the day I several times went up the hill to look for Ebierbing's reappearance from the vessel, but no signs of him met my eye, and the night of January 24th (fourteen days from the ship) saw us with our last ration of food, viz., a piece of "black skin" 1¼ inch wide, 2 inches long, and ⅜ of an inch thick. It was under these very "agreeable" circumstances I went to sleep, hoping to dream of better things, even if I could not partake of them. "Better things" fortunately did arrive, and in a way that I *could* partake of them.

At midnight I heard footsteps within the passage-way to our igloo. Intuitively I knew it was Jack with ook-gook—seal-blubber. I sprang out of bed and drew back the snow-block door. There *was* Jack, his spear covered with pierced seal-blubber hanging in strips like string-dried apples. I had allowed my poor starving dog "Merok" to sleep within the igloo that night, and, directly I had opened the door, on his

scenting the luscious fat, quicker than thought he gave one leap—a desperate one, as if the strength of a dozen well-fed animals were in him. In an instant I grappled with the dog, and made great efforts to save the precious material; but, though I actually thrust my hands into his mouth, and though Tookoolito and Punnie also battled with him, Morok conquered, and instantly devoured that portion he had seized.

This misfortune, however, was not single. Before Jack could get his well-loaded spear and himself into the igloo, all the other dogs about the place were around him, fighting for a share of what was left. They succeeded in obtaining nearly all before we could drive them away, and thus the good portion intended for us from what Jack had procured was lost *to us*, but not to the dogs! Jack, who was of Ugarng's party, and had brought this as a present, returned to his own igloo, and left us disconsolate to ours. "Better things," therefore, in that case, were not for us; but, nevertheless, as I have said above, they did arrive, and that speedily.

Not before 9 A.M. did I again leave my tuktoo bed and go outside the igloo to look around. Naturally and longingly my first glance was in the direction whence I expected Ebierbing. In a moment my eyes caught something black upon the almost universal whiteness. I looked again and again. It moved, and immediately my heart leaped with joy as my tongue gave utterance in loud tones to Tookoolito within, "Ebierbing! Ebierbing! He is coming! he is coming!" The response was, "That is good;" and I—merely adding, "I go to meet him"—bounded away as fast as my enfeebled body would allow.

I soon found, however, that if progress was to be made toward him, I must do it by slow degrees and patient steps. "Black skin," in homœopathic quantities, daily taken for food, had but kept my stomach in sufficient action to support life. All the strength I now had was mostly from the beefsteaks of dear Ohio, eaten and moulded into human fat, muscle, and bones before leaving my native home. But this

remaining strength was very, very small, and thus my efforts to get on soon nearly exhausted me.

After a great struggle through the deep snow, I at last got within hailing distance, and sang out to know if it was really Ebierbing, as the party I had seen was no longer advancing. No reply came to my question, and I immediately hastened my feeble steps to see the cause. A moment or two brought me near enough to be convinced. It *was* Ebierbing, with the sledge and dogs, but so exhausted with his labours that he had been obliged to throw himself down, completely overpowered. Soon I was by his side grasping his hand, and, with a grateful heart, thanking him for the really good deed he had performed in thus coming alone with the relief I saw before me.

In a short time the loaded sledge was examined, and I found a box of sundries sent from the ship, as also *a very fine seal, caught that morning by Ebierbing himself.* There was likewise a quantity of whale-meat, brought from Rescue Harbour for the use of our dogs.

Directly Ebierbing could renew his journey, we started together; but the dogs and both of us were hardly able to get the sledge along. Finally we reached the shore ice, and here we were so exhausted that not one inch farther could we drag the loaded sledge. Kunniu, wife No. 2 of Ugarng, seeing our condition, hastened to give assistance, and with her strong arms and our small help, the sledge was soon placed high on the shore by the side of the igloos.

Ebierbing's first and most earnest call was for "water." This was supplied to him, and then we commenced storing our new supplies. The seal was taken into the igloo—the usual place for a captured seal—and the sledge, with its contents, was properly attended to. Of course the news of Ebierbing's arrival with a seal "spread like wildfire," and in our quiet little village, consisting of three igloos, all the inhabitants with exhausted stomachs—including my own—were prepared for wide distension.

The seal weighed, I should say, about 200 lbs. and was

with young. According to Innuit custom, an immediate invitation was given by the successful hunter's family for every one to attend a "seal feast." This was speedily done, and our igloo was soon crowded. My station was on the dais, or bed-place, behind several Innuit women, but so that I could see over them and watch what was going on.

The first thing done was to consecrate the seal, the ceremony being to sprinkle water over it, when the stalwart host and his assistant proceeded to separate the "blanket"—that is, the blubber, with skin—from the solid meat and skeleton of the seal. The body was then opened and the blood *scooped* out. This blood is considered very precious, and forms an important *item* of the food largely consumed by Esquimaux. Next came the liver, which was cut into pieces and distributed all around, myself getting and eating a share. Of course *it was eaten raw*—for this was a raw-meat feast—its eating being accompanied by taking into the mouth at the same time a small portion of delicate white blubber, which answered the same as butter with bread. Then followed distributing the ribs of the seal for social picking. I joined in all this, doing as they did, and becoming quite an Innuit save in the *quantity* eaten. This I might challenge any *white man* to do. No human stomach but an Innuit's could possibly hold what I saw these men and women devour.

Directly the "feast" was ended all the company dispersed. Tookoolito then sent around bountiful gifts of seal-blubber for firelamps; also some seal meat and blood. This is the usual custom among the Innuits, and, undoubtedly, is a virtue to be commended. They share each other's successes, and bear each other's wants. Generally, if it is found that one is short of provisions, it may be known that all are. When one has a supply, all have.

After the feast and the gifts were over, we had leisure to attend to ourselves, and in what "great good humour" we were soon to be found! Our lamps were all aglow and our hunger sated. I then took up the letter sent me by Captain B——, which added to my pleasure in its perusal.



SEALING IN THE WINTER.

It appeared, by what I read, that every one on board the ship, as also the natives in the two villages, had given us up for lost during the gale we encountered when encamped on the ice. From the long absence of all information about us, and the fact that the same gale had broken up the ice in Field Bay, it was concluded that we had been driven out to sea, and probably had perished. Koodloo's wife never expected to see him again; and old *Ookijoxy Ninoo*, the grandmother of Ebierbing, said she dreamt about him in such a way that his death was almost assured to her.

My information from the ship told me that the natives in both villages were still badly off, not having caught one seal since our departure.

I must now mention, briefly, how Ebierbing obtained the fine seal he brought with him. On his way to the ship he discovered a seal-hole, but, being hurried for time, he merely erected a small pile of snow near at hand, and *squirted tobacco-juice as a mark upon it.* On his return, he readily found the hole by this mark, and, though he felt the necessity of hastening on to our relief, and had received instructions from the captain to hurry forward, yet he determined to try for the prize by spending the night in attempting to gain it. Accordingly, binding my shawl and various furs around his feet and legs, he took his position, spear in hand, over the seal-hole. This hole was buried in two feet of snow, and had been first detected by the keen sagacity of one of the dogs with him. Ebierbing, while watching, first thrust the spindle shank of the spear a score of times down through the snow, until he finally hit the small aperture leading through the ice. It was a dark night, and this made it the more difficult, for, in striking at a seal, it will not do to miss the exact spot where the animal comes to breathe—no, not by a quarter of an inch. But, to make sure of being right when aiming, Ebierbing put some dark tuktoo hair directly over it, and thus, after patiently watching the whole night long, he was rewarded in the early morning by hearing the seal *blow.* In a moment more he captured it by a well-directed aim of his spear.

The next morning, January 26th, the Innuits Ugarng, Ebierbing, and Jack all separated for some place where they hoped to get seals. I supplied them as liberally as I could with my provisions, and then myself remained behind to proceed with certain observations I daily made in reference to determining positions, and otherwise noting down particulars concerning the locality around me.

The rations sent me from the ship were examined and placed in safety from the dogs, but not from the truly honest Innuits; for such precaution was not needed; and then I tried to go on with some work. But it was colder than we had yet experienced, the thermometer being that night (the seventeenth of my igloo life) 75° below the freezing point! Remembering that our sealers were out on the ice, and, as they had said, would each be watching for a prize, I shuddered, fully expecting they must be frozen to death; but what was my surprise and pleasure in the afternoon to see Jack and Ebierbing return, each with a seal—the one captured about midnight, the other early in the morning.

Ebierbing admitted that he had felt the cold very much while watching, and, though well wrapped in furs tied around him, could hardly prevent his feet from freezing. As to his nose, *that* did get touched by the frost, but he soon remedied it by smoking a Yankee clay pipe "loaded" with Virginia tobacco.

Ugarng returned in the evening unsuccessful.

Another "seal-feast" was of course made, and on this occasion I supped on seal soup, with about two yards of frozen seal's entrails (very good eating) as a finish to the affair.

These seal suppers I found to be most excellent. The seal-meat is cooked in a pan suspended for three or four hours over the fire-lamp. Generally it is boiled in water—half of it sea water—*and blood!* When ready, it is served up by first giving to each person a piece of the meat. This is followed by a dish of smoking-hot soup, that is, the material in which the seal has been cooked; and I challenge any one to find more *palatable* food in the United States. *It is*

ambrosia and nectar! Once tasted, the cry is sure to be "*More! more!*"

The seal-meat, I may state, is eaten by holding it in both hands, the fingers and the dental "mill" supplying the offices of both knife and fork. This mode of eating was known before such instruments were thought of. Among the Innuits generally, the following practice prevails: before the igloo wife hands any one a piece of meat, she "*soups*" it all over, that is, *sucks* out all the fluid from the meat that would probably otherwise drip out. Farthermore, if there be any foreign matter upon it, such as seal, dog, or reindeer hairs, she *licks* them all off with her pliant tongue.

On January 29th we had the cold so severe that the thermometer showed, during the night and in the morning, 82° below the freezing point! yet, strangely, I had experienced more severe *sensations* of cold when the temperature was at *zero* than at this low state. Still it *was* cold, and bitingly cold! How Ebierbing and the other men—who had again left on the previous evening—could keep to their watch during that cold night was to me marvellous; yet they did so; and when Ebierbing returned about 9 A.M. without success, he told me that he was unwearied in his watchfulness all through the dreary time. *At midnight* a seal had come to breathe, but he was not so ready or so smart—probably was too much frozen—as to strike in time, and therefore lost it.

Sometimes the wives accompany their husbands sealing, even in such weather.

Recording my own experience of igloo life at this time, I may here say that, having then spent twenty nights in a snow house, I enjoyed it exceedingly. *Now*, as I look back at the past, I find no reason to utter any thing different. I was as happy as circumstances permitted, even though with Innuits only for my companions. Life has charms everywhere, and I must confess that Innuit life possesses those charms to a great degree for me.

On the 31st we had a stranger visit us—a boy called *Nooah-kong*—who arrived from a spot one mile west of where

our first igloo had been erected. He had found us out, and stated that he left behind, at the stopping place, Mingumailo the angeko, with his two wives. They had started for that spot a short time preceding us, but now, having been a long while without food, he came to see if we could supply him. The lad had an abundance given him, and never before did I see such an amount of gorging as I did then by that boy.

Next day Ugarng departed on a visit to the ship, and with sundry presents of seal-meat, &c. from Ebierbing to his aged grandmother and friends. I also sent a letter to Captain B——, preferring to remain until I had completed all my observations. While taking some of these, however, I "burned" my fingers most sadly by laying hold of my brass pocket sextant with my bare hand. I say *burned* them, because the effect was precisely the same as if I had touched *red-hot* iron. The ends of my finger-nails were like burnt bone or horn; and the fleshy part of the tips of my fingers and thumbs were, in appearance and feeling, as if suddenly burnt by fire.

On the 3d of February we caught sight of some reindeer on the ice, making their way slowly in single file northward, and eventually coming within a quarter of a mile of our igloos. I had given my rifle to Ebierbing on the first sight of them, that he might try his skill in killing one; but, owing to the charge of powder being too small, he missed, and the reindeer, alarmed, darted off with the speed of the wind, much to our regret.

That night, about 12 o'clock, we were aroused by a call from some one evidently in distress. The cry came from the passage-way just without the igloo, and was at once responded to by Ebierbing telling the stranger to come in. He did so, and who should stand before us but Mingumailo the angeko! He spoke feebly, and said that he was very ill, *thirsty and hungry;* and that he, with his family, had *had nothing to eat for nearly one month!* Immediately a pile of frozen seal-meat was pointed out to him, with permission to eat some, and, quick as lightning, the famished man sprang to it like

a starving bear. But how he did gorge! He swallowed enough, I thought, to have *killed* six white men, yet he took it without any apparent discomfort. Water was supplied to him, and of this he drank copiously—two quarts went down his camel stomach without drawing breath! Seeing his tremendous attack upon our precious pile of fresh provisions, I really felt alarmed lest he meant to demolish the whole, and leave us without. To feed a hungry man was well enough, and a ready act on the part of all of us; but then for him to have a stomach as huge and voracious as any polar bear, and try to fill that stomach from our limited supply of food, was more than we could reasonably stand. I grew impatient; but finally the angeko gave in. He really had no power to stow away one piece more. He was full to repletion; and, throwing himself flat on the igloo floor, he resigned himself to the heavy task Nature now had to perform in the process of digesting the monstrous heap he had taken within.

After a time the angeko told us that one of his wives had accompanied him, but had gone into another igloo. The other wife kept with them as far as she could, when he was obliged to leave her till means of relief could be found. He had built an igloo for her, and then hastened on to our snow village. In the morning Noo-ok-kong, the Innuit lad, went with some food to her, and soon afterward brought her in, thus making an addition of no less than four hungry mouths to aid in consuming our supplies. To add to our dilemma, Ugarng returned on the following day bringing with him *three* more fasting beings besides himself. They were his mother, Ookijoxy-Ninoo, his nephew Eterloong, and his niece Ookoodlear, all related to Ebierbing.

Ugarng, however, brought for me additional supplies from the ship; but I saw quite clearly that, whatever I might feel inclined to do for my late companions in their need, it would never answer to begin supplying all strangers that arrived, particularly the angeko, who was lazy, and living upon the credulity of his people. Therefore I determined to stop this

as speedily as possible. The angeko, however, left us in a day or two for another place, where he and his wives were afterward found, again starving.

News from the ship told me that all were well on board, and that the natives had caught *one* seal, the captor being Koodloo, who had remained there when Ebierbing went with him on the first trip back to the vessel.

Sterry, of the ship's company, had been some time living at a place in Frobisher Bay, and had, with the natives, caught two walrus. Captain B—— intended going thither the next month with some men, to see what could be done the coming season in the way of whaling.

After this arrival, the usual daily incidents of our life were unvaried for some time. Occasionally seals were obtained, principally by Ugarng and Ebierbing, and then a grand feast of *raw* food took place.

The improvidence and thoughtlessness of the Innuit people are remarkable. If they can live bountifully and joyously *to-day*, the *morrow* may take its chance. This was repeatedly shown in the conduct of one and all during my residence with them in the igloos. Not even Ebierbing and Tookoolito were exempt from this failing. They would eat, and let others eat up *all* they had one day, though they—and, I must add, *myself*,—starved the next. In addition to this want of due consideration concerning food for their own home, Tookoolito was generous in the extreme, always giving when asked, and trusting to what might happen afterward for replenishing the supply. Ugarng's numerous family, consisting of no less than seven individuals, made incessant demands upon her and Ebierbing, and also upon myself, whenever it could be done by cajolery, or—as I often thought would follow—by intimidation. My own stores I freely gave to an extent that I considered advisable, and no more; but I frequently pointed out to my Esquimaux friends the necessity of husbanding what they obtained by their persevering and arduous labours. It was, however, of no use. Eat, eat, give, give, let go and never mind, seemed the principle that

guided them; and, consequently, in a short time starvation again stared the whole village in the face.

Ebierbing, however, was a most persevering and indefatigable sealer. During that season he caught more seals than any other man; and on one occasion, by the aid of my rifle, which I had loaned to him, he succeeded in bringing back four seals, after having taken six, but two were lost. This was on an excursion he took by way of Clark's Harbour to Allen's Island. Ugarng had gone with him, and built an igloo near a narrow channel kept open by swift tides, discovered at that place. The angeko, staying at Clark's Harbour, would not stir from there, having found a deposit, formerly made by us in the ship, of whale krang, and upon this he and his two wives were living—that is, so far as he allowed the poor women to share with him. When, however, Ebierbing was returning with his great prize, this lazy, worthless angeko must needs join him to share in the feast which followed. I need hardly say that my own feelings toward the man were not of the most peaceable; but I was alone, and even my two Innuit friends yielded to the sway of their angeko; hence I was powerless to avert aught such a man might instantly command to be done, had I offended him.

When Ebierbing returned with the four seals he merely stayed long enough for the feast, and was off again, with the understanding to look out for me, as I purposed following him. This I did on the 16th day of February, being the thirty-eighth of my departure from the ship, and of my living thus wholly among the Innuits. The Innuit Jack was my companion, and we arrived at Kowtukjua (Clark's Harbour) about 3 P.M.

This place was where we had anchored in the ship during the previous fall, and where I nearly lost my life by the accidental pistol-shot on the 13th of August. I examined the locality, and then, at 4 P.M. started for Allen's Island.

We arrived at Ugarng's igloo about 7 P.M. and were welcomed by Kunniu, Ugarng himself being out sealing. Here I stayed until the 18th, aiding them as far as I could,

and curiously watching the various efforts made to sustain and enjoy life by these singular people of the North.

In a future chapter I shall dwell upon this more largely; but now I must only say that great success attended Ugarng's exertions, and when we all started for the igloo village it was with a good store of food upon our sledge. We arrived in the afternoon, and, after the usual feast, passed the evening in social conversation.

I had now been forty-two nights in an igloo, living with the natives most of the time on their food and according to their own customs. I therefore considered that I had gained some experience in the matter, and having made several observations for determining the locality of places, prepared for my return.

I bade adieu to my Innuit friends in the village, and on the 21st of February left what I then called "my Northern home" for the ship. I was accompanied by Ebierbing, Ugarng, and Kunniu, and we had the sledge and dogs with us. The parting from Tookoolito was affecting. She evidently felt it; but the hope of herself and husband soon being with me again on my future excursions removed much of the disappointment she then felt at my going away. In fact, both she and Ebierbing were as children to me, and I felt toward them like what a parent would.

It was a fine day when we left the village at 7 A.M. and rapid progress was made. As we moved out into the bay, a glow of red light suffused the heavens at the eastern part of the horizon, and when we had made about four miles south the sun began to lift his glorious face, his darting rays kissing the peaks of the mountains around. Occasionally I looked back to the igloos where I had spent so many days—far from uncomfortable ones—among my Innuit friends; but soon they were out of sight, and my thoughts now turned wholly to the warm hearts that I hoped to meet on board that night.

At 9 A.M. we reached new ice, which started the sealers to try their hands once more for a prize. In ten minutes

more Ebierbing had found a hole, and actually secured a seal! He hailed me to come, and, on reaching the spot, I was asked to pull the seal up while he enlarged the hole, that it might be drawn on to the ice. I did so; and as the beautiful, eloquent eyes of the victim met my sight, I felt a sort of shudder come over me, for it seemed to say, "Why disturb me here? I do no harm. Do not kill me!" But the great sealer, Ebierbing, with his spear, had already enlarged the hole, and, hauling the prize higher up, speedily ended its life by a few well-directed thrusts midway between the seal's fore-flippers. Not a struggle did the victim make. Its end was as peaceful as that of a lamb.

Ugarng had been unsuccessful; but the one prize of Ebierbing was something, and, after properly securing it to the sledge, away we went on our course again. At 10 A.M. we lunched on frozen seal, and our dinner was the same. We reached the land at 3 P.M. and crossed in two hours and forty-five minutes to Field Bay. A half hour's travelling upon the ice brought us to the ship, where I found all the crew ready to welcome me with outstretched hands, and, I am sure, kindly hearts. For a moment, on once more standing upon the ship's deck, I felt myself overpowered; but, speedily recovering, I returned the congratulations offered, and, after seeing my companions were attended to, I descended to the cabin, where numerous comforts of civilization awaited me. A warm supper was most acceptable. I was much fatigued with my journey; and, soon after a short conversation which followed, I gladly retired. Once more, then, did I enter my own little domicile, where I did not forget to return thanks to Him who had so preserved me in health and safety during that, my first experience of personal life among the native Innuit tribes of the icy North.

CHAPTER XIII.

Irksome Change from a Snow House to the Ship's Cabin—Native Village on the Ice—Scurvy on Board—Best Cure for it—A Reindeer Hunt—Dogs in Chase—A Venison Feast for the Ship's Crew—Some of the sick Crew sent to live with the Natives—The Innuit King-wat-che-ung—His Kindness to White Men—One of the Sailors missing—The missing Man's Tracks; his erratic Movements; he gets confused and goes Seaward; has a Rest in the Snow; moves on again, and proceeds Miles from the Ship; his Scramble round an Iceberg—Author and his Companion exhausted—Temptation to lie down and sleep—Sledge arrives from the Ship—Search continued—Tracks lead to the Shore—Signs of a fearful Struggle—Discovery of the Body, frozen stiff—Ground too hard to dig a Grave—Cover the Corpse with Ice and Snow—Return to the Ship.

My first night (February 21st, 1861) on board the *George Henry*, after forty-three days away in an igloo, was a sleepless one; not from any want of comfort, but in consequence of the superabundance of it. From the pure atmosphere of a snow house to the warm, confined air of a small cabin, the change is great, and I felt it extremely while undergoing the resulting "sweating" process.

The next morning I visited the crew to see how the men were, and was sorry to find one or two cases of scurvy among them. The legs of one man, from his knees down to his feet, were almost as black as coal tar. In reply to a question put to me, I said that forty-three days in an igloo among Innuits was, in my opinion, the best cure for them. I then went on shore with Captain B——.

My dogs were all well, and right glad to see me. The wreck of the *Rescue* still existed, though much of its materials had been used for fuel and other useful purposes.

I found, astern of the *George Henry*, several igloos built upon the ice, though but few of the natives remained here. Nearly all the inhabitants of both villages had gone away to Frobisher Bay, where they hoped more success would attend

their exertions to procure food. Indeed, I understood that not less than a hundred Innuits were located in one place, and doing well.

On the 24th of February Ebierbing returned to Cornelius Grinnell Bay, carrying with him many presents and articles of provisions for himself and wife, given by Captain B—— and myself. Ugarng also went away well loaded; and Koodloo and his family, Sharkey, with some of our dogs, and one or two other persons, likewise departed for the same place. Sharkey was to come back soon with the dogs, which were only loaned to him for the occasion. Koojesse, Johnny Bull, Kokerzhun, and all the natives that were about the ship on my arrival, or who came over soon afterward from Frobisher Bay, evinced their joy at my return in a way that much pleased me, and showed that I had a hold of no slight nature upon their affections.

Thus two or three days passed away while preparations were being made by the ship's company for their spring whaling, and by myself for another excursion, previous to making an effort toward proceeding on the main object of my voyage.

While thus occupied, an incident occurred that, when related, as here, from notes taken at the time and from facts well-attested, may perhaps, by some of my readers, be deemed almost incredible. But precisely as it took place, just so I narrate it.

About 9 A.M. of March 4th, the Innuit Charley, then on deck, reported reindeer in sight upon the ice. This immediately caused much excitement, and, from captain to cabin-boy, the cry ran through the ship, "Tuktoo! Tuktoo!" Of course we were now all but certain we should get a taste of north country venison, for there were numbers of us to give chase and insure a capture. Guns were charged, and a whole party were going off to the hunt, when it occurred to the more knowing ones that it would be wise to let Koojesse, who offered himself, proceed alone, taking with him only the rifle which I put in his hands. The wind, which was blowing

from the north, placed the herd on the windward side of him, thus making his chance more favourable on account of the deer being unable so readily to "scent" the foe.

As Koojesse cautiously proceeded, we all watched him most eagerly. Fifteen minutes saw him "breasted" by a small island toward which the deer approached. When they were within rifle shot he fired, but evidently missed, for the game wheeled round and darted away.

Directly the report was heard, *Barbekark*, my Greenland dog, bounded off toward the battle-ground, followed by all the other dogs. This was annoying, as it threatened to put an end to any more firing at the game; and if they would have heeded us, we should have instantly recalled them. But it was now useless. The dogs were in full chase, and fears were entertained that if they got too far away, some, if not all of them, would be lost. At length we saw Barbekark pursuing—not in the deer *tracks*, circuitous, flexuous, mazy in course, but—in a *direct* line, thus evincing a sagacity most remarkable. The other dogs, not taking the same course, soon fell behind.

On and on went Barbekark, straight for a spot which brought him close upon the deer. The latter immediately changed their course, and so did Barbekark, hot in pursuit after them. Thus it continued for nearly two hours; first this way, then that; now in a circle, then zigzag; now direct, then at right angles, among the numerous islands at the head of the bay.

For awhile nothing more was thought of the affair, save an expression of regret that the dogs would not be able to find their way home, so far had they been led by the enticing game.

A little before twelve, midday, Barbekark was seen coming back, and presently he came on board, with blood around his mouth and over his body. No importance was attached to this beyond supposing that he had come into collision with the deer; but as for killing one, the thought was not entertained for a moment. Those who had often wintered

in the arctic regions said they had never known a dog to be of any use in hunting down deer, and therefore we concluded that our game was gone. But there was something in the conduct of Barbekark that induced a few of the men to think it possible he had been successful. He was fidgety, and restlessly bent upon drawing attention to the quarter where he had been chasing.

He kept whining, and going first to one and then another, as if asking them to do something he wanted. The captain even noticed him jumping about, and playing unusual pranks; running toward the gangway steps, then back again. This he did several times, but still no one gave him more than a passing notice. He went to Keeney and tried to enlist *his* attention, which at last he did so far as to make him come down to me (I was writing in my cabin at the time) and mention it; but I gave no heed, being so much occupied with my work. Perhaps had Barbekark found me, I should have comprehended his actions. As it was, he failed to convey his meaning to anybody. Presently one of the men, called "Spikes," went off to the wreck of the *Rescue*, and Barbekark immediately followed; but, seeing that Spikes went no farther, the dog bounded off to the northwest, and then Spikes concluded that it was really possible Barbekark had killed the deer. Accordingly, he returned on board, and a party of the ship's crew started to see about it, though the weather was very cold and inclement. They were away two hours; and when they came back, we could observe that each was carrying something like a heavy bundle on his head. Still we could not believe it possible that it was portions of the deer; and only when they came so near that the strange fact was perceptible could we credit our senses. One man, almost Hercules like, had the skin wrapped around him, another had half of the saddle, a third the other half, and the rest each some portion of the deer that we all had especially noticed. In a short time they were on board, and deposited their loads triumphantly on the scuttle-door leading to the cooking department below.

Every officer and man of the ship, all the Innuits and Innuit dogs, then congregated around the tempting pile of delicious fresh meat, the trophy, as it really proved, of my fine Greenland dog Barbekark. The universal astonishment was so great that hardly a man of us knew what to say. At length we heard the facts as follows :—

Our men had followed Barbekark's return tracks for about a mile from the vessel, in a direct line northward; thence



BARBEKARK KILLING THE REINDEER.

westward some two miles farther to an island, where, to their surprise, they found Barbekark and the other Greenland dogs seated upon their haunches around the deer lying dead before them.

On examination, its throat was shown to be cut with Barbekark's teeth as effectually as if any white man or Innuit had done it with a knife. The windpipe and jugular vein had both been severed; more, a piece of each, with a part of the

tongue, the skin and flesh covering the same, had actually been bitten out. The moment "Sam," one of the men in advance of the rest, approached, Barbekark jumped from his watchful position close by the head of his victim and ran to meet him, with manifestations of delight, wagging his tail and swinging his head about. At the same time he looked up into Sam's eyes as if saying, "I've done the best I could; I've killed the deer, eaten just *one* luscious mouthful, and lapped up some of the blood. I now give up what you see, merely asking for myself and these my companions, who have been faithfully guarding the prize, such portions as yourselves may disdain!"

The snow around the spot showed that a terrible fight had taken place before the deer gave up its life. Somehow during the struggle one of the deer's hind legs had got broken; and when our men arrived at the spot, several crows were there picking away at the carcass. But Barbekark and the crow family were always on good terms, and probably this was the reason why he did not drive them away, for sometimes they rested upon his back.

As soon as our men had reached the dead deer and found it ready for them, they skinned it, and then cut it in pieces for carrying on board. They regretted that no harnesses were at hand, so that they might have had the dogs—Barbekark at the head as conqueror—drag the whole carcass to the ship. As soon as the prize was on board, it was fairly distributed among the ship's company fore and aft, and my brave dog was greeted with many a word of praise for his remarkable hunting feat!

In afterward dressing the deerskin, it was seen that the ball from my rifle, fired by Koojesse, had really taken effect. It was found in a piece of the flesh still adhering to the skin, at that part which covered the hip. The ball had gone through the skin, and was flattened by striking the bone. I have that ball, and keep it as a memento of this remarkable affair.

In referring to this incident a day or two afterward, Captain B—— said to the men, "Boys, who at home, think you, will believe that affair of Barbekark's and the deer-hunt, with what

followed?" The general reply was, "Not one in a thousand will believe it." "In fact," added the captain, "*I* can hardly believe it even now, though it was so." And thus may many others say; yet the facts are precisely as I have related them, and they are evidence of the keen sagacity and almost human intelligence, allied to great bravery, of my faithful Greenland dog Barbekark.

On the 5th of March *Sharkey* returned from Cornelius Grinnell Bay. He was accompanied by one of the angeko's wives, and brought us information of all my Innuit friends, and also of *Nikujar's* death, which occurred about two or three days after I had left.

I have before mentioned that this woman, Nikujar, was the family wife No. 1 of Ugarng, and had formerly been the wife of Blind George. Indeed, until he became blind, she was to him a happy and loving partner, giving him the one child, *Kookooyer*, he now so much doted upon; but when the curtains of an endless night were drawn over him, he lost her. She consented to become the wife of Ugarng, leaving the noble-hearted but now blind "eagle" to be alone.

By Ugarng, Nikujar had another child, *Me-noun*, but she was always wishing to have her first one, Kookooyer, with her. Thus it was that I so often saw the girl in Ugarng's home, instead of with her own father. Nikujar, however, did not get on quite so well as she had expected. Ugarng's second wife, Kunniu, seemed to be his favourite, probably on account of her being so serviceable to him in hunting and sealing; and Nikujar had frequently to remain by herself, or with wife No. 3, to take care of their home. Disease also laid hold of her. She was sick when I first saw her, and consumption had sown the seeds of death in her frame. Gradually she wasted away, and during my sojourn at the igloo village it was evident to me she could not long survive. It was therefore no surprise when I heard of her decease. To Blind George, however, who was on board when the news arrived, the intelligence was a heavy blow. Notwithstanding her faithlessness, he had always retained his original love for the mother of their dear child;

and when he heard she was no more, he went and hid himself, that he might mourn without restraint. When I sought him out, I found he was giving way to almost uncontrollable grief, his eyes streaming with tears, and his lamentations loud and painful to hear. I tried to comfort him, and by soothing words direct his thoughts upward, where the best consolation is ever found.

At this time a very serious event occurred, the narrative of which I here transcribe from my diary:—

"Sunday, March 17th, 1861, 11 o'clock, night.

"A man lost! The man found—dead!! frozen to death!!!

"I am too fatigued, my mind too overwhelmed with the dreadful incidents of the day, to make record of what belongs to this day's journal. I leave all for the morrow, after having said,

"Peace to the soul of John Brown, one of the men of the *George Henry!*"

"Monday, March 18th, 1861.

"I now resume the painful record of the subject foreshadowed in the few words of my last night's penning.

"Turning back to the record of last Tuesday (I refer to my MS. journal book), it will be seen that two of the *George Henry's* men, John Brown (who now sleeps in death) and James Bruce, both afflicted with scurvy, were sent to Oopungnewing, in Frobisher Bay, distant by sledge-route seventeen nautical miles, for the purpose of having them stay with the Innuits for awhile, living exclusively on fresh meat, walrus and seal. They accompanied, as there stated, the Innuit 'Bob' (King-wat-che-ung), with whom Captain B—— made distinct arrangements to care for them, providing for all their necessities. This Innuit Bob has a noble soul, one that prompts him to *noble deeds*, continually outpouring in behalf of the poor, the friendless, the unfortunate, and the sick. He is the one to whom Captain B—— feels himself indebted for saving his life in the disastrous winter here of 1855-6, when he (Captain B——) lost thirteen of the crew of his vessel—the *Georgiana*—by scurvy.

"On Friday last, March 15th, by the journal (my MS. journal), it will also be seen that Koojesse and Charley (Kooper-ne-ung), went over to the Innuit settlements at Frobisher Bay with the dogs and sledge, for the object of trafficking for walrus tusks and meat. It was expected that they would return by the evening of the same day, but the inclement weather that succeeded their starting out, the gale of the night and next day, prevented their return till twelve meridian of Saturday, at which hour they started.

"John Brown and James Bruce feeling so much relieved of their complaint, they prepared themselves to return with Koojesse and Charley. While the load of walrus skins, walrus meat, &c. was being lashed to the sledge by the two Innuits, Brown and Bruce started on together. They had not proceeded more than half a mile when Bruce proposed that they should return, delaying their journey to another day, as the wind was blowing strong and cold; the indications of the weather being otherwise unpropitious. To this proposal Brown objected. Bruce declared they would be frozen before they could reach the vessel, and this being his honest conviction, he not only decided to go back to the igloo they had just left, but strenuously exerted himself to induce Brown to do likewise. The last words of this unfortunate young man to his companion (Bruce) were, 'I'm going on; for, by G—, I'm determined to have my duff and apple-sauce* at to-morrow's dinner.'

"Bruce returned to Bob's igloo, taking from the sledge his sleeping blankets. Brown finally retraced his steps until he met the sledge party, which he joined, continuing his journey homeward to the vessel. The sledge was heavily loaded, so that their progress was very slow. Having proceeded some seven miles, hummocky ice obliged Charley and Koojesse to leave the greater part of the load. To unload and make a

* Sunday is duff-day with the forward hands. "Duff" is a favourite dish with them, and also, I may say, with the officers and all in the steerage. The "apple-sauce" referred to in Brown's remark is explained by the fact that dried apples are incorporated in the "duff."

deposit under piles of ice was a work of time. Brown was anxious to proceed without the delay requisite to make the *cache*. He made known his determination to proceed alone. The two Innuits, who foresaw the dangers to which Brown was about to expose himself, advised that he should wait for them. All that these experienced, storm and cold proof men of the North could say in warning him, did not suffice to cool the ardent desire of Brown to join as early as possible his cheer companions at the *George Henry*.

"Seeing that Brown was about to take his departure, Koojesse and Charley persuaded him to take along one of the dogs, that it might guide him in the direct route to the ship. Koojesse disengaging the single trace from the *peto*,* the same was passed to Brown's hand. Thus he had a guide, a leader in harness, whose instinct was truer than that of any man, with all his boasted intelligence. But this dog Brown exchanged for a younger one unused to the route. With heart bounding with hopeful throbbings that he would soon be among his home companions—that he would soon be participating in the longed-for food of civilization (for which he had acquired a hundred-fold stronger desire than he ever had before, in the course of his brief stay among the Innuits, whose almost sole living is fresh animal food), Brown started on, travelling with vigorous step the rough ice-road before him. Long before the safe ice-covering had been made over the meat deposit, Brown was out of sight of Koojesse and Charley.

"A few minutes after twelve o'clock that night (Saturday) I retired. A little later, I heard first the cry of the dogs; then the loud, peculiar, and unmistakable voice of the Innuit dog-driver; and then the musical sledge, whose glassy bone-shoeing rung to the music of the snows.

"Previous to my turning in, all hands had retired. No one was up to learn the news from Frobisher Bay settlements.

"The sledge was driven up alongside of the *George Henry;* the dogs were quickly unharnessed; the small portion of the

* The *short line* that connects all the draught lines or traces of the dogs to the runners of the sledge.

original load was placed on deck, out of reach of the dogs, Charley departing for his igloo near the stern of the vessel; while Koojesse (whose winter quarters are with us) hastened in, divesting himself of his dress, and placing himself alongside of his warm sleeping *nuliana*, Tu-nuk-der-lien, who had retired hours before I did to the usual place of their tuktoo bed, close beside the door of my sleeping apartment. A few moments found the weary Innuit, my friend Koojesse, in the arms of sleep. The sleep of a tired Innuit is usually accompanied with loud nasal sounds.

"My lateness in retiring on Saturday night, my unquiet sleep, made me a later riser on the following glorious day of days—the Sabbath.

"Breakfast hour with us is eight o'clock. I was up and dressed only half an hour in advance. What was the first news that awaited me? That one of my 'Greenlanders' had been outrageously mutilated by some Innuit, who had cut clean off the animal's left ear. 'King-ok,' a fine dog, was the subject of this wicked act. King-ok's offence was biting harnesses. As I have said before in my journal, let a dog offend an Innuit, and woe be to the dog! Any instrument at hand is used in administering punishment. In this case a snow-knife was seized, and my noble dog King-ok became the terrible sufferer of an ungoverned passion.

"I had allowed my six dogs, in order to complete the team of twelve, to be used in making this Frobisher Bay trip for the advancement of the *George Henry's* interests. Captain B—— burned with laudable indignation on learning the sad condition of my dog. What astounded me, and every one of the ship's company, was the discovery of the fact that Koojesse was the Innuit who committed this brutal deed. His only excuse was that his companion Charley had first severed the ear of *his* dog, and *he* (Koojesse) thought he must do the same to my dog.

"But what of this—cruel and savage though these two acts were—compared with the terrible story I am yet to relate? Yesterday morning, after breakfast, I went upon deck, and

there met Ad Bailey, who said to me, standing by the gangway, 'Charley has just told me that the Frenchman, John Brown, started from the igloos of Frobisher Bay with them (Koojesse and Charley); that he, Brown, finally left them, and came on ahead; that they saw nothing more of Brown; but, as they passed from the land on to the ice of Field Bay, this side, saw his tracks, and wished to know of Bailey what time Brown arrived at the vessel.'

"Bailey had just ascertained from the hands forward, where Brown belonged, that *he had not arrived!* At once, under a painful apprehension of the real state of the case, I rushed down into the cabin, made my way to the captain's room, where I found him preparing for his usual deck-walk, and announced to him the facts I had just learned, telling him of my immediate readiness to go in search of him who I knew must be lost, suffering, or—as I feared from the cold of the night (57° below the freezing point)—*a dead man.* Captain B—— instantly went forward, and learned that what I had told him was too true—that Brown had not arrived. Only a bundle of blankets and fresh walrus-meat was there, just brought in by Charley, the same having been placed on the sledge by Brown on the point of starting home. Captain B—— ordered Brown's ship companions to go in immediate search. This was responded to cheerfully, of course. Captain B—— returned to the aft cabin, and told me that parties were getting ready to move. As fast as I could, I made the exchange of civilization dress for my Innuit costume. With my marine glass and compass in hand, I made my way on deck. A company of ten men met me there, prepared for the dangerous work before us. The thought occurred to me that we should take along with us one of the Innuits of the sledge party which came in on Saturday night, either Koojesse or Charley. Seeing the former on deck, I asked him to accompany us. He quickly joined in. Our first work was to go to the spot where the tracks of poor Brown were seen as reported.

"We set out at 8.20 A.M., taking a true W.N.W. course. Our movements were rapid, impelled by the feeling that

incited all hearts with the hope we might be in time to save human life. It was only occasionally that we walked—*we ran!* I felt, Oh that we had wings, and could determine these anxious fears and doubts in a few moments, instead of waiting the hours that it will require to settle them! Koojesse and Sam, both great travellers, were for pressing on with all their immediate strength. I knew this would not do; that by this course they would not only sacrifice their own important services for a long search, which evidently it would be, but also those of all the other men. I therefore repeatedly cautioned them to do only as they and all of us could also do and hold out. But neither reason nor a prudent foresight of the prolonged hours which would be required in this painful service could stay them. One after another of our company fell back. Ere we came within two miles of the tracks, even Koojesse gave out. He was obliged to move with slow steps from his over-exertion. The sequel will show the wisdom of my advice, which was finally acknowledged by all, even Sam. I may as well state here that, after proceeding three miles from the vessel, I saw, away in the distance, objects that appeared moving. I called attention to them. Then I first learned that a party of five had preceded us in this search. Though they had fifteen minutes' start of us, we were soon up with them.

"When we came within a quarter of a mile of the land, the tracks of poor Brown were found by Koojesse, who had seen the same but a few hours before. The distance made from the ship was full six geographic or sea miles in one hour and forty-two minutes, the party arriving at the tracks at 10·10 A. M. Only four out of the ten accomplished this, myself of the number that did. I could not be in the rear, injudicious as I knew to be the over-exertion that we were making.

"Soon as we struck upon the almost obliterated footprints of the lost one, our movements were even quickened. Yet the tracks led, for more than a mile, in a direct course to the vessel, and but a few steps southward of our way up. I have

written, a few lines preceding this, the words, 'the almost obliterated footprints of the lost one.' By reference to my journal (MS. journal) of last night, I see that I there noted the following phenomenon, viz., 'Showers of snow while the heavens are clear. Stars shining brightly.' At midnight, the time of my last visit to the deck, I wrote this, though a previous record had been made of the same phenomenon taking place as early as 9 P.M.

"Twelve, midnight, stars shining; all clear over the whole expanse, yet snowing! Thermometer – 12°.'

"This accounted for the filling up of the tracks. Besides, the light wind of this morning had swept the beautiful fine snow-crystals into them.

"We followed on hopefully, some of our number even saying, 'It may be we shall find John has arrived at the vessel ahead of us.' Oh that it had proved so!

"The course of Brown was so near ours outward that those who had fallen behind had but to turn a little southward to reach it. Hence those who were *last* became *first* in the search. The upper part of Field Bay is studded with islets. To one of these his footprints were directed. At length they turned around its southwestern side, where he met with hummocks that obstructed his course. Still farther south he bent his steps to get around them. Each of these turns had a tendency to throw him out of the true course to the ship, which at first he evidently had in mind.

"One of the men, finding a place among the ice to which Brown had turned in, actually exclaimed, 'Here he is!' But his outward steps were soon traced, so that this gleam was soon overshadowed.

"Getting out again in full view of the bay, Brown nearly regained his original course. Following this awhile, he again deviates. Now our hearts are cheered again, for he takes a proper course; another minute and we are sad—he diverges. After having taken a wrong course, which overwhelmed all with sorrow as we followed it for seven minutes, he suddenly turned northerly toward a magnificently-pinnacled iceberg that

is ice-locked away up the bay. This we thought he had recognized, and that, on reaching it, he would then know where he should direct his steps. But, alas! too soon he turns in another—a wrong direction.

"His tracks by eleven o'clock A.M. showed that he was lost. Up to this hour it was evident to us that John had in mind nearly the proper direction in which the harbour of the vessel lay. It is true that now and then his tracks led in a direction that indicated doubt, but mainly otherwise. When John Brown first made Field Bay, passing from the land over which he had just come from Frobisher Bay, it must have been nine o'clock last night. He could have been but a little in advance of the sledge party he had left in Frobisher Bay. Hence it was not by daylight that he was struggling to reach the vessel; for, not being used to travelling alone, nor familiar with the route, and it being by night he was travelling, no wonder at his deviations, as indicated to us up to the hour I have named, to wit, eleven o'clock A.M. But at this hour I exclaimed, '*See! see! he who made those tracks was lost.*' They were tortuous, zigzag, circular, this way and that—every way but the right way.

"At length John took a course S.S.W. leading him obliquely to the opposite side of the bay from where the vessel lay. How our hearts ached at this. Making, finally, a large circular sweep—having perhaps seen the dark, black, buttress-like mountains before him, which he must have known were not on the side of the bay he wished to make—he then took a S.S.E. course, which was the proper one, had he not been making the southing which he had. But this he did not long follow. Another and another bend in his steps, all leading him out of the way.

"I here state that, in following the tortuous tracks leading southwesterly, Sam Wilson and Morgan continued a direct course southeast. Soon the alarm was raised that Sam and Morgan had sighted the object of our search. We looked in that direction, and concluded they had, for they were under a

full run. A piece of dark-coloured ice, raised up from the main, had, however, deceived them.

"On, on we followed the steps of the lost for miles, leading generally southeast.

"Some distance ahead of me and William Johnston were Morgan, Sam Wilson, and 'Fluker.' I felt that I was acting the judicious part, and therefore kept up a rapid walk—a gait that I could sustain for hours. Occasionally I cast my eyes back. Groups were still following after, some of them far behind. At 12 o'clock, I was pained to see that all in our rear had become exhausted, and were directing their steps toward the vessel. Out of twenty men in all who left the ship, but five of us now continued the search.

"I must confess that the race of the morning had seriously exhausted my strength. Nothing but the hope of saving human life could have induced me to take another step at twelve. By occasional rests, myself and my companion were reinvigorated. By this prudence, and that of avoiding farther over-exertion in running, we found that we were fast gaining upon the three ahead of us.

"Thirst—burning thirst continually harassed me. Seeing an iceberg at our right, we turned to it. Seating ourselves by it, with our knives we chipped off piece after piece, with which our thirst was partially allayed. The first piece which I put into my mouth froze it fast. Tongue, palate, and lips refused further service until the ice became of freezing water temperature. The cause of this of course was that the ice contained a degree of coldness even far lower than the temperature of the air then around us. The air at twelve and one o'clock was only 42° below freezing point, while the berg was 60°—that is, 28° below zero. I took the precaution of holding succeeding pieces in my mittened hand until I raised their temperature to near freezing point, when I could with perfect safety introduce them to my parched tongue.

"By-the-bye, I found one serious obstacle to my stopping to rest. Cramps of a most excruciating character in the calves of my legs threatened to overpower me. After 1 o'clock P.M.

I suffered less from them. This grievous affliction arose, undoubtedly, from the over-exertion upon our setting out.

"At 1 o'clock P.M. I and William Johnston saw the three ahead of us (Morgan, Sam, and Fluker) throw themselves flat on the ice. By this we knew they had become exhausted. Fifteen minutes later found us with them, and flat beside them. Oh, how glad I was to make my bed for awhile upon this bosom of the deep! how refreshed we all were by that prostration of our weary limbs! While we were resting, Sam exclaimed, 'Well, come, let us eat dinner;' these words being accompanied by the act of drawing out of his pocket two sea-biscuits. One of the other men drew out another. These three cakes of bread made us a feast, though weighing but three quarters of a pound total. The foresight that could make this provision should have kept in reserve the strength which the exigencies of our undertaking required.

"We were all invigorated by the repast, and by resting, though only for the space of fifteen minutes.

"At 1.30 P.M. we resumed our march. We were now on dangerous ice, near the mouth of Field Bay, the tracks of the lost one still leading us seaward. A heavy sea might take us beyond our power to return. Every one felt that if Brown continued the course in which we were then following him, he must have arrived at a point where he had been carried out to sea on some floe.

"Most of our little company felt that they could not go farther, so exhausted were they. Sam Wilson was the first of the five to declare he would not; *he said he could not* go farther, although he was one of the forward ones of the morning. Yet he did continue on with us until ten minutes past two P.M. They felt they had tried to perform their duty. This was a terrible blow to me. I felt that I could not give it up so, discouraging as was my condition. I resolved, that, so long as God should spare me strength, I would follow on and on; and knowing the risk, I did not feel that I could take the responsibility of persuading any one to accompany me. Up to this time the course of the tracks was tortuous—

now sweeping almost in circles, now to southeast, now to the south, but mainly leading to the open sea, far to the east. I regretted much that some one of us had not thought to bring a snow-knife. With this simple instrument in hand, I would have taken the responsibility of inducing some one to continue on with me. With this we could have erected an igloo for the night, or any other time, if we should be overtaken by a gale or storm before our return. Fifteen minutes after two P.M. I left my companions, who had resolved to return, and proceeded on *alone*. I knew God would be with me in my work. I had not proceeded far before I was overtaken by William Johnston, who said, 'I have resolved that I will accompany you rather than return now. I do not feel that I have more than strength enough left than would enable me to return to the vessel; but I may feel better soon. John was my shipmate, and I loved him. I shall ever regret, perhaps, if I return now.'

"As we passed on together, we were soon encouraged by finding the tracks bending away from the direction of Davis's Straits. Our feelings of hope were soon increased almost to those of joy, for we found the main course of the tracks now led west, as if John had seen the mountains westward, and to them was attempting to make his way, and then follow them up to the point where he left the land. But how soon was this cup dashed from our hopeful lips! The steps of the lost soon circle around to the southeast, then east, carrying us back again. For fifteen minutes we followed a true course west. Hope lifted us up again, and quickened our steps. At last they turned, circling to the south; thence around all the points of the compass, crossing, for the first time, his own tracks. This occurred one hour after parting company with our men, whom we had left to return. Having followed his footprints around this circle of twenty rods radius, in less than three minutes another circle occurs. He now strikes due north. With bounding, almost happy hearts, we follow, for this course leads almost directly to the vessel. The channel of water leading to Bear Sound of Frobisher was only

ten miles due south of us. This place, though of historical and geographical interest to me, was as naught in the work I was now performing.

"But how oft is man doomed to disappointment! The tracks turn again in a circle. Now they come in rapid succession. Round and round the bewildered, terror-stricken, and almost frozen one makes his way. Five circles, one interlocking another, does the lost man make; then strikes out, and continues two more—in all, twelve circles did John make within less than two miles.

"During our protracted search, I and my companion often threw ourselves flat upon the hard snow that covered the sea-ice. This gave us rest. At one of these resting-places I fell instantly into a sound sleep. Had I been alone, I know not what would have been the result; but Johnston roused me after considerable exertion, and we pressed on. Every now and then we came to places where the lost one had seated himself to rest. In all, we found eight such places. Just before the company parted, we came to a spot where John had made a hole down into the snow, evidently with the desire to get some of the most compact with which to quench his thirst. During this whole search we made frequent calls on 'John' by loud shouting.

"At four o'clock, while following the tracks, which were then tending northward, I thought I heard the cry of dogs. I threw back my hood, which is attached to the jacket in the Innuit way, and listened. I asked Johnston if he had heard anything. He answered nay; adding, he thought it only my imagination. I saw that my companion was getting exhausted. Here we were far from the vessel, the sun sinking lower and lower, and the cold increasing.

"Somehow I felt that, upon the return of the three who left us a little after two o'clock, the captain would send out a native with kummitie (sledge) and dogs, suitably provided to co-operate with me in keeping up the search. I regretted, indeed, that I had not sent word by Morgan for the captain to do this. It would be an easy matter to find us, as the

tracks of the three would lead to ours, whence we could be traced.

"Fifteen minutes after 4 P.M. the tracks of John turned south. Johnston had said he would continue with me till we should reach the coast on the west side of Field Bay, if John's track should continue there. Now they turned from the vessel south. Here, for the first time, I solicited him to go with me as far as a point of land toward which we were headed. He acquiesced. Passing two miles south, a magnificent mountain of ice—an iceberg—stood a little way to the left. As we came in line with it—the berg bearing east—we found the footprints of John Brown squarely turned toward it. At any other time, how I should have enjoyed the sight before me—a pile of alabaster, pinnacled as no human mind could design or human art execute—here and there a covering of cream colour, the side facing the descending sun reflecting dazzling prismatic colours. To this, in the darkness of night, John had directed his steps. As we arrived at its base, we found that this berg was evidently grounded, the ice between it and the sea-ice being in fragments, from the rise and fall of the tides. We feared we might find that poor John had lost his life about this berg, for his tracks showed that he had ventured where no man by daylight would dare to put his foot. One place gave palpable evidence where he had followed around to the south side and there fallen in. But from this he had extricated himself, and continued around to the east side, where he again ventured. From appearances, I thought John in search of some place where he could be protected from the wind and cold, where he could sleep. He passed across the dangerous broken ice floating amid sea water on to a tongue of the berg. He walked along a little cove that was roofed by overhanging ice; he finds no safe place there. But where are his outward steps? For a while we thought it certain that John was either in some of the recesses of this vast berg, or had made a false step, and gone down into the deep. Passing northerly, I finally descried returning tracks. He had made a fearful, desperate leap from a shelving alcove

to the main or sea-ice, and thence, after passing a few rods east, he turned again to his course south, which he had pursued before turning to the berg.

"It was now half-past 4 P.M. On we continued, though the steps of my companion were growing moderate. Down again we threw ourselves flat upon the ice. While we were thus resting listlessly, Johnston cried out, 'Hark! I do hear the dogs.' No sooner had he spoken this than the driver's cry came to our ears. We jumped up—looked away to the north-east. Thank God! Captain Budington has sent us help. New life was ours. Kummitie and dogs, and two co-helpers, are fast approaching. I cannot express the thankful joyfulness of heart I felt, even in the still doubtful issue of our search. Still on and on, to the south, we followed John's tracks. As I knew Johnston would soon be overtaken, I quickened my steps, and soon left him far behind. I turned a few minutes after, and who hailed me? My noble friend the captain himself. Now I felt sure we should not return till the fate of the lost man should be determined. Captain B—— bid me make my way to the sledge, for he knew I must be very much fatigued. He required the Innuit Charley, the dog-driver, to take my place in tracking. It was a relief to me and Johnston that we received this assistance just as we did.

"Captain B—— had set out a little past two, immediately on seeing the return of the major part of the company of five. He had visited Look-out Island, and with his 'spy' had watched our movements. He directed his course to the returning party; followed their tracks, on meeting them, to the place where we parted, thence followed ours—which, of course, were the circuitous, serpentine, and angular one of 'the lost —until, with his sharp eyes, he sighted us, when he struck a direct course. When Captain B—— overtook me it wanted five minutes to 5 o'clock. A few moments brought us to a recess in the coast near the point which, according to Johnston's promise, was to terminate his farther search with me.

"John's tracks showed that he had endeavoured to make land. I left the sledge, and, with Charley, followed them up,

while Captain B—— and Johnston awaited our determination of the course John had finally taken. John, we found, had endeavoured to mount the shore, but the high, perpendicular walls of ice thrown up by the ever-changing tide would not admit of his accomplishing the undertaking.

"From behind these ice barriers the edges of sombre rocks peered through. Johnston was deceived thereby at one particular spot, and exclaimed, 'There he is! There! do you see?' pointing excitedly to the point indicated. For a few moments all eyes were strained; but sighting showed that John's tracks led easterly, and then south, around the spit of land, on the ice. Again we followed on for half a mile, when we were led into a cove that was terminated by a high rock bluff. Here the ice became rough. Captain B—— and myself were on the sledge, while Charley and Johnston kept directly upon the track. From the bottom or extreme line of the cove that made up to the base of the indicated bluff sprung out another spit, which swept around a little way to the south, its southern side being limited by the channel* through which we passed last fall with the *Rescue*, up into the bay, where we made anchorage while we visited Frobisher Bay. As the tracks of the lost led up into this recess, Captain B—— and myself thought that John had made his way up into it for the purpose of passing directly across the neck of the peninsula instead of going around it.

"Charley and Johnston thought it best to continue on his track, while Captain B—— and myself concluded to pass on with the dogs and kummitie till we should reach the place where John would probably make the ice on the other side. The distance around, we thought, could be but trifling. Before we had passed out of sight of the track followers, we heard the loud but mournful toned voice of the Innuit Charley. We checked the dogs, turned them back, and thence followed up. Our eyes were watching intensely each movement, each step

* In this idea, at the time, I was mistaken. The channel (leading to Chapell Inlet) is full five miles more to the southward of French Head. *Vide* Chart.

of Charley. All at once he stopped, then threw up his arms and hands, letting them fall slowly, droopingly.

"It needed no other language than what we saw in the motions of this noble-hearted Innuit to tell us the terrible termination of this day's search.

"Charley and Johnston turned to meet Captain B—— and myself. Said they, 'We've found him, and fear he is dead.' Neither had approached nearer than within half a dozen rods



THE LOST FOUND—FROZEN DEAD.

of him whom we had so long sought. I flew as fast as my limbs would carry me. A few moments found me grasping his arm. It was as cold and rigid as the mountains of ice around us!

"Deep silence reigned for awhile, as our little company of four stood around the frozen body of John Brown. There, in

the midst of the little circle, lay the form of him who was lost, but now found. But oh, what a finding! Spare me from the like again!

"I had hoped to find the lost man—to have become a guide to him—to have given hope to the despairing—to have saved human life; and yet how thankful I felt that his fate had been truthfully determined.

"Evidently, from his tracks and the rigidness of his limbs, John had died some time in the morning. From the iceberg for a distance of two miles the footprints were quite fresh compared with the tracks we had seen leading to it. It is quite likely that in the covered shelving of the iceberg, whither he made his way so desperately, he spent some of his time in resting—perhaps sleeping. It was almost a sleep of death, for his tracks indicated feebleness—almost a blindness. Two rods before reaching the final spot of his death, we found where he had fallen down as he walked along, the disturbed snow showing that great effort had been made to regain his walking posture. The place where we found him also exhibited unmistakable signs of a terrible struggle to raise himself up again; but alas! a foe as irresistible as iron had been fastening his fingers upon him all the night long. John had fought like a true soldier—like a hero; but he had to yield at last. He died facing the heavens, the left hand by his side, the right extended, and his eyes directed upward, as if the last objects mirrored by them were the stars looking down upon him in his death-struggles. His face bore evidence that his death was like sweet sleep.

"Every article of John's clothing was in its place—his hands mittened—his head, ears, and nose protected as well as they could be by a Russian cap—his feet shielded by native boots and stockings, and his body well clothed in woollen garments, over which was his sealskin jacket.

"Well, we found the lost, determined his terrible fate, and now what remained to be done?

"We considered it imprudent for us to attempt to convey the remains back to the vessel; we thought it our duty to

show all becoming respect for the dead, and equally our duty to guard well the living against the exposures that threatened us on our return, for it was now five o'clock P.M., and we were full ten miles by direct route from the ship.

"Captain B—— and myself concluded to make his grave ashore, at the base of a noble mountain bluff or headland, that would stand for ever as the monument of the deceased. But it was soon found that not a stone could be moved. We then decided to make his grave upon the ice, on the very spot where he died, covering his form with the unspotted ice and snow that lay in profusion around. This sad duty was performed with weeping hearts. When all was completed, with reverential awe of the God of the heavens and the earth, we bent over the grave of our friend, and shed the tears of mourning, tempered with the hope that 'now it is better with thy spirit!'

"With slow steps we moved from this toward the dogs and sledge, by which we were to travel for hours to our quarters. It was half-past five when we left the grave of John Brown. Our team of twelve dogs made rapid progress some of the way, while at times there seemed to be a 'hugging' of the sledge-shoes to the snow that made the draught very heavy. We had some earnest work to do to keep ourselves from freezing. Every now and then we took turns in jumping off and running. Captain B—— had unfortunately ventured out with a pair of civilization boots, having found his native ones too small. On the return passage he got Johnston to pull off one of his boots, as he found one foot freezing. This simple, quick act of pulling off the captain's boot (with unmittened hand), gave Johnston a pile of frozen fingers. Half a dozen times Johnston's nose was frozen, and as often I rubbed it into order. I took the precaution of keeping myself in active exercise by running along beside the sledge for more than half of the way home. The thermometer was down to 49° below the freezing point, with a fresh wind from the north-west. Thus we had severe battling to do to keep from becoming subjects of King Cold.

"Every now and then I threw myself flat on the sledge, there keeping myself well to the leeward of Captain B—— and the excellent dog-driver Charley. I then, with face upturned, could see the workings of the Almighty in the heavens above. The aurora was spanning the blue vault, painting in beauteous colours that part of the sky which seemingly overhung the ever-to-be-remembered spot where we had bid adieu to the remains of our friend, John Brown.

"What think you, my friends, were my thoughts, as I lay with my eyes looking above—the glory of God's creation shining upon me—as I was swiftly carried along, with the consciousness in my breast of having performed, on this holy day, simply my duty—the duty of man to man?

"As we neared the vessel, groups of anxious friends came out to meet us. How they peered among our number—all four of us upon the sledge—to see if John Brown was among our company! None of us could speak. It was like a funeral train.

"A voice from one, trembling between hope and fear, asked, as we drove alongside the *George Henry*, 'Tell us, did you find him?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Was he dead?' continued the same voice. 'You have it; alas! it is too true,' was my answer.

"Now the terrible news flew from one to another—from forecastle to steerage, all exclaiming, 'How sad—how terrible an end!'

"Having partaken of refreshments, and exchanged my native skin-dress—which was wringing wet with my profuse perspiration of the day—for my civilization clothes, which I wear only when about the ship, I had to relate all the incidents connected with my search to the company around.

"I was sorry to find every one who had been out engaging actively in the search completely used up. The three from whom I parted a little after 2 P.M. did not get to the vessel until near six.

* * * * * * * * *

"The distance travelled yesterday was full fifty-one English miles, a feat at which I myself am surprised.

"On reaching the vessel about 9 o'clock at night, we found there had been an arrival of Innuits (seven in number) on two sledges, with dogs, from Frobisher Bay settlement. They brought along a portion of the walrus deposited by Charley and Koojesse on the other side of the land that lies between us and Frobisher Bay.

"These Innuits also brought the dog which the unfortunate Brown took with him as a guide. They met the dog out on Frobisher Bay, returning toward the igloos. It had on simply the harness without the draught-trace, which, to all appearance, had been cut with a knife close up to the harness. This dog is a young black one, and was not suitable as a guide. Had Brown taken either of the others (he had his choice), he would have been conducted safely to the vessel. But he felt sure he knew the way. How fatal that assurance has proved to him!

"Bruce, the companion of Brown, arrived with the party of Innuits last evening (5 P.M.). When coming, he was pushing on ahead of the party, and saw, in the distance before him, a black creature which he took to be a *bear*. He turned upon his heel, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him back to the advancing sledge party, crying to them vociferously to '*ki-ete*' (hasten toward him), as a bear was after him. It proved to be the young, docile black dog of Captain B——'s, which John had taken as his guide to the vessel. The draught-string of ookgook skin (large sealskin) had, without doubt, been used by John to fasten around his kum-ings (native boots), to keep them properly on his feet. We noticed, when we found him last evening, that his feet-gear had apparently just received the addition of new thongs. His tracks showed that his kum-ings had a tendency to slip down, and to make him slipshod.

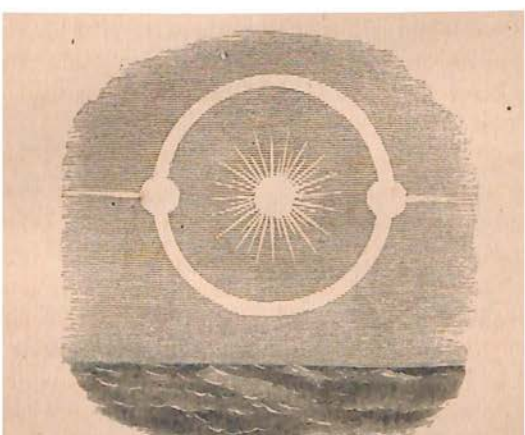
"The natives brought the dog along with them. As they came across the land, when near Field Bay they found where this black dog had lain down to sleep, and found also that,

as he rose, he walked round in circles, then struck westward, instead of the direction of the vessel. This certainly shows that the dog had not answered the purpose as guide to poor John.

"How unfortunate this young man, John Brown, has been in this matter! Had he listened to the advice of either Captain B—— or his own companion, or to the warnings of the two Innuits, Charley and Koojesse, this sad end of his life which I now record would not have been made.

"His age, I understand, was eighteen at the time of his death. His parents reside in France.

"'*Requiescat in pace.*'"



PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUNS,
seen at Field Bay, March 14, 1861.

CHAPTER XIV.

Visited by more Innuits—Perils on the Ice—Innuits carried out to Sea—Starvation—Dogs eaten—Three months away from Land—Return of the Party, mere Skeletons—Thrilling Incidents—An Innuit carried down by a Whale and afterwards saved—A Man's Leg snapped off—Suzhi's Husband killed by an Avalanche—Incidents of White Men's Perils and Escapes—Heavy Snowstorm—Danger to Mate Rogers and his Innuit Guide—Dog Barkekark saves them—Commencement of Spring—Author's Occupations—Makes some Instruments for his Use in exploring—Plans—Strange Information gathered from the Natives—Tradition concerning White Men—Frobisher's Expedition.

FOR several days after the search which was made for poor Brown on the 17th of March, I was much troubled with boils, the result of eating the ship's salt meats, which caused great prostration, and rendered me unable to do anything but take a few observations and register the weather. It was noticed by every one that I had considerably decreased in weight; indeed, my whole frame showed signs of hard usage, and that I was getting emaciated; but, having a good constitution, I soon recruited, and after a short period of rest, I was able to get about my work again.

On the 20th of March several of our Innuit friends arrived from various places where they had been hunting and sealing, thus striving to find means of subsistence.

The Innuits are, as I have frequently said, most persevering sealers, and will go, with their dogs, even in the very coldest of weather, and under most dangerous circumstances, to hunt for seal-holes. The sagacious dog, on snuffing the air and finding it charged with seal odour, follows it to the windward till he leads his master to the very spot where a seal has its hole. The man then proceeds *prospecting* with his spear through one to three feet depth of snow, until he finds the small opening in the ice leading to the main seal-hole. The hole found, the long spindle shank of the spear is withdrawn,

carefully avoiding all disturbance of the snow. Then the sealer remains silently and patiently listening for a seal's "blow."

On hearing the second or third "puff," the spear is forcibly struck through the snow to the seal-hole, the harpoon penetrating the *unseen* seal's head. The seal instantly dives, and runs out the full length, say six to ten fathoms, of the line



AN ESQUIMAUX AND HIS SEAL DOG.

that connects the harpoon to the harpooner. The seal's breathing-hole is then "unsnowed" and enlarged to the size of the main, when the prize is drawn forth.

Thus seal-holes are found and seals captured during the long winters of the North.

Among the Innuits just referred to as now arrived were

Ugarng, Ebierbing, and Tookoolito; and I was glad to find them well, though the latter two had suffered considerably since I had been with them.

Tookoolito informed me that a short time after my departure from Cornelius Grinnell Bay, the Innuit "Jack," while out sealing, had nearly lost his life by falling through the ice into the swiftly-running tide. He only saved himself by catching his chin on to the edge of some firm ice just as the current was sweeping him under, but his gun, powder, and everything else belonging to him was carried away. She also told me that the angeko, whom I have formerly mentioned as being so lazy, had, with his two wives and this same "Jack," nearly perished by being driven out to sea on some ice that broke away. They had gone on a sealing excursion several miles up the coast, northerly and easterly of where I had spent my time during the trip of January and February All at once the ice on which they were became detached, and away they drifted to sea. In a few days wind and tide set the floe back again, and thus they escaped a terrible death.

Ebierbing related to me several incidents of the fearful exposure of his Innuit friends, who had, at various times, been swept away from land on the sea-ice.

In the winter of 1859, the Innuit "*Sampson*," and a party of fifteen others, were out walrus hunting on the ice in Frobisher Bay, when a gale came on, and drove the ice out to sea. Escape was impossible. On and on the ice moved. The despairing Innuits erected an igloo, and then awaited their fate. The cold was so terribly severe that most of the dogs perished. Two survived for some time, but had finally to be eaten as food. Thus for thirty days the Innuits continued, until at length the ice upon which they were floating united to some near the land, and they were enabled to reach an island in the bay. Thence they got upon the main shore, and returned to their families alive, but such skeletons in form that they were hardly recognisable by their friends. One of the party, from weakness, had fallen into the sea, but was taken out again, his garments immediately freezing hard

upon him. The Innuits, *Sharkey, Kop-e-o,* whom I called "Dick," and most of those now at the lower village, were of this company.

Another incident mentioned to me was that a party of Innuits, a few years ago, went out on the sea-ice walrus hunting, and being driven away from land, were unable to reach it for *three months!* Fortunately for them, however, they did not suffer as the others had done. Walruses were caught, and thus they were enabled to exist.

Not a winter passes but similar occurrences take place among the Innuits. Indeed, during our stay in Rescue Harbour several persons were carried away on the ice, but in a day or two afterward succeeded in getting ashore again.

Numerous anecdotes of remarkable escapes were at different times related to me by the Innuits. One or two may be aptly brought forward here. The following was told me by Tookoolito.

In the spring of 1857, a company of Esquimaux, natives of Northumberland Inlet, were far out on the floe, by open water, for the purpose of whaling. A whale was at length seen moving leisurely along within striking distance, when the Esquimaux succeeded in making fast to it by four harpoons, each of which was fastened by a ten to fifteen fathom line of ookgook hide to a *drug* made of an uncut sealskin inflated like a life-preserver.

By some incautious act of one of the harpooners, one of his legs became entangled in the line, and quick as thought the whale dragged him down into the sea out of sight. His companions were horror-stricken, and for awhile all around was still as death. The whole party earnestly peered out upon the blue waters far and near, looking for the reappearance of their comrade. They paced to and fro; when at last a shout came from one of their number—"The lost is found!"—which brought all to one spot.

The circumstance which led to this fortunate discovery was the sight simply of the finger-tips of one hand clinging to the top edge of the floe. The rescuers, on looking over the

verge, found the almost dead man moving his lips, as if crying for aid, but his voice was gone; not even a whisper responded to his most desperate struggles to articulate. Another minute, it was certain, would have sealed his fate—an ocean grave.

It seems that, on coming up from the "great deep," the unfortunate harpooner had attempted to draw himself on to the floe, but this he was too enfeebled to do. When this whale turned flukes, as it instantly did on being struck, it went down perpendicularly for soundings, as the Mysticetus (Greenland whale) generally does. Its great speed, and the resistance of the "drug," with that of the *drag* of the victim's body, caused such a strain upon the line that it parted. On this very fortunate moment the buoyant "drug" shot up like an arrow, bringing with it its precious freight—a living soul. A few weeks after this same whale, with the four harpoons fast to it, was found in drift ice dead. The Esquimaux state that whenever a harpoon penetrates to the flesh of the whale, it will surely die. Harpoons struck into the blubber, and remaining there, will not prove fatal; it is only so when it goes through the blubber into the "krang" (flesh).

Another incident, but of a most fatal character, occurred not many years ago in Field Bay. A party of Innuits were out in two oo-mi-ens (large skin boats) when a whale was struck. The line, in running out, whipped round a leg of the harpooner, *instantly tearing it from the body at the hip-joint!* The shock capsized the boat and all that were therein. The sea all around the victim became thick with *oug* (blood). A landing was early sought and effected, but the poor creature soon died.

The following sad accident was also related to me: Koo-ou-le-arng's wing-a (husband) was killed, when Ebierbing was a boy, at Kingaite, in Northumberland Inlet. He was out sealing near the base of the high land (Kingaite signifies high land), when an avalanche of snow came suddenly upon him, not only overwhelming him, but a large extent of ice, carrying it and him down, far down into the sea. Being missed,

he was tracked to the fatal spot, but no other traces of him were ever discovered.

While on this subject I may as well relate one or two occurrences narrated to me by whaling captains, which show that white men often do go through *seven* perils, and endure the same sort of life as the Esquimaux.

Captain Sisson, on one occasion, told me of a shipwreck that occurred in September, 1853, forty miles north of Cape East, in Kamtschatka. The crew were obliged to remain about eleven months on shore, living among the natives in a perfectly helpless condition, and without anything of value. Yet they were well treated, and soon acquired the habits of the natives, eating the same food, and living in the same manner; and finally, without the loss of a man, came away quite fat and healthy.

Again, another case may be mentioned as reported to me. In the fall of 1851, Captain Quayle, of the *M'Clelland*, whaler, from New London, entered a harbour in Northumberland Inlet, but, not meeting with success, it was proposed that some of the ship's company should winter there with a view to commence whaling in the spring, if that should be practicable. The first mate, now Captain S. O. Budington, and W. Sterry, with ten other volunteers, agreed to do so. Except the first officer, the whole were single young men.

The understanding was that the *M'Clelland* should return for them by the next July; and meanwhile provisions, two boats, and various other effects, were placed on shore for their use.

The twelve men now went to work to make preparation for their stay. A house was built of stone, filling in the walls with turf, and snow on the outside, making a total thickness of six feet. The roof was made of sealskins sewed together and placed on poles. For a window, which was in the roof, intestines of the whale answered well. The stove served for cooking and heating, and coal had been left for fuel; but this becoming exhausted by the end of December, an admirable substitute was found in some skeletons of whales, which were

discovered frozen in the ice some thirty miles distant, and were transported to the house by means of dogs and sledges. The bone burned well, being full of oil, and it was easily cut up with an axe.

An incident connected with the transport of this bone is worthy of record. One day in February, a younger brother of Captain Quayle, with a companion, set out for the bone dépôt on a dog-sledge. On their return a furious snow-storm came on, and the dogs, as well as the men, lost their way. Darkness overtaking them, they determined to rest till morning under the lee of an island, but during the whole night it was a terrible battle for life. The only salvation for them was in pounding each other, wrestling, tumbling, kicking, &c. Occasionally the "death-sleep" would be found creeping over them, when all their strength and resolution were called into action in the manner just described. The next day they arrived in safety at the house.

The stock of provisions left with the party was exhausted before any ship arrived, but whale-meat, seals, venison, and ducks were found in abundance. The natives also were very kind, sharing with them whatever game they found. Thus they lived until September, 1852, when Captain Parker, in an English whaler, took them away.

On March 27th another man came near being frozen to death. Strangely enough, it was Bruce, the very companion of the unfortunate Brown!

It appeared that Bruce, who was still under attacks of scurvy, had again gone to the Innuit settlement at Oopungnewing, but one morning suddenly determined upon returning to the ship. Esquimaux "Bob," with whom he was staying, insisted upon his remaining that day, as the weather was too bad. But no; Bruce *would* go, and at once started off alone.

Seeing that the white man was apparently bent on his own destruction, or did not know what he was about, the dark-skinned but spotless-hearted and noble-minded Esquimaux "Bob," being himself unable to leave, engaged an Innuit woman, whom we called *Bran New*, to accompany Bruce

The good creature readily did so, and by her means (as Bruce admitted) he was enabled to reach the vessel in safety.

Another circumstance occurred, which, though not very serious in results, might have proved so, had it not been for my dog Barbekark.

On the 28th of March Mate Rogers started for the whaling dépôt in Frobisher Bay. He had with him sundry articles required for spring operations, and a sledge and dogs, driven by Koojesse. Among the dogs was my Greenlander, Barbekark.

They left at 6 A.M. the weather then moderate; but at noon it was blowing a hard gale from the north-east, with thick-falling snow, which continued during the day.

At half-past nine in the evening one of the ship's officers, Mr. Lamb, going upon deck, heard the cry of dogs, and soon found that Mr. Rogers was returning. In a few moments, to our astonishment, for the gale was severe, he and Koojesse, with the sledge, arrived alongside, and soon afterward the mate was down in the cabin, but so completely overpowered by exhaustion that he could hardly speak. His face was the only spot, in appearance, human about him, and even this was covered with snow-wreaths pelted at him by the ruthless storm.

After sufficient time for restoration, he related the incidents of the past fifteen hours. It appears that, as they passed from Chapell Inlet to Field Bay, at about 1 o'clock P.M. it blew quite a gale, and the air was so filled with snow that they could hardly see the dogs before them. Here Koojesse advised that they should build an igloo, and remain in it until the end of the gale, but Mr. Rogers thought it better they should return home to Rescue Harbour, after resting a few minutes, and refreshing themselves with some snow-water. This, with some difficulty, they obtained, and at two they started back for the vessel.

At first they got on pretty well as far as Parker's Bay, keeping the ridge of mountains running south-east and north-west on their left, and within sight. On reaching Parker's Bay, they then struck across the ice toward the ship. This

was almost fatal to them. Esquimaux dogs are often unmanageable when it is attempted to force them in the teeth of a storm, and so it proved now. The leader of the team, a dog belonging to the Innuit Charley, lost his way, and confused all the rest. The snow-storm was upon them in all its fury, and men, as well as dogs, were becoming blinded. Presently the leading dog directed the team towards some islands near the head of the bay; but, on approaching them, it was seen that Barbekark was struggling to make a *different* route, and these islands convinced the two human minds that dog sagacity, when known to be true, was best when left to itself in such emergencies. Accordingly, Barbekark was allowed to have his own way, and in a short time he led them direct to the ship.

I asked Mr. Rogers what they had intended to do if the vessel could not be found. His reply was, that when it became dark, Koojesse had once proposed to stop for the night on the ice, and, to insure as much safety as possible, they were to throw themselves among the dogs, cover themselves with the two bearskins they had, and thus try to preserve life until daylight would help to show them where they were.

The end of this adventure was, that Koojesse remained so far blind for days that he could not see to do anything; and Mr. Rogers's face, in its uncovered portions, had actually turned to a deep dark red, while the shielded parts were perfectly white, thus showing what contrasts these Northern storms can paint in one short day.

A lesson to be gathered from this, as I then thought, and still believe, is to allow the natives to do what they consider best in such times. They thoroughly understand the way to prepare for and withstand the warring elements of their own regions, and it is well for white men always to heed their advice, however unreasonable it may seem to be at the time.

On the 8th of April the cooking apparatus and other material were moved up from below, where they had been during the whole winter, and thus what we might call symptoms of

spring (though there is no real *spring* in those regions) presented themselves. But here a few extracts from my diary at this time may be suitable.

"*April 8th*, 1861.—This P.M. the party of eight which left the *George Henry* last Sunday for Frobisher Bay, to trade for walrus meat, returned. They were accompanied by the Innuit Sharkey, a man as dark-coloured as a negro. A large quantity of walrus meat was obtained, which furnished us with abundant fresh food for ourselves, and plenty for the dogs. To-day we had venison for dinner."

The First Traditionary History gained from the Esquimaux relating to Frobisher's Expedition.

About the 1st of April, 1861, there was quite an intelligent Esquimaux, named Koojesse, in the neighbourhood where I was (Rescue Harbour), who occasionly, in his communications, made reference, in a vague way, to a certain matter which at first excited but little of my attention, and yet, in the sequel, it will be seen that it related to what was of the most important character. I had several conversations with this Esquimaux in the presence of Captain Budington, who, being more proficient at that time than myself in the Innuit vernacular, assisted me as interpreter.

This native spoke of a time long, long ago, when kod-lu-nas (white men) built a vessel on an island in the bay lower down (Frobisher Bay). Spoke also of brick ("*mik-e-oo-koo-loo oug*," small red pieces), timber, chips, &c. as having been left there.

The idea of a vessel having been built in those regions seemed too improbable to be entertained for a moment. So unreasonable did the story appear of constructing a ship in such a perfectly woodless country, that I thought it a waste of time and paper to make a record of it; therefore what transpired in the first two or three interviews with the Esquimaux Koojesse, in relation to this subject, is not in my original notes. Finally, in a few days, I began in my reflections to connect the Esquimaux report with the time when Martin Frobisher made his

discoveries, and simultaneously commenced to make record of whatever was stated to be in subsequent interviews.

The commencement of said notes is under date of April 9th, 1861. I now extract them from my original journal, as made immediately after an interview with the Esquimaux Koojesse on the P.M. of same date :—

"Among the traditions handed down from one generation to another, there is this: that many—very many years ago, some white men built a ship on one of the islands of Frobisher Bay, and went away.

"I think I can see through this in this way: Frobisher, in 1578, assembled a large part of his fleet in what he called 'Countess of Warwick Sound' (said to be in that bay below us), when a council was held on the 1st of August, at which it was determined to send all persons and things on shore upon 'Countess of Warwick Island!' and on August 2d orders were proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, for the guidance of the company during their abode thereon. For reasons stated in the history, the company did not tarry here long, but departed for '*Meta Incognita*,' and thence to England.

"Now, may not the fact of timbers, chips, &c. &c. having been found on one of the islands (within a day's journey of here) many years ago, prove that the said materials were of this Frobisher's company, and that hence the Innuit tradition?

"In a few days I hope to be exploring Frobisher Bay. I may thereafter have something to add to the matter above referred to."—I now turn to other matters in my journal.

"*April 9th.*—As I write, the main cabin table of the ship is surrounded by natives playing *dominoes*. There are Ebierbing, Miner and his wife, Charley and his wife, Jim Crow with his wife.

"The gale of to-day has been terrific. One would have to contest sharply with the elements in order *to breathe*, if outside of the cabin for a moment. In the afternoon an alarm was raised that Sharkey's wife had fallen down the forecastle steps and was dying. It seems that in mounting the stairs leading

therefrom with her semi-white child, she was taken with a fainting-fit, in which she fell. Though no bones were fractured, yet she was so severely injured that she has been in a critical condition ever since, and some of the time unconscious.

"*April 10th.*—This day Sterry left for Frobisher Bay settlement, to remain awhile among the natives. Parties are now very often going backward and forward, conveying ship's material to the intended whaling depôt at Cape True.* In the evening there was another magnificent display of the aurora. At 9 o'clock a long line or arch, extending from the west to the east, began to rise from the horizon. I noticed a peculiarity of this night's display worthy of record. When the centre of the auroral arch had risen about three degrees above the horizon, a long line of narrow black clouds rested parallel with the base of the aurora. Slowly the arch mounted the heavens, the clouds all this time becoming less and less black, until they were finally exhausted. The clouds were as *dark* as 'thunder-clouds' when I first saw them. In half an hour the stars shone brightly where they had been. They seemed to follow upward as the arch lifted. When the arch became elevated 25°, other belts of aurora sprang into action, so that there was a sight worth the admiration of beings even superior to man!

"To-day I have purchased of the captain the chronometer that had belonged to the *Rescue*. I intend to make record of all the observations I take, leaving most of them to be worked up on my return home. Some undoubtedly will prove to be erroneous; but *I shall do what I can* to make all my observations reliable. There is nothing that has weighed more heavily upon me than the want of a good time-piece. When I make my journey westward and northward to King William's Land, I shall require the chronometer. Indeed, I need it in my journey up Frobisher Bay this spring. I am anxious to perform work that shall redound to the credit of those who

* So named after Benjamin C. True, of Cincinnati, Ohio. *Cape True* is in lat. 62° 33′ N. long. 64° 55′ W.

have so generously, so nobly assisted me in my outfit for the voyage I am making here in the North. God giving me health and help in the prosecution of my work, I will do my duty as a geographer and a humanitarian.

"*April 12th.*—This morning is gloriously fine. I must do out-door work to-day. I will off for a trip up Budington Mount, and from its peak take some angles and bearings of prominent places around and about the bay. * * * Just returned, and a fine time I have had of it. It was, however, dangerous business going *up* the mountain's steep, icy, and hard, snow-covered sides, but it was even worse coming *down*. Any one who is experienced in mountain excursions, especially in these regions, must know that the *latter* is far more difficult than the former.

"When at the summit it was very interesting. I had an Innuit companion with me, and, while I took my observations, he slept on a bed of snow, and seemed as comfortable as any white man on a bed of down. As we descended, he made steps for us with a long, sharp stone which he had picked up for the purpose; but even then we had to exercise great caution. A mishap might have endangered our lives, and also my instruments.

"To-night the aurora is beautiful as usual. Its rays shoot up somewhat more dome-like than before. It extends north-west around to the south, and thence to the east. How many are the times I am blessed with the sight of this phenomenon. Its changes are constantly going on. I never see it twice alike. Every moment the scene changes. In bright disorder, the heavens are almost nightly painted with the blaze of this incomparable, *incomprehensible* light. As its brightness oft is mirrored by my eyes and soul, I often feel that I am truly

"'Arrayed in glory and enthroned in light.'

"*Eleven o'clock, night.*—A few minutes ago I came from deck. The aurora then spanned the heavens near to the zenith; a few minutes later—I have just been on deck again—all is gone; not a beam anywhere visible. The stars have

it now all to themselves, Jupiter bearing the palm, as he outshines them all.

"*April* 15*th*.—Have had a long tramp to-day round the head of Field Bay, triangulating and making observations. Koojesse accompanied me for awhile, but the charms of sealing soon took him away, and some time afterward, when I was on a mountain peak, I saw him at a distance, by the aid of my glass, most unmercifully punishing his dog, probably because the poor animal could not find a seal igloo. The Innuits, when they do punish dogs, beat them cruelly.

"*April* 17*th*.—Yesterday I took my first lunar observation. I did it alone, expecting only to obtain an approximation to the true longitude of this place. To-day I have taken another, with assistants to measure altitudes at the same time.

"I have had equally unexpected success in making some of my own instruments. Being without a protractor, I made one, the other day, from a piece of copper which had formed a portion of the *Rescue's* sheathing; and this served a double purpose, being useful in my chart-work, and also remaining as a relic of the once memorable expedition schooner. Another instrument I had also to make, and succeeded in making, though it occupied much time, namely, an artificial horizon. I constructed it with various contrivances of my own, and now I have both these instruments by me as pleasing mementoes of my sojourn in these dreary regions, where no stores exist to supply me with articles so indispensable.

April 19*th*.—To-day I was not a little amused to see the rig in which the laughing Innuit Sharkey appeared. A present was made him of a new wool shirt, edged all round; except the flaps, with scarlet—*bright flaming red*. He proudly strutted around among us white folk with this *on the outside* of all his other clothes, wearing it like a frock!

"*April* 20*th*.—To-day the snow embankment around the ship has been taken away, and the crew are busy putting the vessel in complete order for service. Paint and varnish are now freely used in the process of renovation.

April 21*st*.—I am preparing to go over to-morrow to the

Innuit settlement on Frobisher Bay, intending to explore around the waters mapped out by the geographers as Frobisher *Strait.* My wish is to chart the lands around that place within the next month, and even to do much more. Koojesse has promised to go over with me if the weather will permit.

"I have omitted to mention the 'spot' on the sun that I first saw on the 19th when taking observations. At the moment I thought it was a defect in my sextant glass, but afterward found it to be on the face of old Sol.

"*Twenty minutes before midnight.*—I have just returned from deck entranced by the fires that are burning in the heavens! A *new play* to-night by the aurora—at least so to me. Going up, I saw that the moon was struggling to penetrate, with her borrowed light, the white clouds that enshrouded her. Looking around, I found the heavens covered with *petite* dancers clothed in white. My powers of description of this peculiar appearance and workings of the aurora at this time are inadequate. There is no colour in the aurora to-night; it is simply white, like the world beneath it.

"*Midnight.*—I have been on deck again. I am now satisfied that I have occasionally seen the aurora during this month in the daytime, when the sun was well up in its course and shining brightly.

"I now retire to my couch for some refreshing sleep, preparatory to making an effort in the morning for commencing the exploration of Frobisher Bay."

CHAPTER XV.

First Excursion in Frobisher Bay—Travelling on the Ice—A Tradition concerning White Men masting a Ship—The Innuit Village—Twer-puk-ju-a—Sterry living with the Natives—"Charming" a Seal—Kokerjabin's Birthplace—Kingaite—Karmowong—Author adopts Innuit Life—Trip along the Coast—The "Ice-foot"—Summer Resting-places of the Innuits—Sundry Articles belonging to a wrecked Ship—Grandeur of Kingaite Mountains—The Grinnell Glacier—A Seal Hunt—Feasting—The Seal's Eyes given to youngest Child—Knowledge coming to an Inquirer—Tide entering the Igloos at Night—Author becomes an Angeko—Return Journey—Laughable Incident—A tight Fit—Curious Mountain Mark—Abundance of Animal Life—Arrival at Twerpukjua and at Annawa's—An animated Sunday Picture.

On Monday morning, April 22d, 1861, at half-past 10 o'clock, I started on my trip—the first yet made by me into Frobisher Bay. My guide and companion was Koojesse; and as we should have to cross a neck of land between the two bays, and thence travel on foot upon the ice, I could not carry much baggage. All, therefore, that I took was the following:—

My native tuktoo jacket, pants, and mittens, an extra pair of native boots and stockings, my charts and chart material, protractor, dividers, parallel and plain rule, artificial horizon, with bottle of mercury, a pocket sextant, azimuth compass and tripod, marine glass, thermometer, besides beads and several plugs of tobacco, for presents to the natives. With these articles pendent to a strap passing over my shoulders, across my breast, and down my back, I departed.

Our course from the ship was westerly to the other side of Field Bay, where we struck the land, and met some of the natives with dogs and sledge, conveying walrus hide, meat, and blubber to the vessel. A couple more were also going thither to obtain eye-water for Sterry, who was at that time living with some of the people near the island called Oopungnewing. From Field Bay our track was over the

mountain-pass much frequented by the natives. This pass, which I have named after Bayard Taylor, was, in some parts of it, very steep and fatiguing, but the scenery was grand and captivating.

Half-way on the route we stopped at a spring of delicious water, and there had our dinner. Thence we continued to ascend until reaching the summit of the pass. We then commenced our descent by following a course between high rocks, along a path that was, in one or two places, very steep.

Presently, after passing through a magnificent gorge, we came on to a small inlet leading up from an arm of Countess of Warwick Sound. This we traversed for about an eighth of a mile, until, coming to an abrupt turn where a bold, bluff mountain was on either side, I caught sight of Frobisher Bay, and the mountains of Kingaite beyond. The view was, to me, quite exciting. The ice-covered bay, with the distant peaks of *Meta Incognita*, and the dark, abrupt cliffs at our side, seemed a glorious picture to one, like myself, beholding it for the first time.

The sun was now descending, but the moon's silvery rays would serve to guide us on, therefore we hastened forward, though the distance was yet some miles to travel. In a short time more we were traversing the snow-wreaths that covered the bay-ice, and, as we passed on, Koojesse pointed out a place at our right which he said was where the "white men, a long time ago, had masted a ship;" but this seemed so improbable that I did not at that time believe him.

The island we were now going to was the one Annawa and his family went to at the time we escorted them part of the way the previous fall (see page 130), and we now intended to rest there for the night. But it was quite 9 P.M. before we arrived, and then some of the family were in bed. This, however, did not prevent our having a prompt and most friendly reception. The aged Annawa and all those with him quickly gave us food, and a prompt offer of hospitality for the night. They were all much rejoiced to see me, and, though

there was no "spare bed," yet I was cordially invited to share theirs. Soon afterward, tired and sore with my long walk of near twenty miles over ice, mountain, and ice again, I retired to rest as best I could.

That night my sleep was a sound one, though I was tightly squeezed, the sleepers being numerous, and all in the same bed! There were nine of us, besides *the infant at the breast*—a boy 3½ feet in height, of portly dimensions!

The order of our sleeping was as follows: Key-e-zhune, the wife of Annawa, lay in her place by the ik-ku-mer or fire-light, with "infant" *Kok-uk-jun* between herself and her husband; then next to him was the child Oo-suk-je; I lay alongside of the child, Koojesse next to me; then came Esh-ee-loo, with his wife Oonga, all of us facing upward. Then, with feet at our faces, were a young man Innuit, and the little girl Kim-mi-loo, who lives with Annawa.

The space in which the ten were compacted and interwoven was less than as many feet! Of course, I had to sleep in my day-dress, as no spare bed is kept in reserve for company, nor have they a tuktoo covering more than they need for the family; but I got along through the night after a fashion. It was, however, not very pleasant. Whenever I attempted to turn to relieve my aching bones, a little boy by my side roared like a young lion, awaking all the sleepers, and thus a confusion followed that would have deprived me of farther slumber but for my great fatigue. However, the night passed on, and early in the morning I slipped out as a snake from his *deciduous epidermis*, and prepared myself for a walk.

The igloo was built at the base of a mountain, and up this I ascended until, reaching its summit, I had a good view of the region around me. I was now where I had long hoped to be. Below, and encircling the island, was a field of ice, making an excellent footway for travel. To the south and the west were the open waters of Frobisher Bay, its surface dotted over with broken ice, which was quietly floating about. This however, just then, was vexatious, as it prevented me from making my intended sledge-journey to the westward.

Resolution Island and *Meta Incognita* were also in sight (the former visible on the horizon, probably by refraction); and at my back the bold mountains seemed all but touching me, though some miles distant.

On the top of the mountain I found many small pieces of lime-stone, and, while collecting some of them, Annawa and two other Innuits joined me. They had come for the purpose of looking out to see if any seals or walrus were near; and when, through my glass, I discovered one, they were off immediately. Soon afterward I perceived them on the ice prepared for the hunt.

After staying on the summit nearly an hour, I descended, and found a substantial Innuit breakfast of walrus-meat and soup ready for me. This breakfast had been prepared by Oonga, wife of Esheeloo, both of whom shared Annawa's igloo. This igloo of Annawa's was adorned on the exterior with a score of walrus skulls and tusks. The family had lived here, as I have already mentioned, for some time alone, but latterly their privacy had been much invaded by some of the ship's company, and by several Innuits from the North Star and upper villages. Among these latter I recognized Miner, with his wife *Twcroong*, and Artarkparu, brother of Annawa. There was also *Puto*, the mother of that Anglo-Saxon child before referred to; and *Paulooyer* (Blind George), whom I noticed facing the sun, as was his way when it shines. He immediately recognized my voice, and gladly greeted me when I hailed him. These, and many more, were domiciled in some half dozen igloos built near Annawa's; but there was also another village, called *Twer-puk-ju-a*, where several Innuits resided, and to this, after breakfast, I bent my way, taking Koojesse with me.

Before starting, I delivered everything I had, as was customary with the Innuits, into the hands of Nood-le-yong for safe keeping. We then started about nine o'clock, taking a course over the hilly centre of the island. Arriving at the top, I heard a sound filling the air as if something was sweeping by. It was like the rush of many waters, or the

groaning of ice far away. I asked Koojesse what it was, and he replied, Meituks (ducks). I thought it could not be possible, but was a whimsical reason given by Innuits for something they know exists, and yet cannot comprehend. I laughed, shrugged my shoulders, and then passed on.

We arrived at the other village after a walk of about three miles, and there I met Mr. Sterry, the *George Henry's* carpenter.



BLIND GEORGE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

He was suffering from snow-blindness, brought on by exposure upon the ice while out with a party of Innuits walrus hunting. He had obtained leave of absence from his duties on board, and was now living with the natives, "keeping house" (igloo) as though he was of the country.

Together we went on a hill to watch the movements of the Innuit *Miner*, who, with a gun, was sealing. We saw him working his way almost imperceptibly along in his ki-a through the openings in the ice toward his coveted prey,

which rested quietly unconscious of his presence. As Miner approached, he kept up a loud, peculiar noise, a mixture of Innuit singing and bellowing, which seemed to work as a *charm* upon the seal. Every few moments he would lay down his gun and make a stroke or two with his long, double-bladed oar; then the seal, as if alarmed, would seem about to depart. As soon as the slightest motion indicative of this appeared, Miner would again seize his gun and aim, at the same time vehemently increasing the tones of his seal-song. The seal, thus again charmed, kept quiet, and Miner would once more take to his oars, thus endeavouring gradually to decrease the distance between them. So it occurred for several times, and evidently Miner had great hope of securing a good prize, but suddenly, and when the hunter was almost as near as he desired to be, the seal broke away from the "soothing voice of the charmer," raised its head, made a plunge, and, before Miner could fire, disappeared. Then came upon our ears, as we looked and listened, the loud, peculiar ejaculation of disappointment, *E-e-e-ŭk!* and no wonder, for the poor hunter lost by it about half a ton of fresh provisions. I, too, owing to the interest I felt, was also nigh having a loss, which, though not so important as his, was one which I did not then wish to experience. A meridional observation on the ice with my pocket sextant was secured only just in time to save it.

I continued my walk, and ascended a mountain close by, picking up fossil stones on its summit, and enjoying the view around me. Soon I was joined by the Innuits Koker-jabin (Kudlago's widow) and Neitch-ee-yong, both of whom were born on the shores of the great bay before us. Koker-jabin pointed out to me the place of her nativity, on the opposite side of the bay, called by her Kar-mo-wong, an inlet which makes its way up into the interior of Kingaite (Meta Incognita). She said that from a high point at the termination of that inlet she had often seen the *oomiens* of *kodlunas* (ships of the white men) pass up, and then, at a later time, down the waters which were on the other side of Kingaite. This

made Kingaite to be merely a narrow tongue of land, the extreme of which, as Kokerjabin stated it to be, I could see bearing from me by azimuth compass 102°, or true bearing S. 16° W. Karmowong bore S. 51° W. true. I took several other observations and measurements the next and following days, for the purpose of mapping the locality and accurately placing upon record all that I might discover bearing upon Frobisher's expedition. My sleeping accommodations at night were with the natives in their igloo, and I partook of their food, eating even as they themselves did, and, I might add, thoroughly enjoying it.

Thus two days passed away, and on the third, which was April 25th, I again started for an extension of my trip.

It was about noon when I left, accompanied by Sterry, Kokerjabin, and her son "Captain." This youth of twelve years would insist upon taking with him a *toy* sledge, to which "Pink," a little dog of a few months old, was harnessed; and, as he made it a point to have the sledge, I was obliged to let it be taken with us.

Our first five miles was circuitous, though on a general course (true) of about W.N.W. From the breaking up and consequent absence of the sea-ice, which had occurred two days before my arrival, we were obliged to follow the shore-ice, walking on what Dr. Kane called the "*ice-foot.*" Thus we were one moment this way, the next that, and sometimes walking on shore. This made it very difficult to get on, especially as the tide at that time rose and fell full thirty feet; and, besides, the frequent change from ice to land was no easy work.

When we had gone about four miles, an old Innuit man was seen with his gun quietly seated on the rocks overlooking the bay and watching for seals. A few words of greeting were exchanged, and I then looked around the place. I noticed that here and there was quite a level spot of ground for these regions; and what more particularly attracted my attention was a complete natural breakwater of stones, evidently thrown up by the heavy seas. The side next the

sea was sloping at an angle of 40°, and that facing the flat of land, which it protected, about 50°. The stones were of every variety of shape, though not much worn, and weighing from one to twenty-five pounds.

On this flat portion of land I perceived many signs of its having been the frequent resort of Innuits during the summer months—circles of stones for keeping down the skins which form their tents; bones of walrus and reindeer were also numerous. Here, too, I saw, to my surprise, ship's blocks, iron hoops two and a half inches wide, part of a coffee-pot, preserved meat canisters, an oaken bucket in good order, and several pieces of wood, all, as I afterward conjectured, formerly belonging to the "Traveller," an English whaling vessel, lost three years previous near "Bear Sound," about thirty miles nearer the sea.

It was at this place we lunched, and had the pleasure of finding abundance of water on the rocks to quench our thirst. Here, on a point of land called by the Innuits Evictoon, was a native monument such as they usually erect on prominent places.

As we were about to resume our march, two seals were discovered in the sun near some cracked ice. Immediately the old man started off to try his rusty gun upon them, at first stumbling hurriedly over some broken ice that intervened, and then proceeding very cautiously. When within forty rods he lay down upon his front, and kneed, footed, and bellied himself along, not unlike the movements of the seals he was after. But, as in Miner's case, a moment afterward his prey, taking the alarm, rose up, and with a plunge instantly disappeared. The old man jumped up, crying aloud *E-e-e-ŭk!* and walked on.

As we travelled forward the mountains of Kingaite loomed up in magnificent grandeur, and, on looking at them, something struck me as it had done when first viewing the place in August, 1860, that more than mere land existed there. It seemed as if a huge ice ridge ran along parallel with the coast, uniting mountain with mountain and peak with peak.

Seeing how intent I was upon this, Kokerjabin readily answered my inquiry as to what it really was. In reply, she said "it was *solid ice*, and never had she known it to change its appearance, either in summer or fall."

This was enough. I immediately concluded that there were glaciers over there, and certainly the one I then looked at appeared to be not less than fifteen to twenty miles long. But, as I afterward visited the locality, I shall reserve farther mention of them till I come to another part of my narrative.

About dusk we reached the south point of the island Nouyarn,* where we had expected to find an Innuit village, the place of our intended visit. But, to our disappointment and vexation, the settlement was not there. Within two hundred fathoms of the shore we saw sledge-tracks leading from the land out into the bay, and thence northward and westward. Here, also on the ice, we saw two double-barrelled guns standing up in the snow, and an Esquimaux lamp; but not a human being besides ourselves was there. We knew not what to do. Dark and cold, we should undoubtedly suffer much if unable to get shelter. What *could* we do? We might, for a while, follow the sledge-tracks, but not long, as the darkness was upon us. Eight o'clock, and we had neither shelter, food, nor light. Even to keep warmth in us for a moment, it was necessary to be in action, or the chances were we should freeze; and to remain so all night, we might perish. Sterry proposed that we should return to the igloos we had left in the morning, but to this Kokerjabin and myself objected. The best thing we could do, as I thought, was to follow the tracks, and, if not meeting with Innuits, build an igloo and make the best of it. This was agreed to, and again we started forward, Kokerjabin leading the way, which she did most admirably, guiding us here and there among numerous inlets, without once being in the wrong or confused.

The moon had now risen from her sea-bed, but looked as if guilty of some wicked act, being both horribly distorted and

* Lat. 62° 55′ N. long. 65° 52′ W.

red in the face! But the higher up she got, the better was her appearance, and the greater was her usefulness to us night-travellers. At length, about half-past ten, and when we had gone some three miles farther, Kokerjabin brought us to a small island called *An-nu-ar-tung*, where she expected to find the Innuits.

We listened; we strained our eyes for an igloo light, but in vain; not a sound, not a glimmer of anything we had hoped for met our ears or our eyes. Still, we determined to be thoroughly convinced, and accordingly tried to get on shore. This, however, even in daylight, would have been a difficult task where there was so great a rise and fall in the tide as thirty feet, but at night we found it a terrible job. At last it was accomplished; and looking about for the igloos, and meeting with none, it was finally settled that we should have some supper before trying anything more.

Our stock of food consisted of a small piece of "salt-junk" and some few pieces of hard bread, all of which I had brought from the vessel with me; nevertheless, every mouthful we took was delicious to our hungry appetites. But the thirst! how could we quench it? We had nothing by which to make snow-water, and we had vainly searched the rocks around for some. Every particle was firmly locked up in the fingers of zero cold. "*Thirst*, most thirsty!" we had to say, and, in sooth, to remain thirsty.

The next thing we did was to build an igloo, where, at all events, something like shelter could be obtained, and warmth by clustering together. Four human stoves, besides as many heating, smoking tobacco-pipes, would help to make us passably comfortable; and so we found.

Kokerjabin, the master-mason, aided by Sterry, built the igloo out of a snow-bank which faced a ledge of rocks running lengthwise of the island—under the lee of which, fortunately, it was—while I and the Innuit boy went upon the higher part of the land seeking for water. The igloo completed, on lying down we found that it was too limited, and that we should be inconveniently and perhaps injuriously cramped;

therefore a remedy must be found, and this was by cutting "pigeon-holes" in the snow-bank *for our feet.* This answered, and soon we were fast asleep, though upon a bed of snow, and at my back a snow-bank.

Toward morning I felt myself getting very cold, and, to warm us up, it was judged wise for all to smoke, which was done most agreeably. I then cut a doorway, and crawled out of the igloo on all-fours. The wind was fresh and piercing from the east, and, to get some circulation in our veins, Sterry and I made a run to the top of a hill. There we had a good look around, and then descended, but on arriving at the igloo we found Kokerjabin and her son gone. We therefore followed in their tracks, and soon overtook them on the highest point of the island. Presently Kokerjabin discovered, through the glass, some igloos on an island farther on. To these we immediately determined to bend our steps, more especially as Kokerjabin said she knew the island well, and had often resided there. It was called *Ak-koo-wie-shut-too-ping.** One hour's walk across the ice brought us close to it. Ice boulders, however, always between the sea-ice and the "ice-foot," gave us the usual trouble in getting on shore; but, this over, we soon found ourselves, to my great joy, among familiar faces. The first I saw was Sampson, who, taking me kindly by the hand, squeezed it, hugged it, *patted* it, and then led me into his igloo.

It was an early hour for them, and his family were still in bed, yet they all arose and heartily welcomed me. Food, and especially *water,* was plentifully put before me, and I need not say how gratefully I partook of both. Four large igloos were there, each occupied by two families. The bay being partially frozen over, the men were preparing to start on a grand sealing excursion toward Kingaite, which here seemed to be only about twenty-five miles off. Two of the women accompanied this party, and before they left I arranged with Sampson to stay in his igloo until he returned. His wife was sick, and with her two daughters she remained to "keep house."

* In lat. 62° 56′ N. long. 65° 51′ W.

Sampson and his party started about 8 A.M. on Thursday, April 25th, and at noon a snow-storm raged so furiously that some fears were entertained for their safety; but they returned in the afternoon, having captured one fine seal. A feast, as usual, followed; and here I noticed for the first time an Innuit custom of giving to the youngest child *the seal's eyes.* That night, while in bed, I received a rather unwelcome visitor in the following way.

It has been justly said that "knowledge is often *pursued* under difficulties," but in my case the knowledge I desired *came to me* instead of my seeking it.

I was desirous of making myself acquainted with the tides in that region, and took every opportunity to investigate the subject; but, on the night in question, between seven and eight o'clock, *the tide came pouring into the igloo,* threatening destruction to all within it. The full moon, by Greenwich time, was, April 24th, 10h. 23m. and, consequently, the highest rise of the tide would here be some forty hours after. I had watched for it during some time, and finally retired to my tuktoo furs, little expecting it would show itself to me by my bedside in the way it did; but such a proof was enough. From it I ascertained that the rise of tide at full and change was thirty feet. Fortunately, the tidal flow and abrupt inundation produced no serious damage, though it gave work to the females of the igloo, who hurriedly secured the fur dresses and other valuables from the salt water.

It was strange to me to see them cleaning or currying the seal-skins. The mouth of the female currier served as a deposit for all the scrapings, and the tongue was kept in constant requisition to keep free the scraper, a dish being by to receive the contents of the mouth when full.

The scrapings of board, hands, &c. all went first to the mouth, then to the dish, and thence to the dogs!

The storm continued during the following day, and I remained where I was, studying more and more the habits of this strange people, and endeavouring to give some elementary instruction to the children.

Our breakfast and dinner were both excellent; for the former, raw frozen walrus, of which I had a piece for my share of about five pounds, and at the latter, seal. The portion of this allotted to me and Sterry was the head. We complied with the Innuit custom. Sterry took a mouthful, then passed it to me, and when I had done the same it was returned to him, and so on. Of course *fingers* were all in all. No knives and forks are found among the Innuits; fingers and teeth are more than their equivalent.

When the meat, skin, and hair were all despatched—even the eyes, except the balls, which were given to the youngest child of Sampson—we "tapped" the brain. I was surprised at the amount of a seal's brains, and equally so at the deliciousness of them! The skull was almost as thin as paper. Shoot a seal in the head and it dies. Shoot a walrus in the head, and the damage is *to the ball*, which immediately flattens, without effecting any injury whatever to the walrus.

Later in the day I attended another feast in the igloo of Kookin, who had invited his old mother, *Shel-lu-ar-ping*, and two other venerable dames, and I must say that if my friends at home could then have seen how like an Innuit I ate, they would have blushed for me.

First came a portion of seal's liver, raw and warm from its late existence in full life. This, with a slice of *ooksook* (blubber), was handed to each, and I made away with mine as quick as any of the old adepts. Then came ribs inclosed in tender meat, dripping with blood. How ambrosial to my palate! Lastly came—what? *Entrails*, which the old lady drew through her fingers yards in length. This was served to every one but me in pieces of two to three feet long. I saw at once that it was supposed I would not like to eat this *delicacy;* but, having partaken of it before, I signified my wish to do so now; for, be it remembered, *there is no part of a seal but is good.* I drew the ribbon-like food through my teeth Innuit fashion; finished it, and then asked for more This immensely pleased the old dames. They were in ecstasies. It seemed as if they thought me the best of the group. They

laughed—they bestowed upon me all the most pleasant epithets their language would permit. I was one of them—one of the honoured few!

Soon as this round of feasting was ended, one of the old lady Innuits drew my attention to her afflictions. She had a dreadful pain in her side and back, and had been badly troubled for weeks. Before I had time for thought, she drew off her long-tailed coat over her head, and sat there before me nude as Nature made her. The laughing face and the joyful, ringing voice of the old lady were now exchanged for expressions indicative of suffering and the need of sympathy. The whole party present were now absorbed in the subject before me. I put on as long and dignified a face as I could in this *trying* scene, and, as much was evidently expected from me, I was determined no disappointment should follow. Therefore I proceeded to manipulate the parts affected, or, rather *plowed* my fingers in the rich loam—*real estate*—that covered the ailing places. The result was that I gave notice that she should live on, eating as much fresh seal and walrus as she wanted, drinking water several times a day, and applying the same amount at the end of every ten days that she had drank in that time to the *outside* of her body by the process of scrubbing, which I there and then practically explained to her and the others. I told her, moreover, that as the suk-e-neir (sun) was day by day getting higher and higher, she must keep herself warm and dry, and then, in *my* opinion, she would soon be quite relieved.

So caressingly did I finger the old lady's side during the delivery of my impromptu advice, that she declared I was the best angeko she had known, and positively she felt much better already. Placing on her coat, she then jumped up and ran away to her own igloo, as lively as a cricket.

During the time I was stopping in Sampson's igloo I made every inquiry possible about the *tradition* concerning ships entering the bay a long time ago; but I was unable, from my then slender knowledge of their language, to get intelligible answers. Therefore I had still to remain patient about it.

The following day, Saturday, April 27th, we commenced our return; but it was cold and stormy, and, as I had left some of my fur dress at Annawa's, I sought to borrow reindeer trousers, mits, and socks there. These I readily obtained; but the first-mentioned article being too small for my dimensions, one of the Innuit women slit them down with her *oodloo* till they did fit, after a fashion. But, on attempting to move, I was as if in a vice. I could not walk, I could not run, nor could I seat myself; I could only *waddle* and tumble down! On the ice in front of the igloos I tried to get on, but you, my reader, should have been there to have seen and enjoyed the sight I presented, and to have heard the ringing, side-splitting laughter of this generous-hearted and kind band of Innuits at the grotesque figure I cut in old Seko's skin-tight breeches. A sledge drawn by dogs had been loaned to us, and upon this I threw myself; but, long after our departure, on my looking back, I could see the merry lot still watching, and apparently enjoying the fun I had created.

Our sledge went fast, the dogs being good ones, with an excellent Innuit driver, Ning-u-ar-ping, the son of Sampson and Kokerjabin. On the smooth clear ice, which extended from Sampson's village to where we had first halted on our way up, our progress was very rapid. As we passed the island where we had spent the night before meeting the Innuits, I saw our igloo still standing. A little farther on, I observed to the north a peculiar mark—the work of Nature—by the west side of the entrance to Newton's Fiord, standing out boldly upon one of the mountains. On inquiry, I found it was considered by the natives as a remarkable spot, known to them from time immemorial. It was called *Ing-ee*. Whoever would know what this means, let him confidentially ask an Esquimaux man.

After some miles' travel we came to a dêpôt of walrus flesh, made by Sampson's people on a previous occasion; and here, after loading from it, the sledge left us on its return.

Sterry and I, Kokerjabin and Captain, then walked on, and, after a tedious journey of about fifty miles—though *direct* only

some twenty from the village—we arrived at *Twerpukjua* at 9 P.M. so thoroughly fatigued as to be right glad of the friendly beds immediately offered us.

Next morning I arose much refreshed, and took a walk on the neighbouring hill. The ice had before parted and left the bay almost free, but I was greatly astonished at the immense number of ducks I saw swimming about. For miles and miles around the waters were literally covered and black with them, making such a *thundering*, indescribable medley of sounds as quite startled me. Talk about the "absence of life" in these regions of ice and snow! Why, before my eyes were countless numbers of animated creatures, from the winged fowl of the sea to the seal and walrus!

What do all these creatures live upon? Why are they here? The waters must be alive with *other* innumerable creatures! Soon "great whales" will be here, and for what? Is there food for *them* here too?

At 9 A.M. I left Twerpukjua, and directed my way to Annawa's, at the island of Oopungnewing, where I arrived in due course, and was kindly welcomed as usual. Noodleyong was busy sewing skins together for making the summer tupic or tent, and Annawa, with other men, were out sealing. In the afternoon these latter returned, and we had the customary feast in the open air.

It was Sunday, and I could not help thoughtfully looking upon the scene before me. There was the snow village of pure white igloos, with their *wad-lings* and *took-soos* embellished by trophies of the walrus hunts. A score of laughing, happy, untutored, uncivilized, and "unchristianized" sons and daughters of the North were around or near me. There was a group on my right commencing the feast; three women, that had been out gathering *kelp* (seaweed) as an article of food, coming up from the beach; Annawa and his sealing company drawing up their kias on the floe-ice seaward; open water near by covered with ducks: Blind George standing in front of Bob's igloo, facing and welcoming the sun's warm rays; a number of boys drawing another captured seal across the



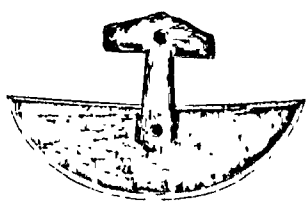
IG-LOOS OR SNOW VILLAGE AT OOPUNGNEWING.

rugged ice lining the shore; and one young urchin with a brace of ducks newly shot. In the narrow distance were some icebergs and floating masses of ice, and behind, as well as far off, the bold mountains, which gave a grandeur to the view.

The next morning, April 29th, accompanied by Esheeloo and his wife Oonga, I started on foot for the ship in Rescue Harbour, a distance of about twenty miles.

Part of the way was over broken ice, and this made the journey both tedious and difficult. At noon we were at the foot of Bayard Taylor Pass leading to Field Bay, and after a lunch we walked on over the land, stopping a moment at the half-way station for a drink of delicious water, and arrived on the other side at 4 P.M.

Field Bay had firm ice upon it, and over this we travelled as rapidly as we could, finally reaching the ship at 8 P.M. having been just twelve hours on the way.



OOD-LOO, OR WOMAN'S KNIFE.

The illustration one-third the size of the original.

In the hands of an Esquimaux woman, this simple instrument, made of bone and iron (the arc simply edged with iron), is equivalent to the knife, hatchet, scraper, and shears of civilization.

CHAPTER XVI.

Snow-blindness—Month of May—Ship released from her Ice-fetters—A spirited Scene—Sledge-dogs at full Speed—Terrific Encounter with a Bear—A Toss in the Air—A powerful Innuit—The aged Woman, Ookijoxy Ninoo—Tookoolito Interpreter—Important Information—Traditions relating to White Men very many Years ago—Ships with many People had arrived—Two Innuit Women taken away—Five Innuits killed by White Men—Five White Men among the Innuits—Written History confirmed by Oral Tradition—Barrow's History of Arctic Discovery—Relics of the White Men to be found—Wood, Coal, Brick, Iron—Innuits must possess the Truth concerning Franklin's Expedition—The Dreaded Land—Preparations for Summer Work—Ice—Pools of Water formed—Arrive on Land—Extensive View—A beautiful Grassy Plain—Comparison with Greenland—Lands behind the Coast, at this part, very fertile.

DIRECTLY after my arrival on board, on April 29th, 1861, I had a good wash, which I stood much in need of. I then found that snow-blindness had come upon me. During the journey I had felt some difficulty in sighting the way, but did not experience any pain. Now, however, my face *burned* as if on fire, and my eyes were intolerably painful. My cheeks were much the colour of tanned hide, and all about my features gave unmistakable evidence of exposure to severe weather.

That night I again enjoyed the luxury of taking off my skin dress, which I had not been able to do for the previous eight days. But my snow-blindness, which is attended with most excruciating pain, allowed me little rest, and the next morning found me so bad that I could hardly do anything.

It was now the last day of April, 1861, and many symptoms of a change from winter to summer (the only real changes during the year in arctic climes) were observable. True, a heavy snowstorm was prevailing, but the weather was much milder than it had been, and the ice was beginning to yield. In the morning the ship was released from her ice-fetters, and

had lifted herself up full two feet, showing how much lighter she had become through the consumption of stores since the period of freezing in.

On the 3d of May, which was a beautiful and warm day, Ebierbing and Tookoolito arrived, with all their effects, intending to stay with me until I was ready; as previously arranged, to leave for King William's Land. They were well, and had got through the interval since I had last seen them in the usual precarious manner, sometimes with, sometimes without success in sealing, so alternately with or without food.

The following morning we had another snow-storm, which continued with slight intermissions for several days.

On the 6th of May, Captain B——, wishing the dogs to be well fed previous to being employed in transporting the whale-boats, stores, &c. over to the whaling dépôt at Cape True, asked several of the Innuits to take them over to Oopungnewing, where there was plenty of walrus skin and meat; but one and all refused. They said "the weather was too bad;" whereupon I volunteered to go with any Innuit that would accompany me; but, finally, the gale having abated, Captain B—— himself determined to go, taking with him two of the Esquimaux, who at last consented to accompany him.

There were twenty-five dogs, and these we had harnessed to a sledge by the Innuits Charley and Jim Crow, who were ready to start. Captain B—— went ahead, and I, following with the sledge, soon overtook him, but not until I had seen a good specimen of dog-driving.

At the beginning it was slow work to get the dogs under way, but, once on the start, away they went, pell-mell together, and swiftly, over the fair white snow. It was amusing to see my Greenland dogs, with the others, weaving and knitting, braiding and banding their traces into knots and webs that apparently would defy human devices to unravel. One dog would leap over the backs of a dozen others; another dog, receiving the snap of the thirty-feet lash in the driver's hands,

thinking it the work of his nearest neighbour, would seize him, as if to repay it by a ten-fold severer snap; then the rest would join in the fray, till all became involved in a regular dog-fight. It was a picture to see these twenty-five dogs flying almost with the speed of wind over the frozen surface of the deep snow. But, after joining the captain and resigning to him my place, it was not quite so pleasant for me to return. I had but light garments on, and the weather was still severe. However, the distance was not far, and I reached the ship without much difficulty.

Captain B——, to my astonishment, returned on the following day at about 10 P.M. He had duly arrived at Oopungnewing; was hospitably received in Bob's igloo for the night; and, having supplied himself with a load of walrus meat—indeed, he might have had half a dozen loads, so abundant was the supply at that time—and preferring to return rather than stay where the igloos were about tumbling down, owing to the moist weather, he came back in the midst of the continuous storm. The labour of getting over the Bayard Taylor Pass was very severe to him, especially at the steep ascent on the other side. He could only make two or three steps before he was obliged to rest, each step carrying him thigh deep into the soft snow.

With the captain came "Bob" and his wife "Polly;" but this time Bob came in a *professional* capacity. He was a doctor, or, rather, an angeko, and now came to visit the sick mother of *Sharkey*.

The following day I chanced to witness him engaged at the work. I was walking among the ruined igloos, which, having fallen down, had been nearly all replaced by skin tents, when I heard the peculiar sound of *ankooting* close by. It was near the tupic of *Ar-tung-ung*, mother of Sharkey; but I did not enter, for generally no one but the family is allowed to be present on such occasions; and, though one cannot help pitying the superstitious feeling that directs them to this, yet why should any of us make light of it? They are earnest in the matter, and only follow the customs of their fathers for

generations before them. Possibly, however, it may yet be the honour of our country, through some noble-hearted Christian philanthropist, to bring them to a knowledge of the one true God.

The Innuit Bob was a man that every one of us highly esteemed. I have before alluded to him in warm terms, and I will now mention a circumstance which belonged to the romantic incidents of his life.

In the winter of 1854-5, he and a companion, with some dogs, attacked a large polar bear. His companion's name was *Se-nik-too*—"Moose," as called by the whalers. He afterward, in 1858, died at Allen's Island, leaving a widow—the Puto whom I have frequently named.

Moose fired at the bear, when it rushed toward them. Bob stood his ground until he too had fired, and then immediately turned and ran; but the next moment the bear was upon him, and, seizing his left shoulder in its jaws, threw him high over its head, as if he had been a mere bag of feathers! Bob fell about four fathoms off, and was getting up, when the bear again laid hold of him, this time by the leg, and gave him another toss. The dogs, however, now managed to keep the animal at bay; and Moose coming to Bob's aid, they bravely renewed the attack, until at length these courageous Innuits succeeded in conquering the brute. Unfortunately, they lost him after all their trouble, for the ice broke, and the tide swept their prize away.

I saw the scars of the wounds inflicted by this monster, Bob taking off his reindeer dress in the main cabin to gratify me. Captain B—— said that the laceration was terrible, for he had seen it a few days after the occurrence, and administered such relief as was in his power. Bob was undoubtedly a powerful man, muscular, full-breasted, of great nerve, and firm as iron. When he stripped I had a good opportunity to see this, and he allowed me to take the measurement of his body.[7]

On the 10th of May Ebierbing's grandmother, the aged *Ookijoxy Ninoo*, arrived with him from Cornelius Grinnell

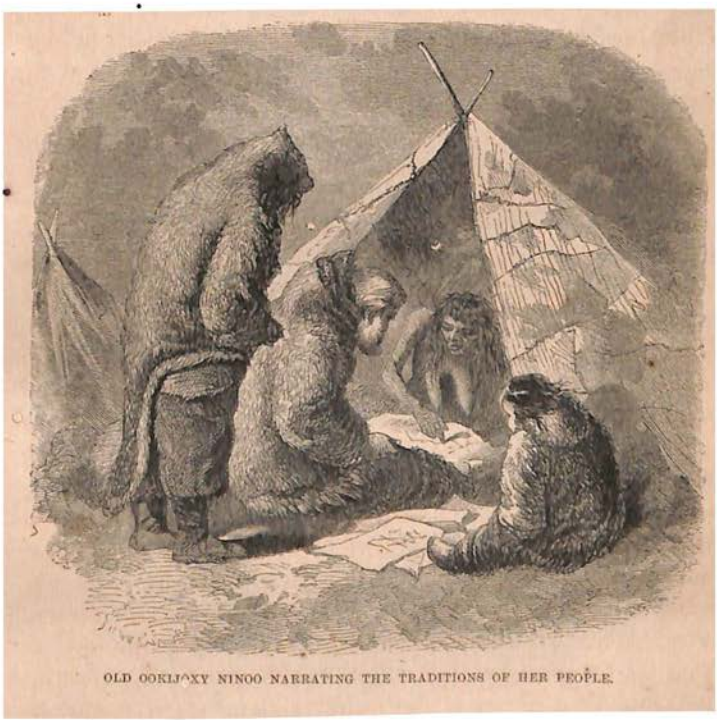
Bay, where he had been to fetch her to his home. I was anxious for a conversation with her, as she could give me much information, from native traditions and personal observation, about the Frobisher expeditions of 1576–8; but it was not until the next day that I had the opportunity.

Next morning I went on shore at Cooper's Island, a small island near the *George Henry* in Rescue Harbour, where Ebierbing, Tookoolito, and Ookijoxy Ninoo lived in tupics. Our conversation commenced by my leading the way, through Ebierbing, his wife acting as interpreter, which, aided by my own increasing knowledge of the language, enabled me to quite understand the old lady's narrative.

Ebierbing said that "he well recollected, when a boy, seeing, on an island near Oopungnewing, *oug* (something *red*, which I inferred, from his subsequent explanation, to mean *bricks*) and *coal*. At that time he knew not what those things were, but when he visited England in 1855, he there saw bricks, and understood their use for the first time. Coal he had seen on board an English whaler previous to that, but not until years after his noticing these things on the island. He said he used to play with these bricks, piling them up in rows and in various forms, as children often do, and also marked stones with them, and was delighted to see the red strokes. He also remembered Innuit women using the bricks, whenever they could be obtained, for polishing the brass ornaments worn on the head. Likewise he could well remember how some of his aged people told him that many—a great many years ago, ships came into the Bay *Tin-nu-jok-ping-oo-se-ong*" (Frobisher Bay). This was Ebierbing's statement. I now proceed to that of his grandmother. But, before doing this, let me describe the scene as it was at the time of my receiving the following important communication from her.

Her tupic was very small—only large enough to hold herself comfortably in a sitting or reclining posture—but I managed to squeeze in beside her, seating myself at her right side. Tookoolito was *outside* by the entrance, facing the old lady and myself.

The position of Ookijoxy Ninoo was usually a reclining one, she resting her elbows on the pillow-place of her bed, and her chin upon her hands. By her side was her little kood-lin (lamp), and in front of that was a small board, on which was a handful of baked beans given to her by some one from the ship, and also a few broken pieces of sea-bread which Tookoolito had saved for her. There was, besides, abundance of walrus blubber and skin for her to eat when hungry.



OLD OOKIJOXY NINOO NARRATING THE TRADITIONS OF HER PEOPLE.

During the time I was in her tupic and listening to her words, a favourite grandchild of hers, E-ter-loong, was just outside, frequently crying for food. The old lady gave the child a part of the beans and biscuit; but his noise was a great interruption.

The weather was very cold—bitterly so; and I often

requested Tookoolito to take my place inside, but she preferred my retaining "the seat of honour."

The following is the substance of her statements to me respecting the objects of my inquiry.

Placing before her the sketch-chart formerly drawn by Koojesse, and showing her Cornelius Grinnell Bay, Singeyer, Field Bay, tracing along down through Bear Sound to Cape True, thence to Oopungnewing, I asked her if she recognised those particular parts. Her reply was that she did; and immediately asked, "What is the name of the island where *Koochooarchu* (Sampson) was?" meaning the island where myself, with Sterry and Kokerjabin, visited Sampson on the previous April 27th. I replied, "*Ak-koo-wie-shut-too-ping.*"

"That," said she, "is where I have spent much of my life —many of my best days. But the place where the kodlunas (white people) of the ships landed is called *Niountelik*, an island near Oopungnewing."

She then proceeded to say that upon Niountelik she had seen bricks, and coal, and pieces of timber of various sizes. She had also heard from old Innuits that, many years before, ships had landed there with a great number of people. She remembered, when a little girl, hearing Innuits tell about these people having killed several Innuits; also that farther down, or on Kingaite side, as the old lady spoke it, they took away two Innuit women, who never came back again.

I asked her if she knew how *many* ships had come there? Her reply was, They came every year; first two, then three, then am-a-su-ad-lo oo-moo-arch-chu-a (many—a great many ships). "Five Innuits were also killed by the kodlunas" (white people). Not feeling quite certain of the meaning of her answer, I repeated the question, How many ships came here? Tookoolito, on receiving the answer, gave it to me in this way: "She said 'they came every year,'" and then ceased from repeating more of the old woman's words. This puzzled me; I knew not what to make of it. I began to think that perhaps whaling ships had annually visited the great bay. But, after a few moments, I found Tookoolito had

ceased speaking merely to consider the true interpretation of what the old lady had said into my vernacular. She continued by saying, "First two, then two or three, then many—very many vessels."

This was clear; and I immediately took up the only book I then had with me bearing upon the subject, "Barrow's Chronological History of Arctic Discovery," and, turning to the account of Frobisher's voyages, I read what had been given to the world by means of writing and printing, and compared it with what was now communicated to me by means of oral tradition. *Written* history tells me that Frobisher made three voyages to the arctic regions as follows:—

Frst voyage in 1576, with *two** vessels.

Second voyage in 1577, three vessels.

Third voyage in 1578, fifteen vessels.

Traditionary history informs me that a great many, many years ago the vessels of white men visited the bay (Frobisher's) three successive years:—

First, in *two* vessels.

Second, in three vessels.

Third, in many vessels.

But this is not all that traditionary history gave me on that day. *Written* history states that Frobisher lost *five* of his men on his first voyage when conveying a native on shore. *Oral* history told me that five white men were captured by Innuit people at the time of the appearance of the ships a great many years ago; that these men wintered on shore (whether one, two, three, or more winters, could not say); that they lived among the Innuits; that they afterward built an oomien (large boat), and put a mast into her, and had sails; that early in the season, before much water appeared, they endeavoured to depart; that, in the effort, some froze their hands; but that finally they succeeded in getting into open water, and away they went, which was the last seen or heard of them. This boat, as near as I could make out at the time, was built on

* See Appendix, No. 8.

the island that Frobisher and his company landed upon, viz. *Niountelik.*

I have here put down a part only of what I recorded in my journal at the time, and, consequently, much of it will be found to have been the result of some slight mistake in what I then understood; but, coupled with the previous statements of Koojesse, and the information which I afterward obtained, it will be seen that the main facts about Frobisher's Expedition are well supported by evidence.

The old lady further informed me that frequently, in her lifetime, she had seen wood, chips, coal, and bricks, and *large pieces of very heavy stone,* on the island of *Niountelik.*

This again puzzled me. What could "very heavy stone" mean? I asked her "what *kind* of stone it was," and to this she replied, "It was *black,* and very heavy. No Innuits had ever seen such kind of stones before."

This at once led me to conclude that the heavy stones were *iron;* and still more so when Tookoolito observed, "I think, from what the old lady says, these stones were very heavy, a *small* one being as much as an Innuit could lift. I think, perhaps," added she, "they were iron." "And so do I. By-and-by, I will see to it," was my reply.

The information thus obtained seemed so clearly to bear upon Frobisher's Expedition that I determined, as soon as I could, to visit *Niountelik,* and ascertain all about the matter. I thought to myself, if such facts concerning an expedition which had been made nearly three hundred years ago can be preserved by the natives, and evidence of those facts obtained, what may not be gleaned of Sir John Franklin's Expedition of *only sixteen years ago?* The singular fate of La Perouse and his expedition was unknown to the civilized world for thirty-eight years, and then brought to light only by the exertions of one individual, Captain Dillon, an English master of a merchant ship! Here, too, we have the first intimation of the fate of Frobisher's five men—after being shrouded in mystery for 285 years—all but determined by personal inquiry among the natives! Why not, then, be able to ascertain from

the same natives—that is, of the same Innuit race—all those particulars so interesting, and many of them so important to science, concerning the Lost Polar Expedition? I was now convinced, more than I had ever been, that the whole mystery of their fate could have been, and may yet be easily determined with even the smallest well-directed aid. At all events, I felt that, while life and health should be spared me, I would devote myself to this undertaking.

Such was the current of my thoughts at the time I was in the old lady's *tupic* and listening to her words; and, let me add, such are now my thoughts, and, so far as may be permitted, such are my intentions.

In continuation of my interview with the aged Innuit, I asked her why Innuits, as I had been informed, do not now live upon the land beyond Bear Sound, extending eastward between the waters of Frobisher Bay and Field Bay?

To this, as interpreted, she said—

"A great many years ago, before I (Ookijoxy Ninoo) was born, the Innuits all around these bays were very many. The number of Innuits on *Ki-ki-tuk-ju-a* (*Lok's Land* of Frobisher) and the other islands in that direction was great; but at one time they were nearly all out on the ice, when it separated from the land and took them out to sea. They never came back, nor did any Innuit ever hear of them again. Since then, Innuits never live there, nor ever visit the place."

As she spoke about this catastrophe she did so under evident feelings of constraint and horror; and when I asked if *she* had ever visited it, her emphatic reply was, "*Never!* NEVER!"

This accounted to me for much apparent mystery which I had noticed respecting the region in question whenever I addressed any Innuit upon the subject. They could not—or would not—give me any information about it; and when I once tried to get a company of natives to go there with me, all refused. Yet every year they make frequent passages, backward and forward through the channel *Is-se-hi-suk-ju-a* (called by Frobisher Bear Sound), dividing the "ill-fated land" from the main.

The old woman further added that the Innuits had lived on that land, as Innuits do live—that is, moving about wherever food can be had—both before and after the white men's ships came years ago; but, since the great disaster occurred which swept so many of her people away, no Innuits would go there.

After eliciting all the information I then could from the old woman, I left her, with great astonishment at her powers of memory, and the remarkable way in which this strange people of the icy North, who have no written language, can correctly preserve history from one generation to another.

Nine generations had passed away since the visit of Frobisher, yet now, on the 11th of May, 1861, I received from an old woman, probably a hundred years old, statements which I could not otherwise than believe to be facts concerning him and his co-adventurers! I was astonished, and also, in a measure, pleased, for it gave me stronger hopes than ever of my being able thereafter to obtain all the knowledge I required concerning the expedition of Franklin. Meanwhile I determined upon revisiting Oopungnewing, and going to Niountelik as soon as possible.

At this time all on board the *George Henry* were very busy in certain matters connected with the ship, such as refitting and preparing her for the time when she might proceed to other quarters for whaling operations. Boats on sledges, men and their apparel, sleeping-gear, and other necessary material, were daily sent off to the working dépôt at Cape True, in Frobisher Bay, so that on the 17th of May only three white men remained in the vessel.

I now decided to make a sledge exploring trip up the Bay of Frobisher, as I could not depart for King William's Land till about the 1st of August, the earliest practicable moment of being able to commence my journey by boat to that locality.

At this time Tookoolito was suddenly taken ill. It was on the evening of May 8th, when, as I was engaged upon my charts, Tookoolito aiding me in the Innuit names, I noticed she suddenly dropped her head, as I thought, to reflect upon

something. But Sharkey's wife, who was sitting opposite, soon convinced me to the contrary by springing toward her. I saw what the matter was in a moment. Tookoolito had fainted; and, when aided by such means as were in my power, she soon revived, but a general prostration, accompanied by terrible pains in the head, ensued. As it was necessary for her to have immediate rest, she was placed in my berth, and the little girl, Ookoodlear, sent to attend upon her.

Meanwhile I had another patient suddenly on my hands. Directly Tookoolito revived, *Mam-ma-yat-che-ung*, wife of Sharkey, was seized with bleeding at the lungs. The poor woman, like many of her people, especially those of her sex, was in a rapid decline, and, as I thought, had not long to live. She had gone upon deck, where I found her coughing and vomiting up blood most fearfully. The snow-wreath at the gangway was crimsoned as if a bear's jugular had been opened there. I at once gave her a glass of alum water, which checked it after she had bled for some twenty minutes. She then went down to my cabin, and attended upon Tookoolito until the return of Ebierbing, who was greatly affected at the condition of his wife.

Poor Tookoolito continued very sick for some days, but, with such care and relief as could be given to her, she ultimately got well enough to go about as usual. Perhaps the cause of her sickness was over-exertion in moving their tupic from one island to another the day previous. It had been heavy work for her, but she had to do it, for the custom among Innuits is to make the *women* perform all such domestic and ordinary labour.

Before leaving for my exploration of the Frobisher waters, I determined to examine the head of Field Bay, the bay where we were now at anchor. I commenced the work at 9 A.M. of the 20th of May. The Innuits Ebierbing and the angeko, with *Mam-ma-nar-ping*, one of the wives of the latter, were with me, though the two former only went part of the way, they leaving me to chase some reindeer, the tracks of which

we found near the foot of Grinnell Mountain. I myself, with the woman as guide and attendant, continued the trip alone.

The travelling was very bad, in consequence of the snow having melted and formed several pools. Over these pools, which almost uniformly covered the sea-ice, was a thin coating of fresh-water-ice, not uniformly of sufficient thickness and strength to bear our walking upon it; indeed, but a small portion of it was firm enough to hold us up. Whenever it gave way, down we would go, ankle deep, and sometimes deeper. Then, too, the dazzling glare of the ice on the upper part of the bay caused additional care and labour in walking.

Every few rods we saw seals out on the ice, basking in the sun's rays.

At 4 P.M. we made land, and there stopped to rest and dine. I had abundance of hard bread and a large piece of salt pork, and at that season of the year there was plenty of fresh water to be obtained. Thus we were able to make a good repast, and, after a short stay, proceed on our journey.

Our way led us toward Alden Mountain;* and we had to go over an extensive plain, deeply covered with snow, which is at the head of Field Bay. Almost every half-dozen steps were sure to be succeeded by a downfall of no pleasant character, and it was severe to me, besides being injurious to my box chronometer slung at my side. Never did I experience more annoying travel. As we proceeded it became much worse. Every few steps, down, *down* we went, oftener waist-deep than otherwise. Sometimes the surface snow would appear firm, and then I had hope of all being right for our getting forward, but the next moment we were sinking to our hips in some treacherous spot. Occasionally I would be making fair headway, when my Innuit guide would go down, and, while trying to help her up, the snow-crust would give way, and I then followed suit. It seemed as if it took three hours for us to make one mile.

After much struggling we arrived at a small rocky hill, and,

* A mountain at the extreme head of Field Bay, which I have named after Charles Alden, of Newburg, New York.

ascending it, an extensive view was before me. On the west of us I could see a lakelet, long and narrow, that extended in a northerly direction to the base of Alden Mountain. This lakelet, on my way back, proved to be influenced in its waters by the sea for two or three days at the periods of high tides—full and change.

It was now 8 P.M. We were both much fatigued, and yet it would not do to remain. Not a blanket had we, nor any article that would serve to keep warmth in us during the night, which, however, was now daylight all through. The heavens were covered with portentous clouds, and many circumstances led me to conclude it most advisable to return; but I could hardly determine in what direction it would be best to go. There were the plains, but they were covered deeply with the treacherous snow. As I reflected, a passage in the "Good Book" came to my mind: "Be angry, and sin not;" but, whether I sinned or not, God only is my judge. This, however, I must confess: that as I walked on that treacherous snow-crust, every now and then going down, *down*, *down*, my temper at length would fly up, *up*, *up*, making the scale-beam keep dancing for full three hours, until some fair walking gave ease to my weary limbs and quiet to my ruffled soul.

On a careful survey of the routes we could follow, I finally decided upon going to a low ridge which was farther west of us and free from snow. That ridge extended in a line running to the S.S.E. and lay in about the direction I wanted to go. To reach it we had to traverse along an abrupt sand-bank bordering the lakelet already mentioned. We then came to a beautiful grassy plain quite destitute of snow, and over which it was a perfect luxury to travel. All my weariness and pain were quite forgotten in walking across this carpet of Nature. It was surrounded by rugged, sombre, rocky mountains, and consequently appeared to me like an *oasis* in the great desert. For nearly one year I had sighted nothing but rocks, rocks, rocks, here, there, and everywhere, piled into mountains of such varied and horrible shapes that they seemed as if created to strike *terror* into the heart of man; and now to fall thus

unexpectedly upon a plain covered with grass, yielding so friendly and "down"-like to my aching feet, particularly under the circumstances described, was enough for me to express my great joy and admiration.

It is said that the name Greenland was given to that land by the Norwegians and Icelanders because it looked greener than Iceland. I could, therefore, on my trip across that grassy plain, fully appreciate *their* feelings on beholding a greener land than their own. Yet many a one going directly from the United States and visiting Greenland would from the bottom of his soul exclaim,

"*This* Greenland! Then, indeed, have I come into a Paradise, but into that of which Milton speaks:—

> "'. . . o'er the back side of the world far off,
> Into a limbo large and broad, since called
> *The Paradise of Fools.*'"

With reference to the plain I crossed over, Tookoolito afterward informed me that in 1860 a company of Innuits, herself and Ebierbing of the number, spent three weeks in passing over the land amid the mountains, and on other plains of great extent westward of Cornelius Grinnell Bay. Their trip was made for a reindeer hunt. On their way, and running northwest from the plain near what I have called Alden Mountain, was another plain, extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach. This convinced me that in general arctic navigators know but little about the interior of the northern country. Rarely anything but the coasts are seen and explored. On the trip I am now referring to I saw more level ground than since I left the United States. Nothing in Greenland that I saw could compare with it.

Tookoolito also informed me that reindeer visit those plains in great numbers. On their excursion they killed as many as they wanted; and so numerous were the deer that they might be compared to flocks of sheep. Much of the meat they had obtained during the hunt was left behind. The *fawns* were chased down by the Innuits and caught; as she said, "their

feet being dry, they could not run well. When the feet of tuktoo are wet, they can go much faster over the mountain rocks."

From information I afterward obtained, the plains here spoken of appeared to be well known to our friendly Innuits as a breeding-place for the deer; and the whole country between Frobisher Bay and *Niountelik* (a place in the north part of Northumberland Inlet) had been frequently traversed by several of the intelligent natives who visited us; but, unless discreetly questioned, it is rare for an Esquimaux to say much of himself, his people, or his native land. It is only by degrees, and by a long association with them, that any one can elict any material facts.

At half-past 10 P.M. we were on the top of another mountain. Here we had something more to eat; and then, proceeding to the sea-ice, directed our steps toward the vessel. The walk was one of great labour, yet not so trying to the *temper* as that of some previous portion of the day.

At three o'clock in the morning we arrived on board of the ship, completely exhausted with the fatiguing journey, made, during eighteen hours, over a distance of about twenty-five miles.

CHAPTER XVII.

A successful Deer-hunt — Se-ko-se-lar Innuits—The Land Pass—Magnificent Scenery — Countess of Warwick Sound — Important Discovery — Relic of Frobisher's Expedition—Sledge-drive in a Snow-storm—Value of a Compass —Safe Arrival on Board—State of the Ice—The Whale Dépôt—Stranger Innuits arrive—Two boats of White Men land on the Coast — After-knowledge of the Truth—Loss of the English Store-ship "Kitty"—The Locality of Sekoselar—Tradition of Parry's Voyage—Old Innuits remember visiting him —Sekoselar Innuits dislike civilization Food—"Barbarous Stuff"—Physical Superiority of the Sekoselar Men.

THE following day, May 21st, 1861, Ebierbing and Mingumailo returned from their deer-hunt. They had been successful, having shot with a rifle of mine three deer, one of which was lost, and the other two were secured. It appeared that Ebierbing first shot one of a group of eight which they came across. It struggled and fell before he could approach the spot, but rose again and ran away. In a moment more, however, he managed to shoot another, and Mingumailo a third. Thus was secured to us several hundred pounds of fresh meat—venison.

The deer were killed high up in the mountains, and the two hunters had to carry the carcases (portions at a time) a distance of two miles down to the sea-ice, where they made a cache by piling on heavy stones. What they could carry of it to the ship they did, and all of us on board had an excellent feast.

About this time we heard that some Innuits had arrived at Sampson's settlement from the "Sekoselar" mentioned in a note at page 186. The news made me still more anxious to proceed on my exploring trip, but various causes tended to prolong my delay, and, even when ready for the excursion, I was unable to proceed farther than a day's journey.

The Esquimaux are good as guides, as companions, as

hunters and purveyors of food, but it is impossible to place any great dependence upon them in keeping faith as to time or one's wishes on a journey. They *will* do just as they please; and if aught is seen that may serve them for food, they will away in chase, no matter how much delay is thereby occasioned in a white man's enterprise, or however great the loss and inconvenience. In my case, absolutely dependent upon them for aid in exploring, I could do nothing but exercise my patience to the fullest degree. Hence it was not until the 27th of May that I was able to start on another trip to the waters of Frobisher Bay.

At that season of the year, travelling over the ice and snow-covered land by *day* was almost impossible. The slush and the numerous pools of water upon the former rendered a passage not only very difficult, but often dangerous; and, upon the land, the fatigue occasioned was more than could be well endured. Night, therefore, was chosen for our journeys, unless occasion required us to continue on during the day.

Accordingly, at 10 P.M. of the 27th of May I started from the ship with dogs and sledge, after having my outfit well attended to by Tookoolito. She was unable to accompany her husband, who had joined my company. The rest of my companions were two Innuit men and two women, one of them being Punnie, and the other a beautiful young woman called An-nu-tik-er-tung, wife of Kus-se-e-ung. Myself and the two women led the way, and in about an hour arrived where the upper village had been during the winter. Here we stopped to collect various things belonging to the Innuits who were with me, and which they had left there when departing for Frobisher Bay. We also stopped at another spot not far off, and collected tent-poles, coverings, kia frames, buckets, skins, &c. making a very considerable addition to our already heavy load. It was an hour and a half past midnight when we again started, but our foot travel was now good, the best of the season, the ice being firm during the night.

During the walk I had an interesting conversation with

Ebierbing, who, among other things, told me of the great price the Sekoselar Innuits were willing to give for any articles of iron. A small piece of good iron, suitable for a spear-head, would procure a seal or tuktoo jacket from them, and with a needle one could purchase a deerskin. The Sekoselar Innuits can only obtain iron occasionally, when a communication is had with natives living on the coast. They still use bone needles, bows, and arrows.

As we neared the land on the opposite side of Field Bay the sun was tipping the mountains with red. It was then nearly half-past 2 A.M. and I also noticed that clouds were hugging some of the high lands. This indicated a coming storm. At 3·45 A.M. we passed from the bay to the main land, and now it began to blow strongly from the south-west. I selected the lee side of some rocks and took several compass bearings, then proceeded on my way alone, the rest of my party, with the sledge, having gone on before. I overtook them at the summit of Bayard Taylor Pass, and then together we began the descent on the other side.

I have already spoken of this pass, but each time I traversed it I could not help being transfixed with wondering awe. Near its western termination each side is walled by bold, craggy mountains, and the scenery there is truly magnificent. Well might I exclaim, as I did on viewing it, Great God, Thy works are indeed mighty! Shortly after, when we reached the frozen waters of the bay, the dogs and sledge carried us along past scenery ever changing and remarkable. While crossing this, I judged it to be Frobisher's Countess of Warwick Sound.

Our course this time, owing to a wide gap in the ice, led us to the north of Oopungnewing, as we intended to make for the low point of land called Twerpukjua; hence we passed the island at some little distance. Here, when nearest to it, Punnie left us to go to Annawa's settlement; and after resting awhile, employing the time in sealing, we again proceeded. Niountelik Island we passed about a quarter of a mile off, and then, at 10 A.M. we arrived at Twerpukjua.

When approaching the shore-ice we met a party of Innuits with a sledge and team of dogs going to the vessel, having just come from the island where I had been April 25th and 26th, while staying with Sampson. Among them were Johnny Bull, his wife Kokerzhun, and *New-wer-che,* one of the most enterprising and energetic Innuits with whom I was acquainted. They reported that the ice had broken up, and said it would be impossible for me to proceed on my journey by sledge. This I soon perceived to be the case. While consulting with them, I could see quite enough to convince me so. The wind was then blowing strong from the south. A heavy sea was at work tearing up the ice between Niountelik and Twerpukjua. To where we were, the distance from the raging, open sea was not two hundred fathoms.

It was a trial to me to give up this trip, yet I acted as I believe a wise man should, and accordingly determined to abandon the attempt and try it by boat. I therefore ordered our return; but as I wished to examine the islands of Oopungnewing and Niountelik, I proposed to Ebierbing that we should stay three or four days at Annawa's; and, to prevent our being encumbered with so much baggage as I had brought for an extended trip, told him to make a transfer of it from our sledge to Johnny Bull's, who would take it back to the ship.

While this transfer was being made, my eye accidentally caught sight of a piece of *brick,* among sundry odds and ends of Innuit articles brought from the upper village at the head of Field Bay. While looking upon it, I called to mind the story I had heard from old Ookijoxy Ninoo about relics of this kind seen on Niountelik, and I at once asked Kusseeung and Arngmer-che-ung what it was. They replied, "Stone"—a stone that the old mother of the latter had given him a long time ago. I then asked from whence she got it, and both Innuits immediately pointed to the island Niountelik, which was less than half a mile from where we stood.

Ebierbing took this *bright-coloured brick* from my hand, looked at it, and said, "That is the same as I have seen on

that island," pointing to Niountelik. He then added, "Many of my acquaintances up the inlet (meaning Northumberland) have pieces of the same kind that came from that island."

My feelings upon seeing the piece of brick, and hearing what was said about it, may be easily imagined. There, in my hand, was undoubtedly a relic of that expedition which had visited the place only eighty-six years after the discovery of America by Columbus, since which time it has remained unknown to the civilized world! This relic, then, was more precious to me than *the gold* which Frobisher sought there under the direct patronage of Queen Elizabeth. Until now no proof had existed that Frobisher and his expedition ever visited the particular bay or "straits" bearing his name; but, from all that I had gathered from the information given me by the natives, and from what I had now seen, a strong conviction rested on my mind that it was so, and doubt was at at end.

After stopping at Twerpukjua nearly three hours, I bade adieu to those of my Innuit friends who were going to Sampson's, and proceeded toward Annawa's at Oopungnewing. Johnny Bull and his party took their way to the ship, Ebierbing accompanying me.

When near Oopungnewing, we saw Punnie coming to meet us, and soon she gave us the information that Annawa and the whole settlement had gone to Og-bier-seer-o-ping (Cape True), and now not a tupic remained. Here again was another disappointment. I had no tent with me, having left my own at the vessel, and it would not do to remain without shelter, as a gale was even then blowing, therefore we had no alternative but to return. Accordingly, we rejoined Johnny Bull with his party, and were soon on our way, at a swift speed, over the ice, toward the land pass.

Our backs were nearly to the wind and snow, and therefore our trouble from this source was far less than if facing it. The gale helped us greatly a part of the way back. It drove the sledge sometimes faster than the dogs could go; thus occasionally they were dragged along instead of their drawing

us. Besides this, the strong wind had closed the gap which we had been obliged to avoid in the morning, and we now traversed the ice as safely as though we were passing over a marbled floor.

Soon afterward we came to the glare ice of Lincoln Bay,* which is on this (the west) side of the Bayard Taylor Pass. Here the wind and snow played fantastic tricks with the sledge, dogs, and all our company. We were in company with the other Innuits, but Joe, myself, and Johnny Bull were footing it while passing along this bay. Had the wind been against us all would have been well, but it came quartering on our right hand and at our backs, and this caused numerous eddies and snow-wreaths.

We were ahead of the sledge, intending to jump upon it as it passed. After resting a while, on it came; and, watching the opportunity, Joe and Johnny were fortunately able to spring on, but I could not. Just as I made my attempt, a terrific gust sent me whirling along for nearly a quarter of a mile over the glassy ice. Then my feet caught upon a firm snow-wreath, and I stuck fast till I gathered my senses to look round and see where I was. It was snowing fast and furiously, and what with that coming down, and that thrown upward by the wind, every object three or four fathoms distant was hidden from sight. Fortunately, the almost perpendicular side of a mountain that I had before noticed was within a distance that could be seen. From this I struck a

* There are three important bays that make up from the ever memorable "Countess of Warwick Sound," which was discovered and so named by Frobisher nearly three centuries ago. The geographical position of this sound, as well as the nature and extent of Frobisher "Strait" (a misnomer, for it is a bay), remained unknown to the civilized world from the days of Queen Elizabeth down to 1860-2, when I had the good fortune to re-discover, examine, and determine much relating to Frobisher's Expeditions of 1576, '7, and '8.

The three bays—*important* on account of their geographical and historical connexions—I have named,—1st. Lincoln Bay; 2d. Victoria Bay; and, 3d. Napoleon Bay, after three distinguished personages of the present day, to wit, the President of the United States of America, the Queen of England, and the Emperor of France. (*Vide* Chart.)

course leading up the bay to the land-route. In a short time I had overtaken the party, which had been detained by one of the dogs giving out. Casting it off, I took a seat upon the sledge, and away we went merrily toward the pass. As we drove along we were a curious sight to behold, for we resembled a *living* snow-bank.

We ascended the pass on foot, crossed the summit, descended on the other side, and again made the sea-ice of Field Bay. Here two more of our dogs gave out, and we cast them adrift, though they still followed us. We had nine remaining, and this made a good team.

We rested half an hour, then started again, the Innuits endeavouring to find their way, as usual, by the previous sledge-tracks; but we had to go this way and that way, in and out among the numerous islands covering the head of the bay, until finally all traces of our route were lost. Nevertheless, they would have found a course to the ship, though, perhaps, with some delay and difficulty, but I saved all this by using my compass, and thus directing them which way to go, and by 9 P.M. we were on board, having been absent only 22½ hours.

The following day, May 29th, was the anniversary of our departure from the United States. My thoughts at that time I find mentioned in my diary as follows:—

"One year ago to-day the *George Henry* sailed from New London. It seems to me a *short* year, though spent in regions that, to many civilized men, would be *repulsive*, and would appear unqualified *desolation*. Still, I like this country—not as a place in which to spend all my life, if it be one of fourscore and ten years, but for *work* to be continued three or five years."

On the following day, as there appeared to be some indications of its turning out fine, I thought of taking a trip to a place called by the Innuits *Sing-ey-er*. Accordingly, I procured the services of Ebierbing and started; but in two hours afterward there came on thick weather, and every indication of a storm. We had, therefore, to abandon the journey and

return. While we were out, however, and I was engaged taking observations, I heard a cry, "Mr. Hall!" I looked around, and saw Ebierbing, at a little distance off, crawling out of a hole in the ice into which he had fallen. I hastened to his assistance, but before my arrival he was out, and fortunately without any injury.

As I have before mentioned, it is risky travelling on the sea-ice at this season of the year, on account of pools of water just beneath a covering of snow. A traveller passing along over an apparently excellent route often finds himself unexpectedly floundering in water, and the cause of this danger may be explained in the following manner :—

I examined several of these "man-traps"—as they really prove to be—and found large leaves of seaweed within these holes in the ice. Any extraneous matter, such as this seaweed, stones, ashes, &c. put on the surface of the ice, absorbs the solar heat, and soon sinks down into the ice, forming a water-hole not only the size of the object itself, but encircling quite a space around. A driving storm may afterward cover the surface with snow, and thus make a perfect man-trap.

Soon after our return on board there was an arrival from Cape True, where the *George Henry's* officers and men were staying to prosecute whaling. I learned that they were all doing well in the way of fresh food, ducks, walrus, &c. being abundant.

On the second day of June a party of Sekoselar Innuits, six in number, came to the ship, and we soon became very friendly together. At first these natives said nothing very particular further than that they had visited the Hudson's Bay Company's ships while passing up and down; nor should I have obtained any other news had it not been elicited almost by accident. In fact, unless there be some motive to engage them in conversation with strangers, the Esquimaux are seldom communicative. It is as if the knowledge which they possess ought not to be given away unless for some especial reasons. The Innuits, as a race, are naturally reticent. They are often distant and reserved, and only by kindness, tact, and gradually

leading up to a subject can any information be obtained from them. Thus it was not until the following day, when a letter arrived from Captain B——, that I learned of these Esquimaux being acquainted with some facts concerning *white people dying at Sekoselar*. The captain had heard it so reported by other natives, and wrote to me that I might make some inquiries about it.

On the receipt of this letter I immediately sent for Ouerbing and Tookoolito to come on board and act as interpreters. I then invited the two Sekoselar men (by name Ook-goo-al-loo and Too-loo-ka-ah) into the cabin, and opened a conversation, in which both participated. Tookoolito was the principal speaker, and she interpreted very well my own questions and their answers. That her interpretation was correct, and equally so their information, has, since my return home, been proved by facts, which at that time I was unacquainted with. Indeed, I then misapplied the story, firmly believing it to bear upon the lost Franklin Expedition. What that story was may be seen in the following substance of all which was related to me through Tookoolito :—

The Sekoselar Innuits said that "no kodlunas (whites) had ever been to or ever died at Sekoselar, but two years previous to this time two kodluna boats, with many oars (meaning many oarsmen), arrived at a place farther down (at *Karmowong**)—so they, the Sekoselars, had heard—and there stopped awhile; how long, whether one or two days, was not known. That these kodlunas had plenty guns, plenty powder, plenty shot, plenty balls, and plenty small casks of provision. They had many tuktoo skins (reindeer furs) to wrap around their bodies and their feet.

"To make their boats not so deep in the water, the kodlunas (whites) took out *amasuadlo* (a great many) balls and placed them on a rock. The Innuits at that place, and in the

* I think *Karmowong* to be the islands called by Baffin "Middle Savage Islands," north side of Hudson's Strait. Indeed, it may also include quite an extensive bay in that neighbourhood, which the Esquimaux sketched for me as being there.

vicinity where the kodlunas landed, thought the balls were soft stones. They supposed the whites had come from ships that had been lost or wrecked in the ice.

"When these whites left the land they went farther down toward the big sea.

"The whites had arrived at Karmowong in the fall of the year, one day when the weather was very bad, wind blowing very hard, and snowing fast. It was very cold too.

"The Karmowong Innuits thought the whites had obtained their tuktoo furs of the Sekoselar men. The skins had on the winter coat of the tuktoo. None of the kodlunas died there. They all went away in boats, and the Innuits never saw or heard of them more."

From further questions that I put, and which were readily answered, I concluded in my own mind that the kodlunas must have been at Karmowong in the fall of 1858, and the way the Sekoselar Innuits heard of it was by a native man who had seen the whites and the two boats.

Now, upon receiving this information, I at length came to the conclusion that it referred to some of Franklin's lost crews. Two boats of white men going toward the great sea, and apparently subsisting upon Innuit food, with reindeer skins for wrappers, and other such material, would seem to indicate that a few of the long-lost voyagers had at last made their way from King William's Land and Boothia toward the goal of their ultimate deliverance. The experience I had already gained of Esquimaux life proved to me what white men could endure under the exigency of circumstances. There was myself—not reduced to any such absolute necessity as the poor English voyagers undoubtedly must have been—yet capable of sustaining and even of enjoying life among the natives. How much more so, then, the unfortunate men of Franklin's wrecked ships? To me the matter seemed conclusive, although I could not give implicit confidence to what I had heard until personally testing the truth by examination.

On my return to the States, however, I find that the whole story must have had reference to the loss of a British vessel

called the *Kitty*, which was crushed in the ice of Hudson's Strait in the fall of 1859, and the crew obliged to escape by two boats. Some of the particulars of their history remarkably coincide with the information given to me by the Sekoselar Innuits, as may be seen in the Appendix No. 9.

Another instance of the faithful preservation of traditions among the Innuits, and also of the accuracy of their reports when communicated freely, is to be found in the following additional information given to me by the Sekoselar natives.

In seeking to obtain the truth concerning the two boats and white men, I induced Ookgooalloo to sketch me his "country" on paper. He did so, and by that sketch I was convinced that Sekoselar was not the King's Cape of Fox, as I had at one time supposed, but lies east of it, extending along the coast on the north side of Hudson's Strait about two degrees; say from longitude 75° west to longitude 73° west. This, then, would fill the blank on Parry's chart of that locality, and give to it, as the Innuit showed me, a deep bay, flanked by lowlands, with a narrow isthmus between the waters of this bay and the head of Frobisher Bay, thus shown so to be, instead of a "strait."

The sketch which was drawn by Ookgooalloo extended from above Fox's farthest down to King's Cape, and thence along the north shore of Hudson's Strait to North Bay, where the upper Savage Islands are situated. "North Bluff" is adjoining that bay, and is called by Innuits Ki-uk-tuk-ju-a, and King's Cape, Noo-ook-ju-a. When the Sekoselar party left home in the previous year, 1860, they travelled, as Innuits generally do, *very slow*. In the fall they arrived at the head waters of Frobisher Inlet, and Ookgooalloo marked upon his sketch the track they pursued from Sekoselar to the place where they commenced the land route across the isthmus. The head waters of Frobisher Bay they called See-see-ark-ju-a, and into it ran, according to his account (which I afterward found true), a river of fresh water, sometimes very large, and containing salmon in abundance. During the winter of 1860–1 this party of natives made their way down the bay

till they came across "Sampson" and his people, at the place which I had visited a short time previous.

Ookgooalloo then told me "that ships did not come in sight at Sekoselar, nor at Noo-ook-ju-a, but his father, Koo-ook-jum, had said that many years ago *two* ships came close to Noo-ook-ju-a (King's Cape) and Sekoselar, and that he, Koo-ook-jum, with many other Innuits, went out to the ships in kias and oomiens, and went on board."

Now these two ships could be no other than Parry's, in his expedition of 1821–23, and consequently it was full forty years since the occurrence now mentioned took place. Parry's account is as follows:

"*July* 31*st*, 1821.—Latitude 64° 01′, longitude 75° 49′ west. In the afternoon Captain Lyon discovered and made the signal for an Esquimaux oomiak coming off from shore under sail, accompanied by eight canoes. We tacked to meet them, and lay to half an hour for the purpose of adding to our stock of oil. In this boat were sixteen persons, of which number two only were men, an old and a young one, and the rest women and children. In the features, dress, and implements of these people we saw nothing different from those of the Esquimaux last described (those of the Savage Islands), but they were better behaved than the others, with whom our ships (meaning the Hudson's Bay Company's ships) have had more frequent intercourse."

Again, under date of August 1st, Parry continues:—

"We beat to the westward, between Nottingham Island and the north shore (King's Cape), the distance between which is about four leagues, and the latter fringed with numerous islands. In the course of the morning several canoes and one oomiak came off from the main land, containing about twenty persons, more than half of whom were women and children. They brought a little oil, some skin dresses, and tusks of the walrus, which they were desirous of exchanging for any trifle we chose to give them."

In this account we see a complete verification of the statement made by Ookgooalloo as to his father's visit to the only

ships known to have been near his own "country." And I the more particularly allude to it because of many other reports given to me concerning the past, all of which, in my opinion, have received equal confirmation.

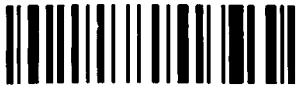
The natives from Sekoselar were not partial to civilized food, especially Ookgooalloo and his wife Pittikzhe, for they had not tasted any before. We gave each of them a mug of coffee and some sea-biscuit. They tasted it—spit it out—tried it again and again, and finally the man contrived to "worry" it down; but the woman gave it up, declaring, in her own Innuit way, that "such *stuff* was not fit to eat." Though repeatedly urged to participate in the regular meals served to the Esquimaux on board, Pittikzhe positively declined tasting any more "such *barbarous* food."

I found that the Innuits of Sekoselar had a very peculiar way of speaking—that is, with a slow, drawling tone. Their words are "long drawn out." The natives in our locality made fun of this, and it still more convinced me that there is a considerable variance between the dialects of different bands of the Esquimaux. Another thing I noticed was the physical superiority of these men over those living around Field Bay, and along the coasts visited by whaling ships. Whether all of the Sekoselar people were equal to those whom I saw I am unable to say, but "Sampson," who was also a native of that district, showed, as I have before said, to similar advantage when compared with the Innuits in our vicinity.

After making these men and women several presents, for which they expressed much gratitude, they departed at 5 P.M. on their return to Sampson's tupic, then near *Eujctoon*, about one day's journey N.W. of Oopungnewing.

END OF VOL. I.

R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS, BREAD STREET HILL.


00060417

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018